FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

JUNE 1974

SALE
1 50

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ONE KIND WORD FOR CHARLES O. FINLEY: WELL-GROOMED

LINGERIE GODDESS EDY WILLIAMS

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NAKED BEACHES,
NAKED TRUTH
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AND (AS ALWAYS)
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AND CHEEKY FUNK

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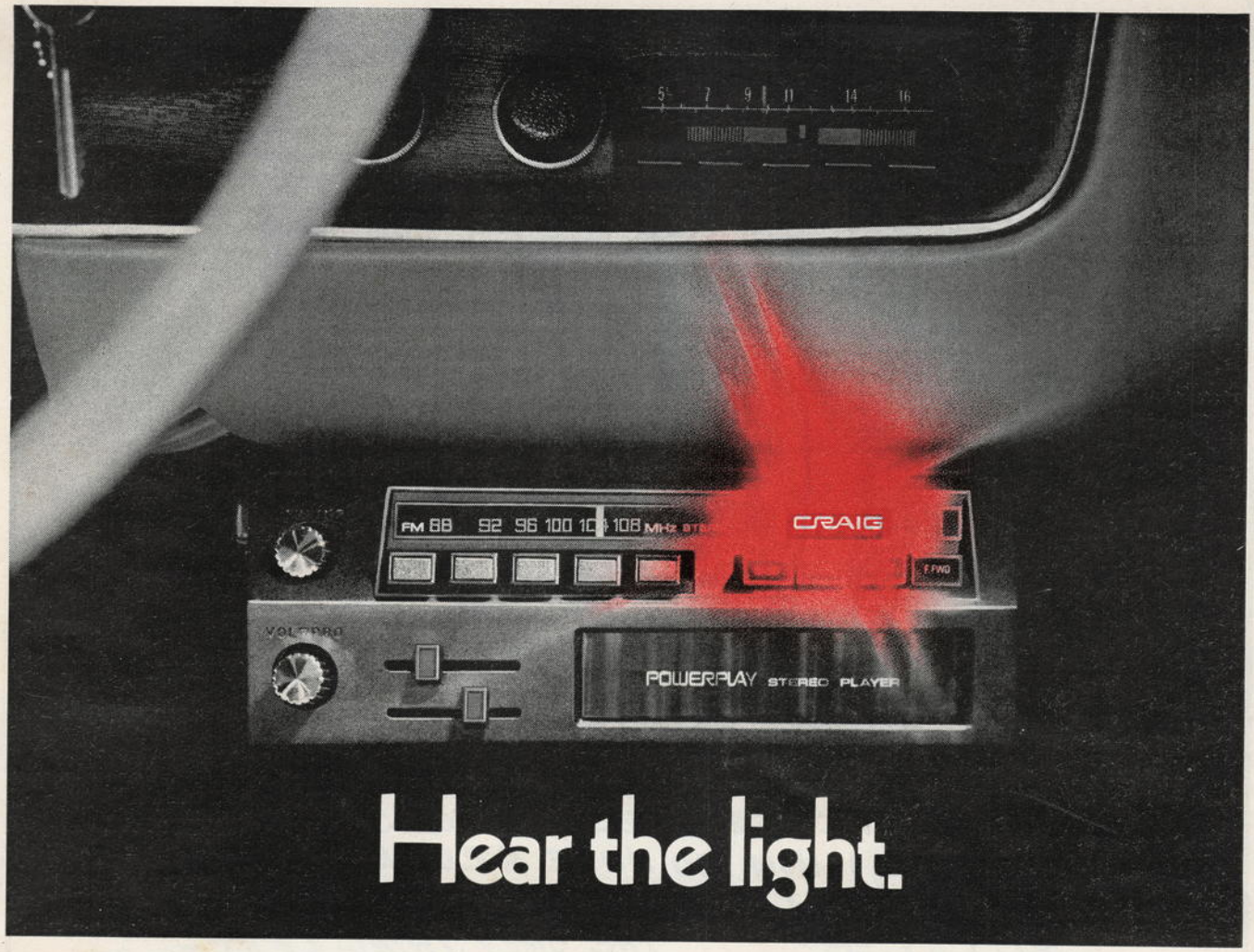

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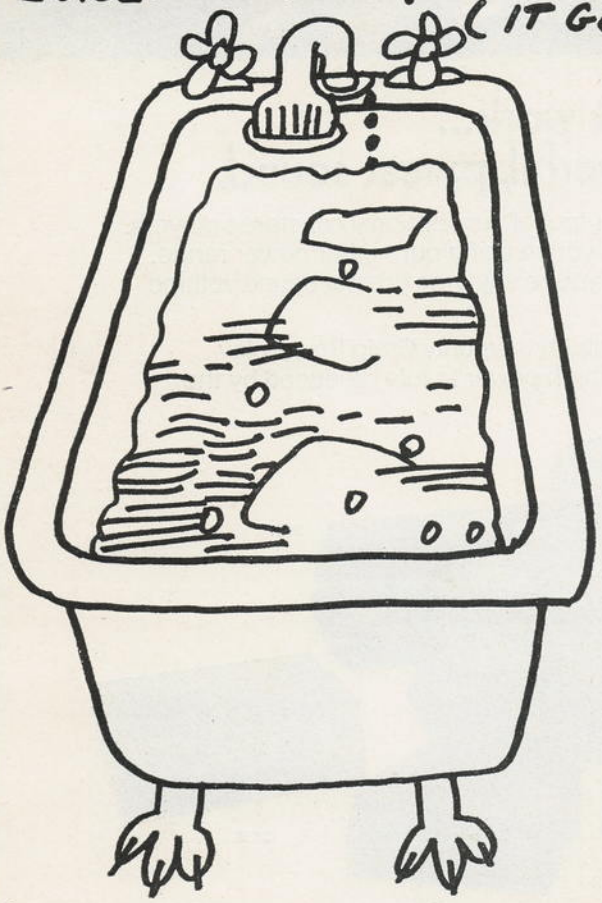
JOHN



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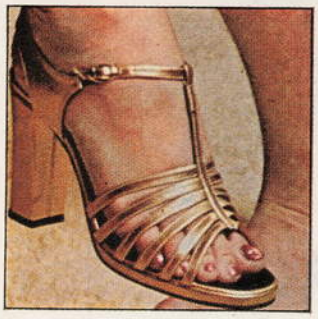
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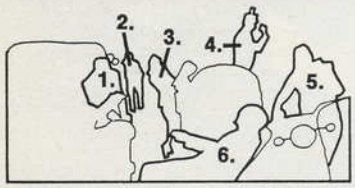

At the big neighborhood Garage Sale almost everyone has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't.

1. No. He's Vaughn Gudeel. Gimmick: Insists on "feeling the merchandise." Merchandise is about to teach him theory of acupuncture (it's alive). **2.** Nope. He's Ben Takin. Bought water bed—that later developed an oil slick. Gimmick: Menthol cigarettes so cold, it's like trying to set fire to an igloo. **3.** She's Vera Vane. Gimmick: With 20-400 vision, she "doesn't need" glasses. Thinks she's talking to old college beau. Smokes *Cabbage Leaf* cigarettes—preferred by two out of three inchworms. **4.** No. He's Frank Apraisel. Just bought "Man Packing Suitcase" painting. Later cleaned it and found it's really "Alligator Having Snack." Smokes cigarette with so many air vents it's like smoking a harmonica. **5.** Right. He knows a genuine article when he sees it. Wants no gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **6.** He's Noah Bargane. Just broke a 130-year-old chair. Now owns $200 worth of genuine antique firewood.

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MAIL

The good flash young

I saw your article on flashing in the March issue. Flashing became popular here about three months ago. In fact, it's become so popular that two weeks ago the entire congregation of the Church of the New Song here was flashed by an unknown flasher, who immediately disappeared.

JOHN DAVIDSON
Ft. Madison, Iowa

Place your bets

I have subscribed to OUI magazine, and I feel it is a real down-to-earth magazine, telling it like it is. I'll put a month's pay on the idea that Playboy Enterprises could go into any business it wanted, and still succeed.

GEORGE BLACKWELL
Ft. Benning, Georgia

Wild and uninhibited praise

I must praise your magazine. I have not written to any magazine before. You're first! Why? Being an avid and continuous reader of *Playboy* for ten years (I do have a subscription), I think those fellows up there have upstaged themselves with your publication. It's fabulous! Your stories are a collection of only the best in the world; your articles are very informative; you have a collection of the most kinky *Openers*, a wild bunch of cartoons, and the most outasight women of any magazine. Keep it up—and I do mean *up*!

RICHARD CECCO
Astoria, New York

Not one stinking word about how good the Mail *section is. All your taste is in your mouth, Cecco. Feh.*

Hanky-spanky

Ever since I was a little girl I would always be spanked whenever I'd be naughty. I am 18 years old and I just received my first spanking in four years.

The other day my girlfriend and her boyfriend came over to my house to fix my tape player. It was dinnertime and my mother had called me for dinner. But we were in the middle of fixing my tape player, so I told her I'd be down in a few minutes. She called me several times and I just ignored her. When we finally got my tape player fixed, my company left.

"Nikki," my mother said, "I'll teach you to make an ass out of me." She then took out a ping-pong paddle and told me to pull down my pants. At first I refused, but when she threatened to call my friends back in to watch me get spanked, I quickly disrobed. My mother then grabbed me by my ear and threw me over her knee. Wasting no time, she started to paddle me. After about 25 good smacks with the paddle, she tossed it aside and started spanking my behind with her hand. After my spanking had ended, she made me stand in the corner with my pants down. I didn't realize until after my spanking how much I enjoyed it.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The other night our 17-year-old daughter came home two hours late. My husband was so furious that he told me before she came home that he was really going to give it to her. As soon as she walked in the door, she got it: her first spanking in seven years. He stripped her down to her panties and then turned her over his knee and gave her a good thrashing.

After it was over, I told him that I thought Julie was too old for a spanking; and the next thing I knew I found myself laid across his lap (with no panties) getting my tail tanned.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

So much naughtiness, and so little time!

On coming

You are beyond belief. If I was the normal 18-year-old American boy, I'd say "keep 'em coming," but that's much too much to ask.

ETHAM SPRAGUE
New York, New York

Up Updike

I am a fan of John Updike, and I think I have everything he's written since *Rabbit Run*. I want to thank you for publishing his story *Transaction* in your March issue. It revealed some new facets of this writer, who will one day be recognized as a major creative force.

R. B. GOLDSBOROUGH
Chicago, Illinois

Goldstein slings swill

When *Screw* started five years ago, I had dreams of being an overnight success. But it's been a long night, and only in the past few months have this publication and I received the press coverage we deserve. First, and most monumentally important to my career as a carpetbagger (since I hope to run for mayor of Charleston, South Carolina, in the near future), is the mass-media exposure I'm given in the January issue of OUI. On page 80 begins a six-page, 3000-word article by Jon Carroll, entitled *The Kingdom and Power of* Screw: *Is Al Goldstein the next William Randolph Hearst?*

Carroll, a smelly fat person who generally thinks with his bone marrow, has

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written a surprisingly lucid tribute to my ways as a sexual-revolution pioneer and a compulsive. He's made a few errors, but, considering his wide girth and narrow intelligence, has done a surprisingly competent job for a man who once aspired to be a chimney sweep. Some of the errors in this article include those of fact, those of interpretation, those of intelligence, those of journalistic ability, and those of literary craftsmanship. But in spite of these few nitpickings, his piece has all the engrossing fascination of the numbers on a calendar or letters on an eye chart. Among the more perverse inaccuracies in his OUI article is Carroll's glossing over my relationship with my present wife Gena. Gross Jon chose the more dramatic aspects of my life, which include orgies, fucking around, and a continued infatuation with an earlier wife. . . . I can well understand that getting blowjobs from Linda Lovelace and generally being the biggest cock on the East Coast is far more exciting than being in love with a wife. But at the same time, undramatic as it might be, the fact remains that love does abound in my heart for my Jewish princess.

AL GOLDSTEIN
New York, New York

How much for that beaver in the window?

In the March *Mail*, Mason Blaine Baker asked what his copies of OUI are worth. You stated that they were worth only $3.02, but actually they are worth a lot more than that. According to *The Collector's Guide and Price List*, second edition, by J. D. Bramble, OUI, Vol. 1, No. 1, in mint condition is worth ten dollars. In fine condition it's worth six, and in good condition, four. This is based on availability. Numbers 2 and 3 are worth three dollars apiece in mint condition, and around $1.50 in good condition.

D. C. BORLAND
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Bring back the pelt

Since I was a child, I have always been aroused sexually by girl wrestlers, and I have wondered how frequent this reaction is among other men—and among women. Unfortunately, while I have experienced all varieties of sexual pleasure, it has been difficult to find girls who get turned on by wrestling. I have always wanted to meet a beautiful, sexy girl (such as Goldie in your September issue, or some of the professional girl wrestlers) with a gorgeous body and powerful thighs she would wrap around my head to make me submit.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Penacook, New Hampshire

Your feature on Golden "Goldie" Pelt brought to my mind a similar experience a friend of mine and I had with girls wrestling. Last summer my friend and I were treated to a match between our girlfriends: Ann, a 21-year-old long-haired blonde; and Julie, 17, who has chestnut-brown hair and the best body in school. We had just gotten back from the beach and we were getting ready to take a shower in the back yard. Ann was in a frisky mood and challenged Julie to a two-out-of-three-falls wrestling match to see who would shower first. Ann was in a white bikini and Julie in a green one. When they jumped at each other, Al and I watched breathlessly. I knew for a fact Julie was in shape, but I wasn't too sure about Ann. They fell to the grass and wrestled for position. I was proud of Julie, because after about a minute of wrestling she straddled Ann and got her knees on Ann's shoulders. She held Ann's arms down at the wrists, and Ann put up a struggle, but all she could do was kick her legs. After the match was over, Julie and I went inside, and just from looking at her I could tell that she was really aroused from wrestling . . . and so was I. Please, OUI, how about some more wrestling?

J. W. HILL
Linden, New Jersey

Your photo coverage of Goldie Pelt was beautiful, and the quality of the photos absolutely perfect. What are the prospects of future wrestling coverage involving female opponents? I think an all-in, no-holds-barred contest involving two topless or seminude women would be a fitting sequel to Goldie's appearance. I think many of your readers would appreciate a ringside seat at a wrestling match featuring two gorgeous females who come out at the bell bare-breasted.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Toledo, Ohio

At this very moment, the tag-team wrestling match of the century is being prepared. You can expect to see all *the action in a future issue of* OUI*—the magazine that says yes.*

The clean life

Maybe it takes a little intelligence to maintain a balanced diet (considering America's calorie consumption, hypoglycemia seems an unlikely danger), but it's worth it, and it's not all that difficult. The highest known source of edible protein is the soybean, at 154 grams of protein per ounce. Meat isn't even close. Next is cheese at 125 grams, and lentils and peanut butter are both about 120. A good steak might have 85 or 90 grams per ounce, and meat is even harder to digest. The point is this: if you eat a reasonably balanced vegetarian diet and exercise in the freshest air, you can find that you and your old lady may still be reasonably attractive and balling when you're 70.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Spartanburg, South Carolina

The roar of the crowd

I, for more than one, agree with A. J. Smith's letter in February *Mail*. There are countless numbers of us out here who would enjoy and be grateful for a special on those most gracious cheerleaders who make football so tolerable. Is there any such chance?

DAVID CAMARENA
Gary, Indiana

Hang in there, Dave. Everything in good time. We've got to deal with Girl Scouts first.

Young blood

How come most of the beautiful girls in your magazine are grown up? In the future, would you please a dirty old man and print a lot of little girls with pigtails, wearing silk panties and short silk dresses you can see through. Real teasers. OK?

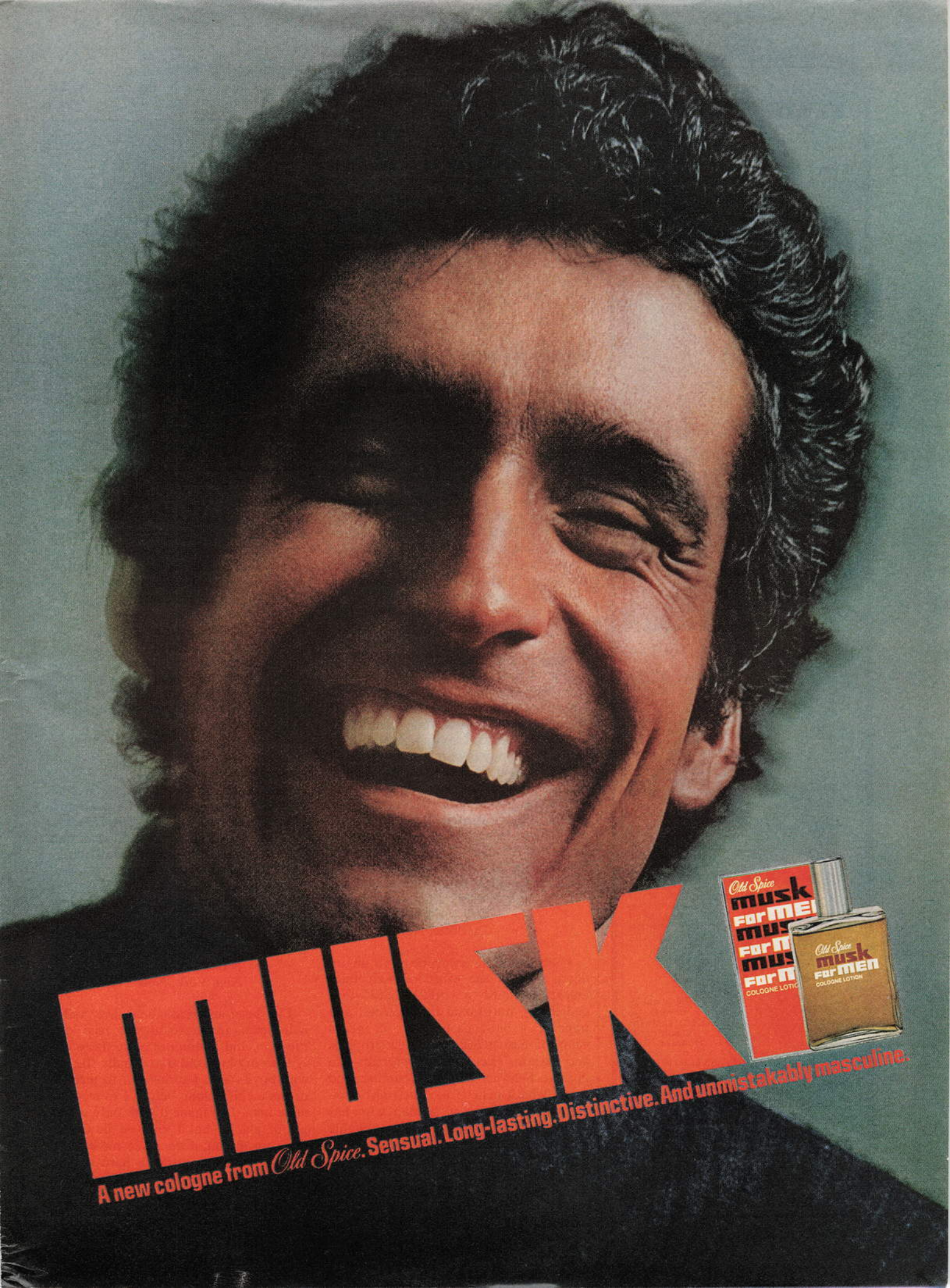
ANDY LAWRENCE
Southbridge, Massachusetts

OK, OK, OK. Girl Scouts, then cheerleaders. Then *you get yours, Andy. We've got only three hands, you know.*

Executive reactions

I was tremendously relieved to find that D. Keith Mano is nothing but a contributing editor to your fine magazine. He could easily be reduced to a permanent noncontributor without much hassle. His naivete and narrow-minded drivel should not be allowed within 500 yards of a national magazine's pencil sharpener, much less offered to intelligent readers.

D. Keith considers *Executive Action* (March) to be "hate propaganda . . . the most irresponsible and dangerous film ever made outside totalitarian borders." Don't these rather frenzied ravings sound a bit paranoiac? Is it dangerous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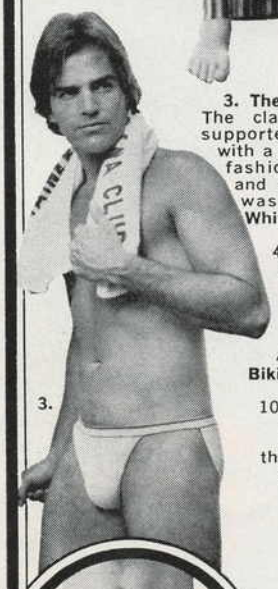

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because people might find out the truth about the situation, or is it dangerous because it attacks the wide-eyed undying belief in American politics—the old "America, right or wrong" mentality?

DAVID STROHM
Action, Massachusetts

His mother loves him.

What bullshit! I am talking about your movie review, if I can call it that, of *Executive Action*. Your author doesn't review the picture, he puts out his own high-sounding bullshit about the country and his ideals.

RICHARD FINN
Hamilton, New York

Friends of friends

I didn't think it was humanly possible, but you have done it: your March issue has surpassed your previous issues. The photography was outstanding in *Just Good Friends*.

GARY SKAIFER
Dallas, Texas

Just Good Friends was fine in every aspect. I would like to request another article/pictorial of the blonde, Betty Burke. Naturally the brunette, Veronica Hare, should be considered, because two bodies, very close, are better than one. The sooner the better.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Glenwood Springs, Colorado

The bodies beautiful

The World Championship Beefcake Competition (March) is a masterpiece. Charles Gaines wrote with incredible warmth, accuracy, and detail. Too many people have misconceptions about weight lifting, and body building in particular—ranging from homosexuality to their being king-size dumbos. When you get in the big league with Schwarzenegger, Nubret, Katz, Waller, etc., the quality of the man is usually like his physique. Bravo to OUI and Gaines! As far as the ladies in the March issue are concerned, the high standards of excellence that OUI exhibits are again apparent.

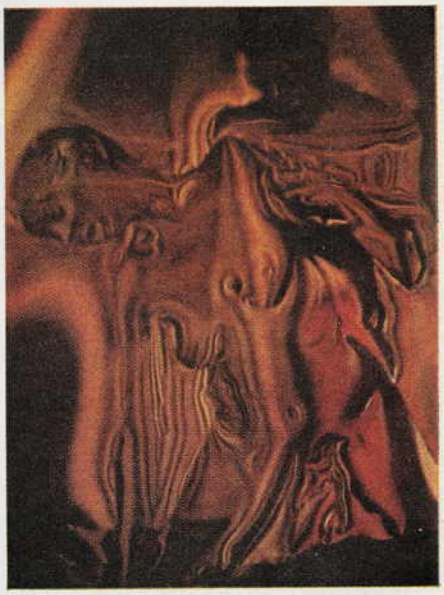
JEFF FOXX
Charlotte, North Carolina

It's about time someone gave an in-depth view of the world of bodybuilders. It's obviously a world of hard work, dedication, nutritional intelligences, and hope. For most participants it means years of hard work for a few trophies and carfare. For a few supergreats like Nubret, Schwarzenegger, Columbu, and Zane (who I believe has the most symmetrical body of any human who has ever lived), it's a much more profitable enterprise. Body building must be looked upon as a work of art that is directly related to the human body.

DAVID D. DOSSEY
Lindsay, California

Photographic memories

I was awestruck by the creativity displayed by Robert Monroe in your March



article *Shining Intertwining*. The great photographer Andreas Feininges in his book *The Complete Photographer* (Prentice Hall, 1965) displays a beautiful nude on page 247 that is remarkably similar to the fluid shapes in Monroe's pictures.

WILLIAM RACINE
Port Jefferson, New York

Double your pleasure

Praise and thanks for your fine article on the bisexual lifestyle (*Bisexual Chic*, January). Coming out has totally liberated me from the doubts and anxieties of my middle-class upbringing. Being bisexual has enabled me to effectively correlate my mother's influence with that of society. I enjoy wearing make-up and feeling somewhat feminine myself about as much as I appreciate women from the traditional male standpoint. Also, I can better relate to some men on an intimate emotional level, just as with some women. I feel much more emotionally complete "doing my thing" here in New York than in the controlled, repressive atmosphere of the suburbs. For me, and for many others in New York, feeling close to a person is not precluded by the person's sex.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
New York, New York

I've been married about five and a half years and have always read OUI, *Playboy*, and *Penthouse* more thoroughly than my husband. I'm usually the one who buys them. I turned on to pictures of nude chicks long before I ever saw a nude man. I've made it with only a couple of chicks, but I enjoyed it. Chicks can turn me on, even make me climax; but until a chick grows a hard cock, I doubt if I could be satisfied by a girl. A woman-to-woman relationship is really beautiful if it's timed right and if the

two women are right for each other. I personally don't dig butches, probably because I love being masculine as much as I do being feminine. I can hardly count the number of guys I've had. Most of the experiences were more than satisfying.

I've always desired chicks and still do, but it's not easy to meet the right ones. One of "my" two chicks fell in love with my husband, and he and I found ourselves in a divorce lawyer's office. We got it all back together again, but I'd still like to make it with a chick. My husband loves seeing two chicks together—in photos, in movies, or in real life.

There are probably more people who would have bisexual experiences if it weren't such a hassle. In an occasional relationship (the way I'd like mine to be) the bisexual partner shouldn't be a good friend, because when the idea goes sour so will the friendship. I believe *all* of us have a natural instinct for some desire of our own sex, no matter how hard some try to suppress it or how emphatically they deny it. Even my superstraight husband had to admit he enjoyed having his ass fucked with my vibrator!

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Chicago, Illinois

In the society I live in, I have been taught to suppress any sexual desire for another man. As a consequence, I have slowly begun to greatly dislike men, for they represent an "unhealthy desire" for me—or a sort of transference, if you will, from my own self-doubt to a generalized dislike for men, or better put, male heterosexuals. All this was getting me terrifically uptight until I was able to recognize the origin of this hostility. I was slowly beginning to dislike sex with any confirmed heterosexuals, male or female. The males were manipulative and distant, acting out their own latent homosexual desires.

Then I met a girl who was very appealing to me. Not only was she aware of the same feelings I voiced, she was willing to experiment with me along bisexual lines in order to find the answer. We both began to realize that we were neither heterosexual nor homosexual. In that realization was packaged one thing for both of us: freedom.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Birmingham, Alabama

The agony and the ecstasy

In your February issue, a letter from a Kevin Worcester described a "wimpus" as a fishbone device used to make up for loss of erection during intercourse. I want a cock, not a hard fishbone, fucking me.

JANE HARRIS
Los Angeles, California

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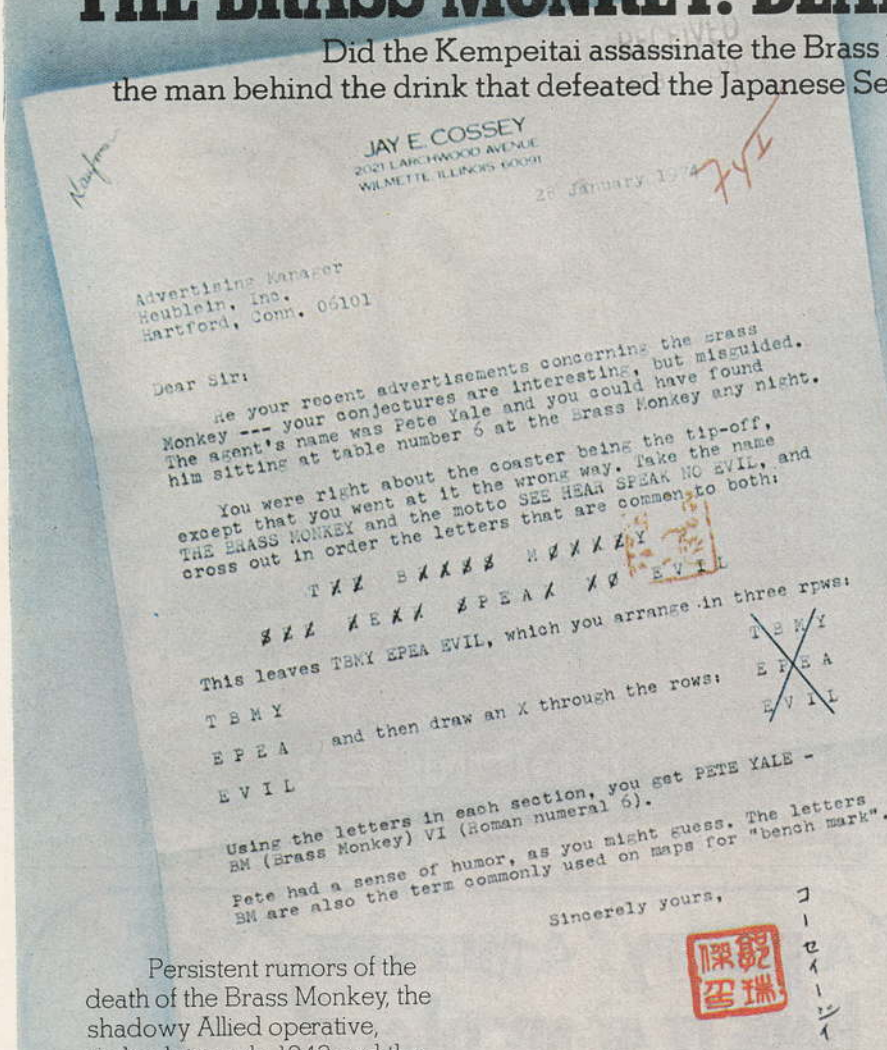
THE BRASS MONKEY: DEAD OR ALIVE?

Did the Kempeitai assassinate the Brass Monkey, the man behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W. W. II?



JAY E. COSSEY
2020 LARCHWOOD AVENUE
WILMETTE, ILLINOIS 60091

28 January 19[illegible]

Advertising Manager
Heublein, Inc.
Hartford, Conn. 06101

Dear Sir:

Re your recent advertisements concerning the Brass Monkey --- your conjectures are interesting, but misguided. The agent's name was Pete Yale and you could have found him sitting at table number 6 at the Brass Monkey any night.

You were right about the coaster being the tip-off, except that you went at it the wrong way. Take the name THE BRASS MONKEY and the motto SEE HEAR SPEAK NO EVIL, and cross out in order the letters that are common to both:

T ✗ ✗ B ✗ ✗ ✗ ✗ M ✗ ✗ ✗ ✗ ✗ Y
✗ ✗ ✗ ✗ E ✗ ✗ ✗ ✗ P E A ✗ ✗ ✗ ✗ E V I L

This leaves TBMY EPEA EVIL, which you arrange in three rows:

T B M Y
E P E A
E V I L

and then draw an X through the rows:

Using the letters in each section, you get PETE YALE - BM (Brass Monkey) VI (Roman numeral 6).

Pete had a sense of humor, as you might guess. The letters BM are also the term commonly used on maps for "bench mark".

Sincerely yours,

Persistent rumors of the death of the Brass Monkey, the shadowy Allied operative, go back to early 1943 and the neutral port of Macao off the China Coast.

300,000 Chinese refugees crowded the town streets. Under cover of this chaotic situation, a "pipeline" was established from the Japanese-occupied mainland to the outside world. How long would it take the Japanese secret police, the dread Kempeitai, to discover that the route lay through H. E. Rasske's import-export warehouse? Why were they stepping up surveillance of Rasske's favorite drinking spot, the notorious Brass Monkey Club? And what was Pete Yale (recall his name from the international set?) doing on the scene?

Unlikely Warriors.

The Brass Monkey Club, as is well known, got its name from a small brass figurine in a niche by the door. The specialty of the house was a drink also called the Brass Monkey. It was much favored by those unlikely warriors, of many nationalities, whose weapons were quiet words, small gestures, scribblings on bar coasters—and whose armor was a convincing "cover." For a time, a businesslike truce was maintained. Then things began to happen.

One night, Kwo Suey Jay, the dependable Chinese busboy, failed to show up for work. His job was taken by a young Japanese.

A few nights later, the chanteuse Loyana was replaced—at the height of her popularity.

Not long after, on a crowded evening, an un-named American suddenly clutched at the back of his neck, rose, knocking over his table (number six) and ran into the traffic outside. The police report said he died from a needle dart.

The "Man Who Never Came Back."

Who was it that died? Correspondent Cossey's analysis ties in with the disappearance of Pete Yale from the society columns of the day. Perhaps Yale had been buying time for our side. Cossey's reference to Yale in the past tense ("*had* a sense of humor...") suggests that the "Brass Monkey" sitting at table six was Pete Yale and not H. E. Rasske.

Apparently the Brass Monkey's work continued, because the officially reported "death by hara-kiri" of the section chief in Macao was interpreted as a salute to the better soldier.

What's A Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. When you drink it—over ice, with orange juice or with tonic—maybe you shouldn't sit with your back to the door.

THE BRASS MONKEY from HEUBLEIN

Heublein Brass Monkey®: 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. © 1974 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101

OPENERS

It's the real dope

An enterprising young company recently got itself into a heap of trouble by using the classic Coca-Cola lettering and red background to spell out the name of another classic product, cocaine. The familiar, but perverted, logo showed up on T-shirts, posters, and sundry other accouterments of the over-the-counterculture; whereupon the pompous Coca-Cola Company puffed up its corporate chest with righteous indignation, obtained an injunction, sued for damages, and totally wiped out the enterprising young company. The suit had something to do with unlawful infringement on a registered trademark and, on top of that, spoke darkly of trademark "disparagement."

My, my, how easily we forget our past. Why, it wasn't all *that* long ago that Coca-Cola's advertising copy read as follows: *Coca-Cola is not simply a nicely flavored syrup, but contains, in a remarkable degree, the tonic properties of the wonderful Erythroxylum coca plant of South America, which has a world-wide reputation for sustaining the vital power under conditions of extraordinary fatigue, and affords prompt relief for mental and physical exhaustion or nervous prostration.*

"Sustaining the vital power," indeed. Coke, your roots are showing.

Further evidence of the greater sexual liberalism in the nation of Denmark: the Danes use the word *fuck* only as a verb or an adjective. They never use it negatively as a curse. The idea that *fuck*, or any other word associated with the sexual act, could be anything *but* positive is quite amusing to the Danes. —ERIC KAHN

Crutch miracle stuns few

It was in a city somewhere in Brazil, the street was crowded, and a crippled beggar asked a passerby for a handout. The passerby proffered a few coins. The beggar thought it was not enough and, incensed, began to beat upon the passerby with his crutch. A crowd quickly gathered around the passerby and the man beating him with a crutch. "A miracle, a miracle," they shouted.

Glamorize your car with...

Pimp Oil? Right. It's an automobile deodorant. Its appeal is to that vast seething market out there that's practically *living* in cars—living a social life built about drive-ins, carry-outs, French fries, malts, hamburgers, hamburgers-with-onions. Peeeoooeee. So the Unique Company of Chicagoland produced this wonderful product, popular with cab drivers, sophisticates of all stripes, and your common, suburban high school, what's happenin' kids. Everyone wants a sniff of that Pimp Oil. Comes in 13 different flavors, including the dynamic watermelon. All that and charisma, too, for around two dollars. It's selling like hotcakes.

Girl, yes, French girl, onstage at the Olympia in Paris, and five large fingers with a peephole at the base of the middle finger, and, uh, she seems startled, her pubic hair is nervous, skittish—ready to crawl up and hide around her neck. Wonderful, just wonderful. Give the little lady a great big hand.

Marx a la carte

That rare species—a Marxist who lives up to his slogans—has been found alive and running a small Paris cafe in the working-class 15th *arrondissement*. Claude Lavezzi asks his dining customers to pay only what they can afford, and if they are broke or unemployed, the food is on the house.

"I'm not making a fortune," Lavezzi admits, noting that he nets an average of four dollars per day. "But that is because I admire Lenin and Marx."

When bourgeois diners are confused over how much they should pay, Levezzi asks how much they earn. "Some of them play along," he relates, "and others get angry." Lavezzi suggests a standard of $1.75 for the three-course dinner, but the customer is his own cashier. The owner accepts all bill payments without question.

Other manifestations of Lavezzi's commitment are the screaming political wall posters and the communal dining

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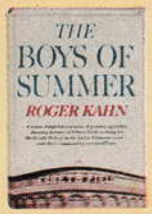

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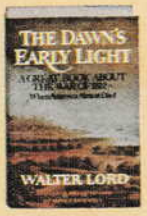

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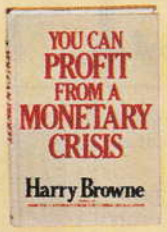

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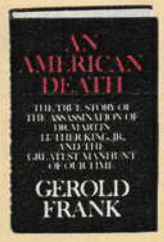

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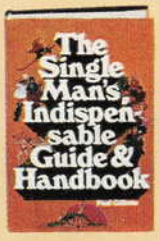

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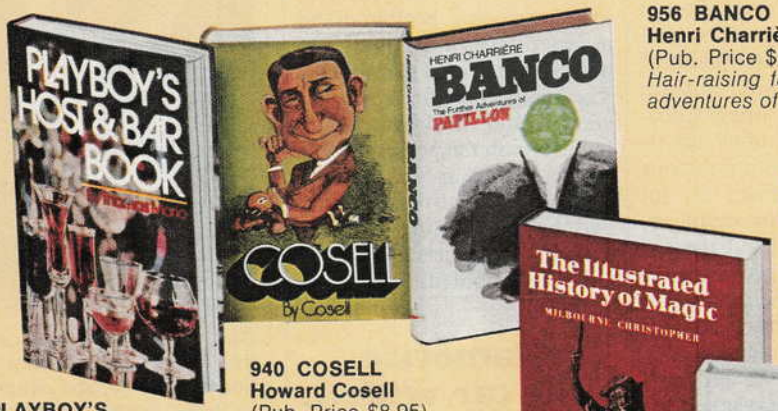

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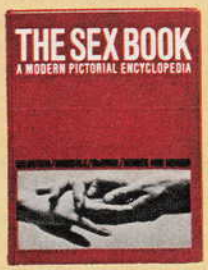

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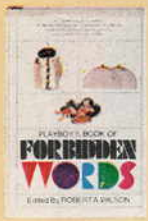

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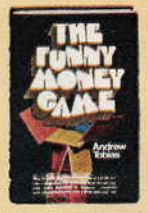

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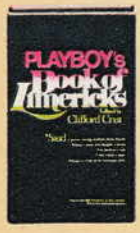

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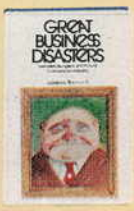

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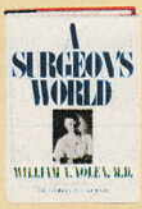

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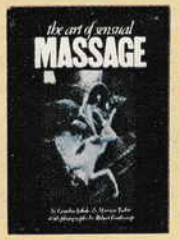

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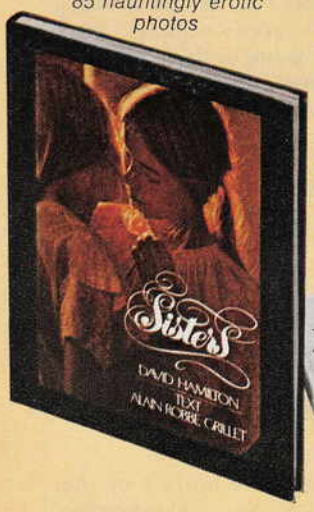

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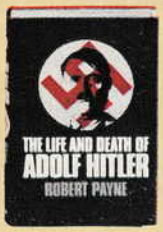

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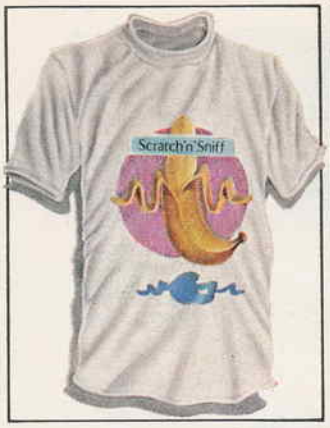
arrangement, with customers sharing long group tables and hard benches. The bistro's name—Sampiero Corso—honors the revolutionary who led the Corsican independence movement against the Genoese in the 18th Century.

Reports traveling along Russia's intellectual grapevine say that scientists at Moscow's Institute for Natural Compounds have been making LSD in the labs. Secretly. They took a little, natch. The Russian scientific hierarchy was very upset at the LSD disclosure. Secret discussions were held and warnings issued. We shall see.

Could I see something in kumquat?

What the world needs now, French textile-designer Armand Carrel believes, are T-shirts that smell *before* they are worn. Who would have guessed? Accordingly, the clever Carrel is now marketing scented T-shirts, featuring odors of such scope and variety as to boggle the nose: chocolate, banana, lemon, orange, mimosa, lavender, hyacinth, tomato, onion, coffee, beer, camembert . . . you get



the idea. So trade in your Fruit of the Loom and become a looming fruit.

Yes, men, she's 50—count 'em, 50—years old and still 38-26-36. Named Beth Darwick, acclaimed the World's Most Glamorous Grandmother. Glamor credentials are in order: parts in movies (*Crazy Joe* and *Man on a Swing*), off-Broadway roles, summer-stock work, lots of commercials. Grandmother stats are accurate, too: oldest daughter has a two-year-old son. The only trouble with all this is that some grandmothers are now going to think they're supposed to look like this, which means that we may lose a lot of women who look like grandmothers. "Grandma's gone away, son. She couldn't measure up to Beth Darwick, so she kept on driving straight ahead down there where Lake Bluff Road curves right. Sorry, son."

Miss M's movie: it's the pits

Bette Midler really may spend half her spare time spurning the advances of script-waving movie producers—as her press agent claims—but one wily young filmmaker already *has* captured the Divine Miss M on celluloid. Only problem is, he doesn't know quite what to do about it.

The nascent superstar made her unheralded film debut in 1971 in *The Greatest Story Ever Overtold*, a patchwork spoof of Biblical epics in which Miss Midler plays the part of the Virgin Mary and shares the

screen with that other popular divinity: Jesus Christ. No one is claiming her to be a victim of typecasting.

Writer-producer-director Peter McWilliams says that he made the picture—at a trifling cost of $30,000—as a protest against the Jesus-freak movement, but he did not care enough to send it anywhere. The film lay in McWilliams' closet for three years, during which time Miss Midler went from being the hottest thing in steam baths to a bona fide, mob-baiting *Tonight*-light and a living legend. McWilliams, no fool, realized that he had a white tornado in his closet, but also knew that his prohibitive golden goose was a dismal turkey. He re-edited the film to emphasize the presence of Miss M, changed the title to *The Divine Mr. J.*, and has been sneak-previewing the result at obscure backwater events. We caught it at a semidrag ball held in a health-food restaurant in Washington, D.C.

Borrowing his plot from those venerable showmen Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Cecil B., McWilliams tries for nothing less than a decimation of the New Testament with a steady barrage of sophomoric jokes. When you only go around once in filmmaking, you gotta grab for all the gusto you can.

The opening scenes bear slight promise. After merrily ripping off the MGM logo (a growling freak is haloed by "A Metro-Golda-Meir Production"), we are taken back to "nine months B.C." and an inexplicably pregnant Virgin Mary. Nearby sits her husband Joseph, here a frustrated, doltish tinkerer who eventually stumbles upon an invention he calls "the cross." In the opening scene he pounds his hammer, hits his finger, and blurts "Jee-zuss Christ!" "Dat's a nize name," says the Virgin Midler.

It's all downhill from there, with Miss M appearing in fits and starts, but rarely in focus. Around her, an uneven cast blunders through a tumble of pratfalls and sight gags: God is a Harpo Marxian sprite who putters all day in his garden; John the Baptist is a vaudevillian nuisance who baptizes with a seltzer stream; Jesus is a skinny hippie who performs lame card tricks and wanders the desert in search of the perfect suntan; Christmas is a socko promotional gimmick dreamed up by the Bethlehem Merchants Association.

At the Last Supper the group shares a symbolic joint; and when Jesus does his "this is my body" turn, the disciples are disgusted at the thought and flee from the room with their hands over their mouths. Then, for no reason at all, McWilliams turns suddenly serious: his camera pulls back from a close-up of Jesus to reveal the crucifix as a part of a giant religious necklace, and the sound track booms with Leonard Cohen's *Suzanne*. This could make sense to no one but McWilliams.

Naturally enough, nothing about the whole project makes sense to the people who now represent Bette Midler, and they are not eager to see the film released in any form. "Bette is very unhappy about it," says publicist Cindy Leigh. "She didn't like the way it came out. She would like as little attention paid to it as possible."

Peter McWilliams is not worried over such protests, nor over the prospect of court actions brought by Miss Midler's lawyers. "I paid her money," he says, though refusing to say how much. "There's nothing they can do." Just cross their fingers and pray to the Divine Mr. J.

—TOM SHALES

Ding-dong school

Boosting the morale of the Italian people—and the image of the Italian government—by spurious means is one of the finest traditions of Roman leadership. During World War

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Food, drinks, climate and scenery are wonderfully Jamaican—the plush, sophisticated touch is Playboy's.

For immediate confirmation of room reservations in Jamaica, at the Playboy Towers or at the Playboy Club-Hotels in Lake Geneva and at Great Gorge, call TOLL FREE 800-621-1116 or your local travel agent. In Illinois, call (312) PL 1-8100.

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II, Benito Mussolini tried to counter reports of the Fascist air force's annihilation, reports that happened to be true, by touring several air bases accompanied by a single squadron of bombers that was filmed and refilmed at every stopover, under the guise of being different aircraft. In the early 1960s, then-premier Amintore Fanfani took much the same approach to squelching rumors of a dairy-produce crisis, hopping from one dairy region of the country to another in the company of a single herd of cattle.

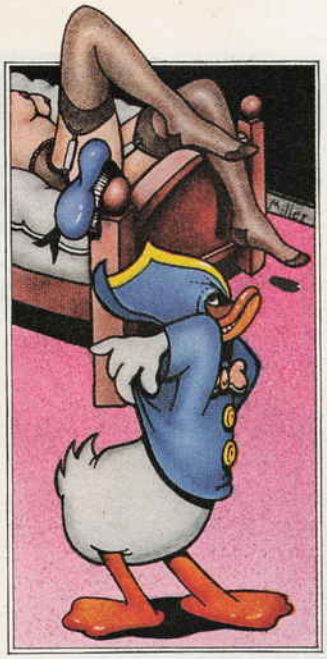
The latest incident in this fool all of the people some of the time tradition came when Italy was recently faced with the most serious school-crowding crisis in Europe. With the public up in arms over the lack of new school construction, the Italian education minister sought to counterattack by visiting one of the few newly erected schools and cutting the ribbon on opening day. When he arrived, however, the structure still lacked doors, windows, and one whole wall. The cameras were ready to roll and an emergency solution had to be found. It was.

The next evening, television viewers watched their beaming education minister open the school and promise that the crowding crisis was being solved. What they did not see or hear was that one of the doors was on temporary loan from a nearby apartment house, that one window was being held up by offcamera hands, and that the school would not be ready for occupancy for at least another six months. —Don Dewey

Boulevardier goes to the dogs

"There is *a Paris prostitute* of my acquaintance whose only clients are *animal pets*," writes our friend The Boulevardier. "She has this unusual market all to herself and her business *flourishes*. Regular customers bring her their Pekinese, German shepherds, whippets, and dachshunds, and the dogs either *fornicate* into their hostess' vagina or submit docilely to a *masturbatory massage*.

"But dogs are not her *only*

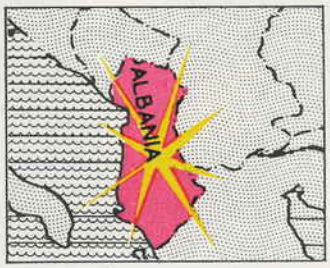


breed of clients, and there have been *a couple of times* when Mme. Prostie has had to put her foot down and say '*non*.' Once she refused to service *an enormous chimpanzee*, and once a cheetah that had been trained to *mount its mistress*. She *has* taken on a number of small and medium-sized monkeys without the slightest trouble. She has been asked to permit *a pet swan* to mount her and she complied, among *a great beating of the wings*."

Fuck a duck! Where does this guy get this stuff? We can't tell, skeptical reader. All we can say is, watch this space for our next message from . . . The Boulevardier.

What is Tirana the capital of?

You don't hear too much about Albania these days. Tucked away down there between Greece and Yugoslavia, the doughty little cesspool of



communism struggles ever onward, Albanialike, burdened with a national economy that can be computed in apples and oranges. Why, just recently we learned that the Albanian government had passed a resolution that will save its citizens $4.9 million annually by abolishing the income tax, lowering consumer prices, and canceling all outstanding debts to the state. As the country has a population of two million, that saving works out to an annual sum of $2.45 per square Albanian. Struggle on, Albania, zircon of the Adriatic.

Keep those cards and letters coming

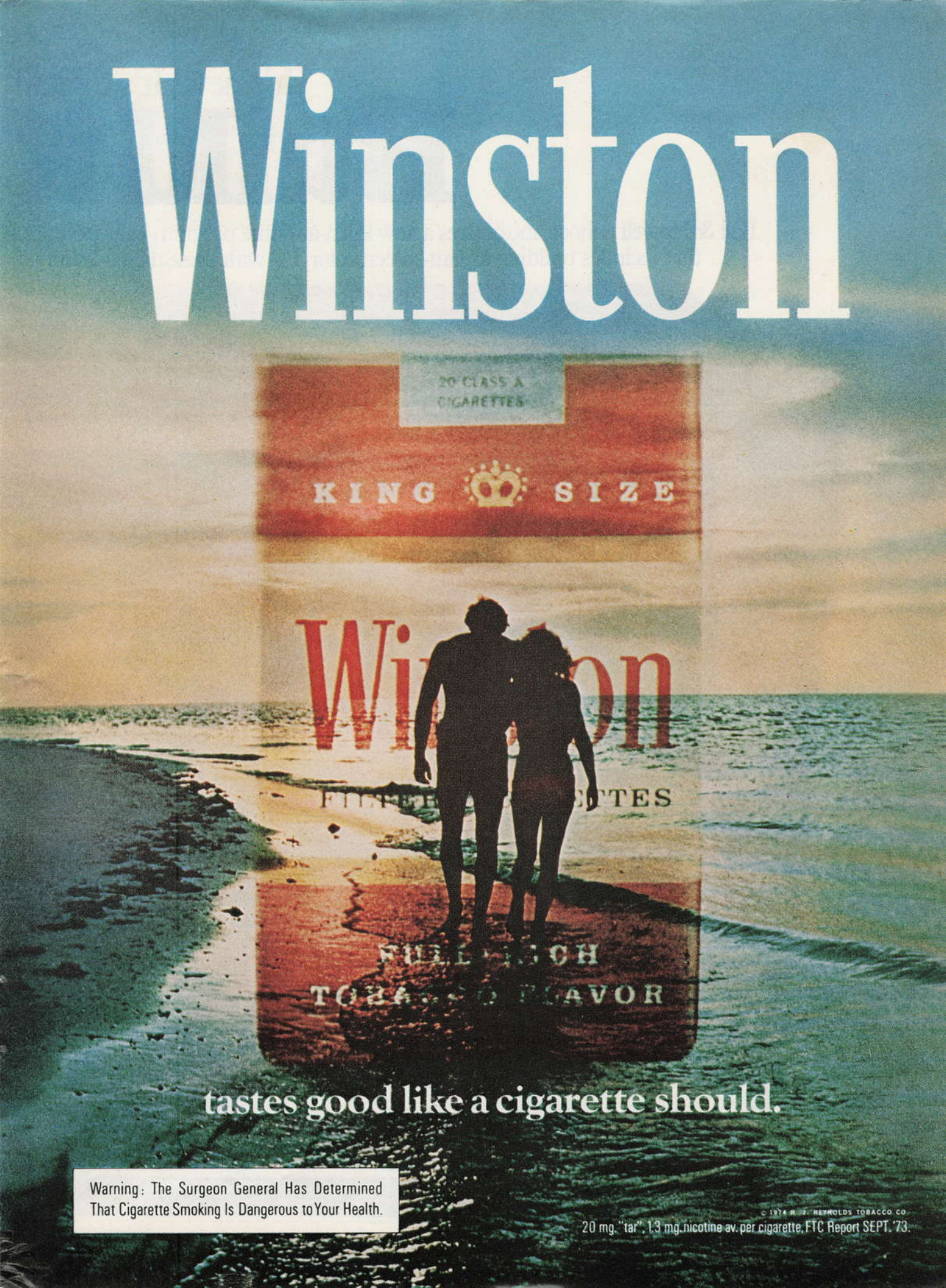
The mail was dull that day, filled with photos of weird, pornographic vegetables and strange letters from bondage fans. Then we came across the letter from an Ardent Reader, pointing out that models in deodorant commercials *always* spray their forearms and that forearms are not known as a major source of offending perspiration. Are armpits X-rated?, wonders

Ardent Reader. Or does television refuse to acknowledge the armpit's existence? If so, Ardent Reader asks, where do they put their Preparation-H? Thank the Lord for Ardent Readers.

Once upon a time there were two dolls: Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy. But in reality the two dolls were one doll: without their clothes, they had the same utterly sexless body. That was long ago, when parents preferred that their children believe all men (and dolls) were created eunuchs. Today we are into natural things: food without preservatives, housing without mortgages, sex without guilt. But dolls have—until now—been overlooked. Down with eunuch dolls. Let Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy look like a natural Ann and Andy. Stop living a life that was once upon a time. —Edwin Heaven

The mystery of the vanishing tits

Fifteen feet in front of me, Alice Cooper was doing his strange thing all over an elevated plywood stage. Twenty-five feet behind me, an audience girl with frosted tricolor bangs was floating through the frenzied blue-jean ocean, a real pro at the new art of rock-crowd infiltration: casually and patiently working along concentric radials until a tiny fault appeared in the seemingly impenetrable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tastes good like a cigarette should.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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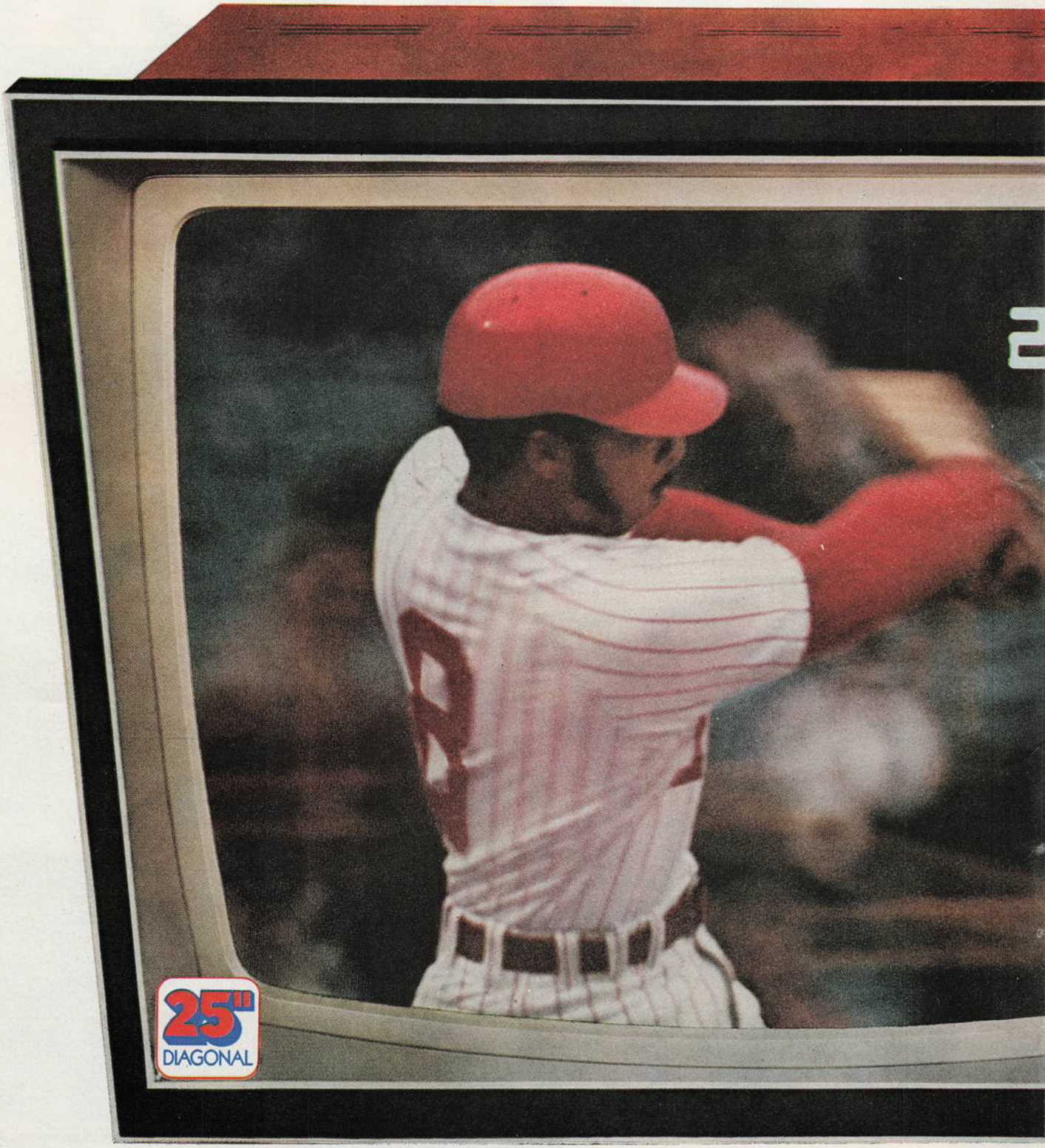
20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

It's new! It's digital!

Build it

Bell & Howell Schools introduces a new learn-at-home program in electronics that includes building a giant-screen color TV with these digital features:



yourself!

Digital clock that flashes on screen

Channel numbers that flash on the screen

Automatic pre-set channel selector

Simulated TV picture

Have fun doing it!

What a thrill to have an at-home educational program in which you actually build your own color TV! Especially a TV with features made possible by the new applications of digital electronics!

Like channel numbers that flash right on the screen! No more squinting to see which channel you're on or want to turn to.

An on-screen digital clock! Just a push of a button and your TV tells you the time of day!

An automatic channel selector that you preset to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

Plus . . . silent, all-electronic tuning, *state-of-the-art* integrated circuitry, Black Matrix picture tube and 100% solid-state chassis for a bright, sharp picture with long life and dependability.

You learn valuable skills in electronics through experiments and testing as you build this advanced-design color TV.

Do it for your future!

Once you complete this learn-at-home program from Bell & Howell Schools, you'll have the specialized skills to service color TV's plus the knowledge that you can apply to repair a variety of home electronic equipment. No better or more practical at-home training in electronics is available anywhere!

These skills could open up new income opportunities for you, full or part time. While many of our students do not ask for employment assistance, it is available. Of course, no assurance of income opportunities can be offered.

Do it now!

Find out how you can build this Bell & Howell 25-inch diagonal color TV with digital features—plus our exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system with new digital multimeter, solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope and design console.

Find out, too, about the Lab Starter Kit that gives you "hands on" experience with your first lesson—and about our toll-free phone-in assistance and in-person "help sessions" to assist you every step of the way.

Mail postage-free card today!

This Bell & Howell Schools program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits. Please check the appropriate box on the card for free information.

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multitude, riding the eddies forward and slipping aside when the flow reversed. Her apparent target, however, was not flush-front with the other screamies, but the position stage-center where I stood.

She tugged at my shirt and I looked down into hard piercing eyes. "Can I climb on your shoulders?" she screamed above the din. "No way," I shouted and looked back to the stage. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her commandeer the ear of the tall dude to my left, and next thing I knew she was using me as a ladder to scale the guy.

Now I could look at the girl without turning completely from the band. She was studying Alice Cooper with riveting intensity, and her hands played at the rim of her knit pullover, making a roll or two at her waist. Alice swept the crowd mechanically with his eyes. The girl followed his stare until it was a millisecond from her position, then yanked her top to around her

neck and started *shaking her fucking tits.*

Alice couldn't have missed it, I thought, not the way she was elevated above the rest of the audience, not the way her lovely bare breasts jutted and jounced. But Alice kept on tracking, neither focusing on the exposed flesh nor changing his catatonic expression. The girl dropped her top back down to her waist and kept her hands at the "ready" position.

Next time Alice swept the crowd, up went the pullover and up and down went the tits. Again, no reaction. Over and over the act was repeated, until my sagging neighbor asked the girl to descend from his aching shoulders.

"I couldn't help noticing your, ah, little act," I yelled in her ear when she stood beside me, pullover in the proper place. "I was wondering why you did it."

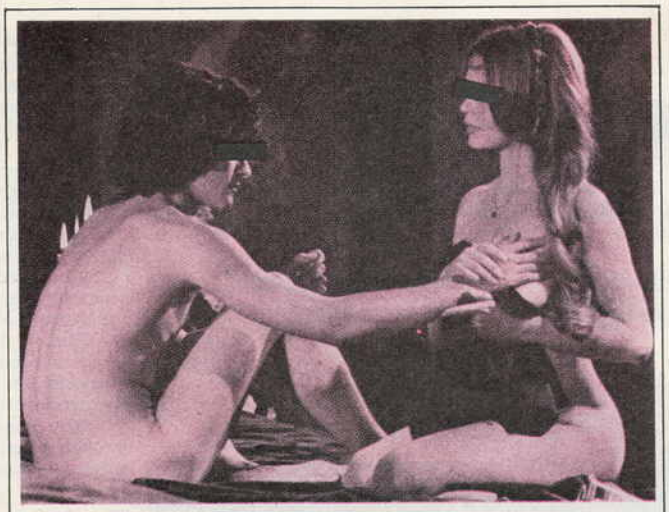
"Oh, I'm just trying to bug Alice," she screamed back. "I follow him all over the country, ya know, and I do that at every show. Then I, like, disappear, and he can never find out who I am. It really bugs him."

I told her that I was going to a press party after the concert and asked if she would like to meet Alice Cooper. "Oh, no!" she screamed. "He can never meet me. That would ruin everything." Then she was gone. Like Houdini.

At the press party, I approached Cooper on the subject. "Hey, Alice," I said, "I talked to that chick tonight who's been following you all around the country and shaking her tits at all the shows."

"What chick?" Alice asked. "I've never seen her."

—JIM ESPOSITO



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—Boys breast-fed in infancy are less likely to develop speech problems in later years than those who are not, according to a report published in the *New Zealand Medical Journal.* Following intensive tests and interviews with 134 children and their mothers, as well as a study of school reports and medical records, researcher Frances E. Broad found that infant boys breast-fed for four to seven weeks or longer developed better speech clarity and tonal quality than boys who received little or no breast feeding.

In my country is no strangers

Visitors to the Himalayan paradise of Srinigar, Kashmir, where the standard accommodation is a houseboat moored on the town lake, are often unnerved by the sight of strange faces at their bedroom windows, or surprised to see a business card being slipped under a bathroom door at midnight. These are but two of the sales approaches used by the local peddlers—not your tin-cup mendicant so ubiquitous in the East but a special variety of hustler paddling about the lake in *shikaris* (gondolas) laden with fruit, cloth, precious stones, rugs, brass images, and saffron.

Should you venture out on the lake, your own *shikari* will be stormed by these types, dressed in Western business suits or decked out in Kashmiri drag of feathers and bangles, while a parasol shields their wares. Their business cards are inspired:

BEAUTIFUL PETER:
UNDERTAKING TO SELL
PAPER MACHIE [sic]
OR INTIMATE LADIES
GARMENTS
—WITH BEST
COMPLIMENTS—

Beautiful Peter's rivals include the likes of Walli Mohammed, Suffering Moses, and Honest Injun—Fair Trader of the Himalayas.

The peddlers are most inventive, however, in devising methods of entering the houseboat where a tourist is ensconced. Some have been known to hide in pantry closets for hours, while others favor a more direct approach. On my visit to Srinigar, I was serenaded by Golden Igbal, a shawl salesman who scrambled up to face me from the roof of an adjoining houseboat as I was sunning. "Madam, would you like to buy some shaaaaawls?" he sang out, as he fell into the lake. He reappeared, enthusiasm undampened, ten minutes later.

—CHICO

Our contributor took this photograph of his houseboy while living in the Sudan some 25 years ago. "You should have seen how the young ladies would squirm when he would come into the room," our contributor writes. He does not write any more. He signs his short note: "Sincerely, Joe Blow." Is it fair to wonder what Joe Blow did when this fellow came into the room?

Do the Swedes have halitosis?

"Did you know that in Scandinavian folklore hell is a place that is frozen solid? So, how do you think an American ad campaign emphasizing the 'coolness' of menthol cigarettes would go over in Sweden?" Not very well, obviously, which is why the speaker, German-born ad exec Ursula Gruber, does a booming business.

Ms. Gruber's business is a Paris "ad-adaptation" agency that comes to the rescue of companies that want to avoid

If some viewers believe that TV's *Maude* is hot stuff now, they should take a look at her past and the fleshy skeletons hanging in *Maude*'s closet. Seems that in their stage-acting days, two of the show's star performers were seen in parts that featured *their* parts. Maude's husband, played by Bill Macy, received Broadway exposure (and how) in the erotic revue, *Oh! Calcutta!*, while off-Broadway, Maude's liberated daughter Carol, played by Adrienne Barbeau, showed her stuff in a short-lived song-and-skin show entitled *Stag Movie*. Nothing like solid theatrical training to help an actor's career.

Of course that's a baby's pacifier shaped like a penis. What else did you expect in OUI, the magazine of international chic—ten topless elephants tap-dancing to *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*?

cultural land mines when they transplant successful ad campaigns from one country to another. She offers them a multinational stable of ad adapters who know how to tailor media messages to suit the peculiar tastes of their mother countries, in their mother tongues.

"There are all sorts of dangerous pitfalls lurking," smiles the businesslike blonde *fräulein*. "We had to convince one of the biggest French underwear manufacturers that, while the trademark Homo-wear might sit very well in France, it would be disastrous in Britain.

"In another of our cases, a Swiss cosmetics firm wanted to appeal to mature women with an ad addressing the 40-year-old lady as one having just attained the 'age of true beauty.' We advised the company that the approach would work well in France—where women want to believe they become more desirable with age—but that in Italy the campaign would backfire. Italian women never want to be reminded of their age.

"The same problem comes up when we help on a deodorant campaign. To a Scandinavian or a Frenchwoman perspiration is quite normal, but to a Mediterranean the odor itself suggests a *peccato di carne*, a sin of the flesh. So deodorant ads in Italy must be extremely muted."

Ms. Gruber's own message on the importance of cultural differences in advertising is clearly getting across. In just three years, she and her staff have handled more than 8000 assignments.

—SETH GOLDSCHLAGER

Land of the rising euphemism

The pill being rare—if not unobtainable—in Japan, three older and less reliable modes of birth control dominate the sex life of Nippon's teenagers, and the youngsters of this puritanical land refer to each in elliptical, allusive slang.

"Are you Miss Debi?" a young lady might ask her girlfriend, reversing the syllables of *bidet*, "or are you Miss Ogino?" (Ogino being the name of the doctor who introduced the rhythm method to Japan.) And, likely as not, the reply will be, "No, I'm Miss Kondo," which is the way the Japanese pronounce *condom*.

But even this delicate subtlety is more direct and outspoken than the flowery euphemisms still used by the older Japanese. When a middle-aged gentleman wishes to invite a lady to one of the popular "love hotels" (six dollars per day, revolving bed included), he may use a phrase such as "*anata ga tsukutta misoshiru o nomitai*." Its literal meaning is, "I want to have some of your bean soup," and the cryptic inference is explained by the fact that bean soup is an important part of the traditional Japanese breakfast. Romantic, *ne*?

—JOHN WILCOCK

Exorcist exorcism execrable

"You could do a nude layout on me, but there's just nothing there at all. Flat as a board. You'd probably get arrested."

Yes, it's true. Eileen Dietz Elber is over 21, a perfectly swell adult, and yet is no more curvaceous than—well, than Linda Blair, the teenage star of *The Exorcist*. Which is why . . . but let Eileen tell you about it herself:

"I was originally just going to double for Linda in the masturbation scene, maybe four days work with a 30-day guarantee. As it turned out, I worked there six months. I doubled the vomiting, the spitting, some levitation, some shaking. Linda and I went through the same make-up every morning. I used to stand offcamera and feed lines to Max Von Sydow and the others. I wasn't a secret or anything—I had my own dressing room with a star."

In order to work, Eileen had to sign an agreement saying that she would not reveal anything about the filming of the demonic scenes in the movie. Warner Bros. loves a mystery. But it was everybody's favorite rumor—"There were 100 people on the set, after all"—and, when the press started calling, Eileen decided the news was more or less out, at least to the trade.

She didn't talk to the reporters, but she did ask William Freidkin, the director of *The Exorcist*, if she might tell casting directors about her work. According to Eileen, Freidkin became obscurely incensed and threatened to blackball her in Hollywood. Plucky Eileen, the stand-in masturbator, filed a petition with the Screen Actors Guild, saying that the contract she had signed was unfair.

Warner Bros. responded in some confusion. At first, it denied Eileen Dietz Elber existed at all. Later, it alleged that she was in the picture for only 30 seconds and intimated

ATTENTION ALL CHESS BUFFS!

You can win a free trip to Chicago, U.S.A., for a private match with OUI's resident chess expert, Consuela Verdugo, *if* you can guess which opening strategy Ms. Verdugo is using in the game pictured above. Consuela is, of course, the brilliant chess sensation who stunned the recent Patagonian International Tournament by checkmating Soviet grandmaster Slavio Vulgarian in five moves, a breath-taking display of skill and form that electrified the audience and prompted world champion Bobby Fisher to remark, "Hubba, hubba."

The unusual chess set with which Consuela Verdugo plays has been especially created for the OUI contest by designer Ron Hall. "I see life and love in terms of chess," says Hall, "and have created a work of art that combines the erotic and the intellectual." Mr. Hall's pieces, carved from stained and unstained maple, represent the various "pieces" of love—the penis (king), the penis head (bishop), the pelvis (rook), the breast (knight), the vagina (queen), and the fingers, which are "the first move in the love game" (pawns).

This alteration, while strikingly attractive, also requires a whole new system of chess notation. For example, the first few moves in the Queen's Gambit Declined opening would now read like this:

WHITE	BLACK
1. Fingers to vagina 4	Fingers to vagina 4
2. Fingers to vagina's head 4	Fingers to penis 3
3. Breast to penis' head 3	Breast to penis' head 3
4. Head to breast 5	Head to breast 5 check
5. Breast to head 3	Fingers take fingers
6. Fingers to penis 4	Fingers to head 4
7. Head takes fingers	Fingers takes fingers
8. Breast takes fingers	Vagina to pelvis 4

that she was just trying to climb aboard the *Exorcist* bandwagon.

"It was weird. It's like I was a nonperson, like Kafka. I'm not sure how long I was in the picture, because of the heavy make-up and the quick cutting, but 30 seconds . . . well, 14 seconds out of *Clockwork Orange* got it changed from an X to an R. Besides,

that's not the issue. I'm not trying to steal something from Linda Blair—she's a remarkable young actress, and it was her movie—I just want to be able to mention the work I did do."

Why was Freidkin so uptight about Eileen? One veteran Hollywood observer, who worked for MGM before it became a hotel, has a theory: "Billy Freidkin has Oscar fever. He wanted that Oscar for the Blair girl, and he didn't want anything to diminish her performance. That's why Mercedes McCambridge didn't get credit for doing the voice. Eileen Dietz, poor dear, just got caught in the stampede."

Why, it's almost as though something *got into him* and *controlled his actions*. . . . Pardon me, is that lime sherbet on your chin?

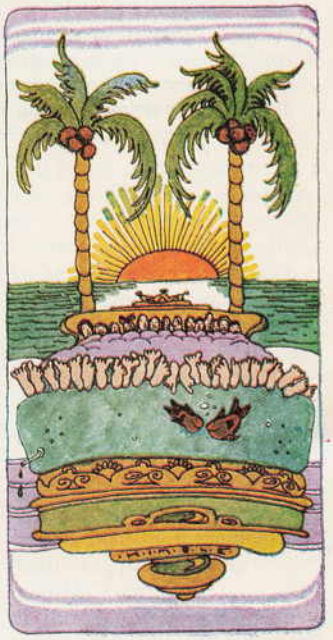
—JON CARROLL

To each according to his dreams

The perpetual sunny optimism of the average American entrepreneur is one of life's little pleasures. A man invents a five-year gas lamp and predicts confidently that, once the electricity fad blows over, he'll be sitting pretty. Destitute milliners whisper that "hats are coming back." Every other landowner in the state of Utah just *knows* there's a mother lode of pure uranium another couple of feet down. No president's report is ever gloomy, and stockholders are led to believe the very best until the certificates they own are worth less than the paper that tells them so.

So it is that we take pleasure in reading of the recent survey conducted by the Water Works Water Beds Company of California, and of the company president's comment upon it. The survey found that seven percent of the California population sleep on water beds, among them "Ann-Margret, Doc Severinsen, Karen Valentine, judges, doctors, invalids, children, etc." Citing this information, Water Works president Alan Schiesel was able to proclaim that "by 1980, over half the people in California will be sleeping on water beds."

We cannot tell you *how* Mr.



Schiesel reached this conclusion, but we are absolutely certain that he wore a confident smile when he did so. We smile with him. May many fires of unknown origins visit all the mattress factories of this world.

Less than meets the eye

OFFICE OF SUPPLY TO PURCHASE DEEP-THROAT MICROMETERS, read the headline in the *Korea Commercial Press Report*. And as if that were not enough, the same trade paper shortly reported the export of a new item to the United States, namely "spring cock-up splints."

Well, in puritanical Korea,

長樂

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where the government views even miniskirts as a manifestation of decadence, it is often necessary to read between the headlines. Turns out the cock-up gadgets were parts for artificial hands (at least that's what was *claimed*), and the deep-throat gizmos were equipment for a new steel mill. And that's as close as the Koreans may ever get to *Deep Throat*. —JOHN STICKLER

Flying Bull

Resplendent in purple cloak, otter skins, and a headdress of turkey feathers and porcupine quills, Chippewa Chief Lucky Eagle stepped off a 747 in Rome, surveyed the surrounding landscape, and planted his spear in the unsuspecting Italian soil. Just another whacko Indian? Not on your tepee. Lucky Eagle was in the process of turning the 500-year-old tables on the Indians' least-favorite Italian, Christopher Columbus. "In the name of the Indian people, I claim the right of discovery and take possession of this land," he informed a gaping Roman audience. Lucky Eagle then announced establishment of a Bureau of Italian Affairs, appointed Gina Lollobrigida as its first administrator, and reboarded the 747. *Vini, vidi,* vichyssoise ("I came, I saw, I had a nice bowl of cold soup").

Lust in space

You all remember Barbarella from the Roger Vadim movie starring Mrs. Tom Hayden. Before that, however, the sexy sci-fi heroine had a lively existence in French comic books, and now, as might be expected, she is making a second appearance in her original media form. This time the blonde and lovely piece of astronaut is romping about a planet called Spectra, where time is 1000 times slower than on earth. Sounds like the movie.

Lia the Snake bottoms out

Seen here in a rare photograph is the fiery belly dancer *extraordinaire* known as Lia, showing what you might call another side of her fabled personality. Lia the Snake, as

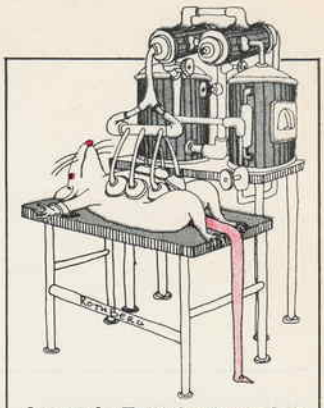
she is affectionately dubbed by the social elite who engage her to perform at their mad, gay parties, was photographed in a small, *intime* club in the South of France, following her second-place finish in an exclusive contest held to select the World's Smoothest Bottom, or *Le Derrière le plus lisse*. First place was copped by a one-and-a-half-year-old girl, a fate that would have outraged many a lesser beauty queen. Lia merely shrugged and took a sip of her Napoleon. "Her little bottom *is* a lot smoother than mine. It's beautiful, and the flesh is like —how you say?—satin. She did not let me touch it, you know. But considering the length and breadth of my own, I don't feel bad winning second place." Even second best can have its rewards, Lia has found. "You see, while the little winner had nature on her side, I learned how to contend with that certain time factor. I learned to prepare herbal lotions and special mud packs that remove bumps and make the skin of the bottom like the skin of the belly." For these remedies Lia made a pilgrimage to the ancient Dance Mother, the enigmatic crone who had taught her, as a child, the mysteries of the *danse*. Lia would not divulge any of the precious secrets, but she has promised to send us a sample of her new Belly-Bottom cosmetics as soon as they become available.

Another slow mind in Hollywood

Film director George Lucas was telling the *Women's Wear Daily* reporter about the problems he had in persuading Universal Studios to distribute his film, *American Graffiti*:

"Universal thought the film was unreleasable. This was before the whole nostalgia craze. They wanted to release it as a movie for TV. When we finally convinced them to put it into the theaters, they complained about the title. The truth is, several people at the studio didn't know what the word *graffiti* meant. They said people would think it was an Italian film or a movie about feet. They wanted to call it *Another Slow Night in Modesto*."

Are glitter shoes only for show? No. They're functional and utilitarian. When rockers like Billy Preston and Elton John wear shoes like these, bought from Mike Bains on the Sunset Strip, they shed glitter flakes as they walk around. Lets them know where they've been and how to get back offstage. Just follow the dots. Glitter shoes are a *tool*.



A man in East Germany has invented a machine for milking white mice. That is all we know. Please do not call or write this magazine.

MERCI

Our heartfelt thanks and a free lifetime pass to the luxurious OUI suite in the elegant Playboy Building go out to: Anne Cole, Jane Dornacker, Ken Grubbs ('bout time, Ken), Charles MacArthur, Carol Muske, Richard Rorabach (*twice*), Lawrence Santrey, Susan Subtle (as usual), Wally Wyss, and the staff of OUI magazine. Photo credits: skittish beaver, Keystone; Pimp Oil, Jonas Dovydenas; sexy granny, Richard Falk Associates; organ-ized dolls, Stephen Frisch; Maude daughter, Zodiac; Maude hubby, Jerry Yulsman; penis pacifier, James Armstrong; chess lady, Bill Frantz; Eileen Dietz, Lester Sloan; Lia, Bob Knickerbocker; showy shoes, Marc Madow. Art credits: Miss M, the divine Kimble Pendleton Mead III; smelly T-shirt, Dick Brooks; Paris prostie, Brian Miller; mystery tits, Bill Biderbost; Nippon condom, John Youssi; water beds, the aforementioned Mead III; Barbarella, Jean-Claude Forest; mouse milker, Linda Rothberg. Bye-bye. Have a nice magazine.

PREVUE

OUI's report on the movie screens of the world: new works from the masters, first stirrings of the new avant-garde waves.

Amarcord is not precisely Italian. It comes from the special dialect of Romagna and means "I remember." Romagna is the native province of Federico Fellini, and it should surprise no one that Fellini is remembering his homeland. Whenever he is stuck for inspiration, Fellini remembers. The memories here are not, however, the decadent city that was *Fellini's Roma* or the desperate circus of *8½*. *Amarcord* reminds you most of a simple village fair. Fellini has taken his name off his titles and become nearly kind and nostalgic. Not that he has abandoned his sense of humor: here we have a family dinner on a farm stalled because crazy uncle, fresh from the asylum, refuses to come down from a tree unless he is given a woman. Nor has Fellini renounced his metaphoric pretensions.

Wherever fat women are undressing, can Fellini be far behind? No. This is Amarcord.

Rather than filming *Amarcord* in Romagna, he builds a town in Cinecitta. Why? Because, Fellini answers, he wanted "a town where each one of us feels that he has already been, but at the same time one which remains an allusive and imprecise point of reference."

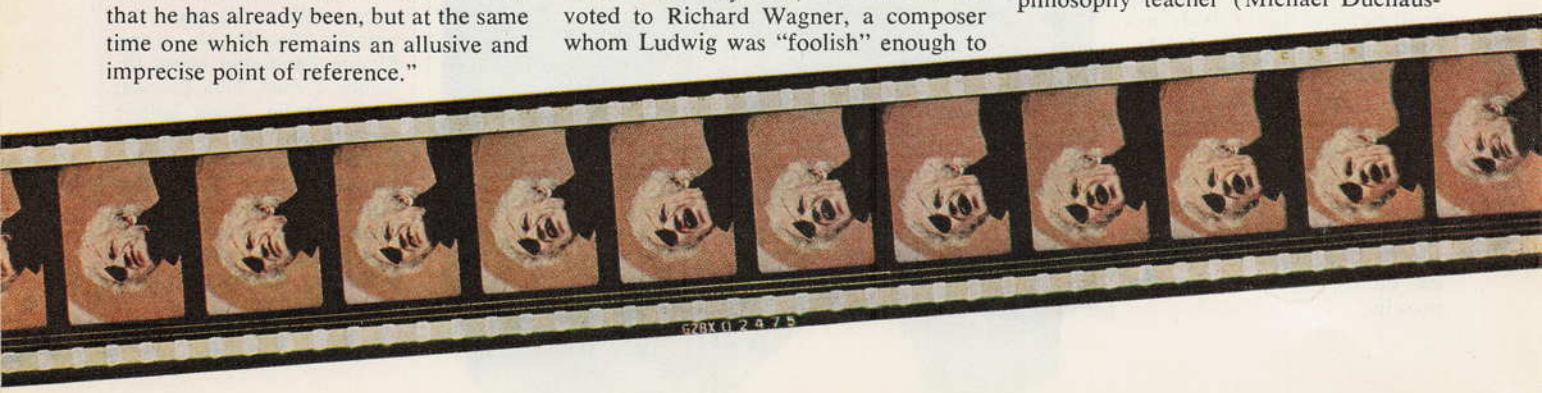
Ludwig II liked many diversions. One was Wagner; another, the viewing of this lady.

Ludwig—Requiem for a Virgin King. Ludwig II, "the mad king of Bavaria," is certainly getting his cinematic due. Last year, Luchino Visconti attempted an epic with Helmut Berger playing the homosexual castle builder deposed to make way for the Prussian empire. Almost at the same time, Hans-Jürgen Syberberg was using Ludwig's story to make his own ascent from the Germany underground with a feature-length movie that has placed Syberberg in the front ranks of the new German cinema. Syberberg's film is intensely theatrical. Shot in only 11 days, the film eschews Ludwig's tourist-attracting castles for stage sets. Many of the sets come from Bayreuth, the festival devoted to Richard Wagner, a composer whom Ludwig was "foolish" enough to sponsor. Syberberg adds to the unreality by lighting his film as if it were on a stage. The result is a fusion of Brecht and Wagner, and a fascinating, if difficult, film to view.

Salome. Meet Carmelo Bene, a vital figure in the Italian avant-garde whose introduction to American moviegoers is long overdue. *Salome*, freely adapted from the Oscar Wilde play, is the latest and perhaps the most ravishing of his lavish camp spectacles. (Earlier efforts include *Our Lady of the Turcs*, *Don Giovanni*, and *One Hamlet Less*.) The title role is played by Veruschka—the high-fashion model who writhed under the photographer hero at the beginning of *Blow-Up*—appearing bald, nude, and zombilike as she steps out of the water, decorated from head to foot with multicolored gems. Bene as Herod upstages everyone with his hysterical nonstop monologues and Woody Woodpecker laughs. Visually, it's a riot of extravagant colors (fluorescent costumes, Day-Glo sets) and opulent debaucheries flashing by so quickly that everything remains in delirious flux, and none of the fancy scenic splendors stand still long enough to be contemplated. Try to imagine Orson Welles's *Macbeth* colored in with a Fellini paintbox, recut by Kenneth Anger, accompanied by Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and the *Beer-Barrel Polka*, and you'll get a fraction of a notion of Bene's giddy madness. Depravity, thy name is *Salome*.

—JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

Nada. Claude Chabrol's current film starts out a little like the *Asphalt Jungle* or *Rififi*. Half a dozen misfits from different walks of life—including a young philosophy teacher (Michael Duchaus-



soy); a Catalan revolutionary with a Ché Guevara beard (Fabio Testi); an ex-prostitute named Cash (Mariangela Melato); and a veteran hired gun (Maurice Garrel)—join forces and pool their resources to plan a big caper. But the motives this time are political rather than mercenary: it's an anarchist plot to kidnap the American ambassador in Paris. Adapting a pop thriller by French novelist Jean-Patrick Manchette, Chabrol turns away from the examination of provincial and suburban bourgeois behavior that has concerned him in recent years (in *La*

One man's last supper is Carmelo Bene's depravity. This is Salome. *Beware.*

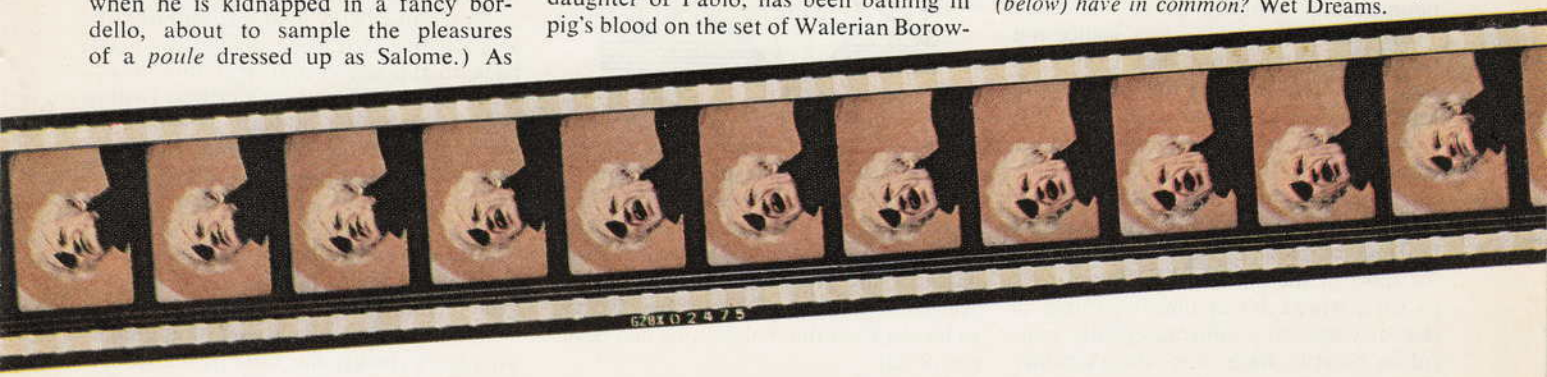
Nada *means "nothing." It is also the name of this terrorist band, as vapid as the police.*

Femme Infidele, *Le Boucher*, and *Just Before Nightfall*, among others) to mount a polemic against gratuitous violence in all its varying guises. The calculated corruption and sadism of the police are shown to be equivalent to the recklessness and ruthlessness of the anarchists, who identify themselves as Nada—the Spanish word for "nothing." (Even the American ambassador comes across as something less than dignified when he is kidnapped in a fancy bordello, about to sample the pleasures of a *poule* dressed up as Salome.) As police and anarchists pursue their intricate counterstrategems and battle things out to the bitter end, Chabrol puts a wry pox on both their houses in this grim adventure of contemporary French terrorism. —J. R.

Wet Dreams. The man at the bottom of this page is Nicholas Ray, director of *Rebel Without a Cause*, *Johnny Guitar*, and other Hollywood masterpieces. For five years Ray has been complaining around two continents that he had yet to see a really good, erotic movie. German producer Hans Freitag, upon hearing Ray, went him nine better. He commissioned Ray and nine other artists to film their erotic fantasies, then collected them into this anthologized feature. Ray's contribution, the movie's opening sequence, is the story of an aging janitor (Nick Ray himself) and two Lolitas—just what one would expect from a man who believes that fucking begins at 40. Other sequences include a Yugoslavian Charlie Chaplin parody in which the tramp really does get the girl; an exploding, erotic U. S. flag shot by sometime OUI photographer Lee Kraft; and an erotic animation by the Dutch painter Hans Kanters.

Newsreel *(a bit of gossip and some coming attractions)*. Paloma Picasso, daughter of Pablo, has been bathing in pig's blood on the set of Walerian Borowczyk's *Immoral Stories*. . . . A musical of *Anna Karenina*? That's what's planned by director Jacques Demy and composer Michel Legrand, who made *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. Shooting to be done in Russia. . . . Biggest films nearing completion are Robert Bresson's *The Grail*, about the Lady in the Lake, and Alain Resnais's *Stavisky*, produced by and starring Jean-Paul Belmondo as the Thirties financial swindler whose exploits caused Parisian riots.

What do the little Yugoslavian tramp (above) and Hollywood director Nick Ray (below) have in common? Wet Dreams.



REVUE

Greil Marcus says Elvis is smart; Christgau says rock needs more

Elvis Presley, king of rock and prince of schlock, is likely the most important white singer America has ever produced —Bob Dylan seems to be the only interesting competition—but until the release of **Elvis: A Legendary Performer** (RCA), if you didn't know why but wanted to find out, there was really nowhere to go, not unless you were ready to plow through the labyrinth of albums Elvis has turned out since he began recording 20 years ago.

If Elvis' genius is as simple as inborn talent, its result has been as complex as the U. S. A. His goal (if the idea that a hillbilly thinks is still a bit strange, you can call it his instinct) has been to make music that touches, takes in, and personalizes virtually every positive side of the American soul: a completely innocent and mature delight in sex; a love of roots and a respect for the past; a rejection of roots and a demand for novelty; the liberating arrogance and sense of self-worth that grows out of the most commonplace understanding of what "democracy" and "equality" are all about (no man is better than me); the humility, piety, and self-deprecating humor that spring from the same source (I am better than no man); a burning desire to get rich, to have fun; a natural affection for big cars and flashy clothes, the symbols of status that deliver pleasure both as symbols and on their own terms. There are a lot of contradictions there; Elvis, after all, has become one of those symbols himself. Perhaps that is why one of his earliest critics pronounced him "morally insane."

Legendary Performer does justice not only to Elvis' talent but, dare I say it, to his vision. Drawn from the still-obscure Memphis sessions that date to 1954, from his glory hits, from gospel records, from the movies, and especially from the extraordinary live performances Elvis gave for the '68 TV special that brought him out of the half-world he inhabited for most of the Sixties, this album gives us Elvis whole. It's at times as rough as the early Stones, at others as gently soulful as Charlie Rich, and always rather glamorous. Nearly half of the material has never been released before. It will stand as a classic of American music and as a definition of how imaginative such a collection can be.

Opening with a Mississippi blues (*That's All Right*, Elvis' first release and arguably the first rock-and-roll record of all), and closing with a Hollywood happy ending (*Can't Help Falling in Love with You*, cut for *Blue Hawaii* in 1961, the song with which Presley tops off his concerts), the album traces an American dialectic, interwoven and inseparable, between emotion that is authentic only when it is utterly free, and emotion that is authentic only when it is restrained. You can hear the two sides grow: by 1968 the rock and roll is wilder, cruder, and more impassioned than it ever was in the Fifties; the sentimentality of the pretty

but banal *Love Me Tender* has not only become positively elegant by the time of *Can't Help Falling in Love*, it has become irresistibly moving. You can see the multiplicity in the man, the way one side balances and gives life to the other: this American goes all the way, but as long as he can keep that balance, he can never go too far.

The book on EP says that a once-headstrong rocker was castrated and buried in an old man's schmaltz, but the contrast between the roses-pressed-between-the-pages-of-*Ivanhoe* music of *I Love You Because* (Elvis' *very* first recording, never released before) and the furious comeback rock of *Trying to Get to You* (also previously unissued, a life-and-death blues if there ever was one: rock and roll to make Mick Jagger weep and Boz Scaggs fade dead away) seems right, it makes sense. One side of the soul makes the other possible—and necessary. As Philip Marlowe once put it: "If I wasn't tough I wouldn't be alive, and if I wasn't gentle I wouldn't deserve to be alive."

Even the most familiar songs—the shameless gothic melodrama of *Heartbreak Hotel*, the not-very-worried plea of *Don't Be Cruel*—sound fresh; there is an openness, a richness of spirit, that pervades the whole album. In keeping with Elvis' regal stature, the set is, I think, the most expensive single LP in American pop music history: $7.98 list (which translates into about six dollars in real money, such as it is these days). But if you want to muse upon the American mysteries, or if you simply want music that will give great pleasure and never wear out, there is only one record to be expected this year that might match this one—which is to say that Bob Dylan, recorded live and backed by The Band, is yet to be heard from.

—GREIL MARCUS

Michael Lydon's first book, *Rock Folk*, collected some of the richest rock profiles ever written. A painstaking, observant reporter with a writerly gift of gab, Lydon can make even the lamest interview seem revelatory; and he describes music with a supple enthusiasm so evocative that you can't wait to get back to the stereo and hear this magic stuff. Like most good rock critics, Lydon likes black music at least as much as white, and devoted a chapter of *Rock Folk* to Smokey Robinson—"as good a singer, songwriter, and producer as Sam Cooke, Paul McCartney, and George Martin combined"—where a hack "history" like Mike Jahn's *Rock* doesn't even mention him.

Lydon's new book, **Boogie Lightning**, attempts to justify this taste theoretically. Its thesis is that rock, and especially the black rhythm-and-blues from which it derives, "has, in opening music to a new

spectrum of possible sounds, helped steer musical values back to their primeval source in sensual-mystical delight."

Unfortunately, Lydon has one critical weakness: he is a lousy theoretician, with a tendency to fall back on aesthetic homilies. As a result, *Boogie Lightning* is a collection disguised as an exegesis. Some of its ideas—the introduction, the first half of "Records as Music," and the analysis of early rock recording—are either original or stated gracefully enough to pass. But the chapter on the electric guitar is inadequately argued—I love electric instruments myself, but it is evasive to ignore the way they discourage personal nuance—and the stoned rap on "records as sculpture" is completely asinine.

Even worse, Lydon never makes good on the promise of his title. A real exploration of black musicians and electric instruments would have to include Charlie Christian and T-Bone Walker, who are barely mentioned, and B. B. King and Jimi Hendrix, whom Lydon has already done in *Rock Folk*. Where are Sly Stone and Stevie Wonder? Where are the English groups who have made their own kind of unprecedented electric music out of black acoustic music? It's all too obvious that Lydon tried to create a book out of the material he had at hand rather than conceiving a book and then getting the material.

This is still a much better than average rock book—the chapters on John Lee Hooker and Ray Charles are worth the price of admission. But it's not as consistent as *Rock Folk*, and it's not what it pretends to be. Lydon asks good questions. Somebody else will have to come up with the answers.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Sci-fi meets the tides of porn

Samuel Delany has a substantial reputation as a science-fiction writer of great expertise. This is the writer chosen to conclude the more-than-sci-fi anthology, *Dangerous Visions*, with a subtly bizarre sexual horror story of the future, *Aye, and Gomorrah*. . . . That anthology's editor, Harlan Ellison, referred to Delany as "a kind of writer who will move into other bags and enter the mainstream, like Bradbury or Vonnegut or Sturgeon. His talent is that large."

Now comes Delany with **The Tides of Lust**, a harrowing, stomach-turning, big-print paperback that could be billed as *The Exorcist* of sexual literature. Why did the large talent choose to move into porno? Delany's answer is simple: "There was a lot of serious, exciting pornography being written that was called to my attention, notably by Brandon House. I decided to see what I could do in the genre, but by the time I finished

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Hear Johnny Mathis on his Columbia Records Album "I'm Coming Home."

The Tides of Lust, Brandon House had folded. The manuscript laid around for three years before a publisher took it."

The Tides of Lust is a porno novel first, last, and always. As Delany says, "If you try to consider it outside of the porno range, you do the book a disservice." True enough, but there's more here if you look for it, and you probably should. Disturbing speculations on religion, aesthetics, and sexuality are intertwined, in the tradition of De Sade, with Delany's scenes of grotesquerie and libertinage. Stylistically, however, Delany bears no resemblance to his windy French forebear. *The Tides of Lust* is encoded in a linguistic shorthand owing as much to cartoons and myths as it does to more traditional forms. For a brief time Delany scripted *Wonder Woman* comics; like any good cartoonist or mythmaker he deals in the more-than-human and the less-than-human. The crossfire between the two reveals a completely human condition: the flash-cube freeze-frame of the reader caught *flagrante delicto* with his own thoughts. It's a book that, for all its antihumanity, should yield more of your own up to you for scrutiny.

This is hardly the novel's sole source of irony. Consider Delany's plot, lean in structure to befit both pornographic simplicity and the larger dimensions of myth. The black captain of the ship Scorpion arrives in a Rechian city of night, encountering Proctor, artist, voluptuary, and Delany's Faust. Here's a twist: Faust creates his own Mephistopheles in the person of the captain. Together, they assemble an erotic dirty dozen, of prodigious and perverse appetite, for an assault on Proctor's love-nemesis, Catherine. Here's another twist: Delany builds Catherine's aura of unspeakable evil precisely by not speaking very much about it.

The most ironic of the abundant contradictions presented by *The Tides of Lust* is that here is a book that has more than pornography between its covers, but as a whole is no more than pornography. Like *The Story of O*, it has to be merely porn to work as well as it does. Thus, like the best porn, it is maddeningly self-conscious and didactic. Delany knows it's pretentious (he tells you so in the dedication), and he insists on throwing it in your face anyway. "All pornography is didactic," he still insists. "It's better if it knows what it's being didactic about." But it's possible that the reason for the self-conscious tones may go deeper; it may be, for instance, that Delany needs to have us know that the book was as unpleasant to write as it is to read.

Ostensibly, Samuel Delany has left the porno arena; but it's unlikely that he's left sexual speculation behind. His new, very lengthy novel, titled *Dolphin*, has been turned down by several British publishers because of its sexual content. It will be published here this fall by Bantam Books. Until then, you might prepare yourself for the arrival of a major mind by experiencing *The Tides of Lust*. In the words of Delany's Mephistophelean captain, "It is a magic book. Words mean things. When you put them together, they speak." *Tides of Lust* won't make you a better person, but read it anyway.

—CHARLES MITCHELL

We can take science fiction too seriously. This is not Tolstoy. Science fiction is written by people who want to *entertain*

and *make money*. It's pulp writers, balding guys with bad teeth and three children, lost among the pod creatures of the planet Xenon. Science fiction is forgettable, like toothpaste, like Johnny Nash. Quality seems to be random, nurtured almost solely by novelty. One good twist is all you need. Eternity is gravy.

Still, longevity inspires high seriousness. Is there an *auteur* theory of nickelodeons? Did George M. Cohan have a soft spot for Keynesian economics? Do you care? They will assemble in the plaza below, waving copies of *1984* and *Brave New World*. Wonderful, wonderful, but hardly . . . prescient. Can anybody read Olaf Stapleton without laughing? Doesn't Heinlein strike you (seriously now) as a writer for boys? Frank W. Dixon lives again. This ain't exactly the Renaissance, space freaks.

Alas, **Science Fiction, Today and Tomorrow**, walks among us. Not stories but essays, introspective retreads, state of the art, larger significance. Reginald Bretnor, long-time sci-fi analysis king (article in the new *Britannica*; yet another anthology), edited the book and contributes its longest piece, a mishmash of conventional opinions on such overroasted chestnuts as The Age of Alienation, Science Fiction and the Counterculture (these are his titles, not mine), The Academic Involvement, and The Challenge to the Writer in the Age of Space. This latter rite seems to involve Stopping All Wars, in the same way *On the Beach* was going to stop the impending nuclear holocaust. (Someone reads over my shoulder and says, "It worked, didn't it?" Not yet.) Much of the book is on the same dumb, self-congratulatory level.

The genre writer doth protest too much, inevitably. Better to wait for posterity, watch the posthumous parchments at the bottom of the brandy glass. There's some good stuff here, too, even worth the whole book if you're a fan. Alexi Panshin does his usual tight, allusive job with the cumbersome topic "Science Fiction—New Trends and Old." Panshin is now double-bylined with his wife Cory, which is either long overdue or rampaging lib guilt, since Alexi and Cory write just like Alexi by himself. Block that trend. Long-time reliable Frederick Pohl contributes a fact-studded exploration of the early days of sci-fi publishing. The two best essays forsake moralizing and nostalgia altogether and talk technique—"The Creation of Imaginary Worlds" by Poul Anderson (another reliable) and "The Creation of Imaginary Beings" by Hal Clement, author of the peerless *Mission of Gravity*. Over-all, one and a half comets. Let's put the fiction back in science fiction.

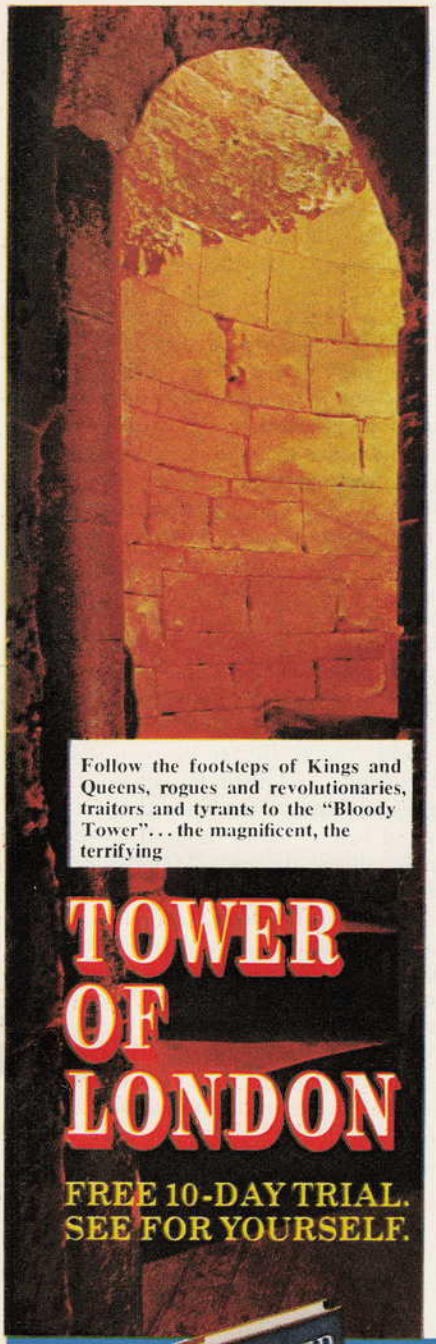
Wandering Stars is all fiction, the gimmick link indicated in the subtitle, **An Anthology of Jewish Fantasy and Science Fiction**. There was a time when Jewishness was fashionable and boring, all coy Leo Rosten and cute Harry Golden. But Judaism has lost its ethnic panache, showbiz Yiddish is no longer on every tongue. It is once again a minority sensibility, and everyone seems more comfortable: Jews get restless with majority opinion, found knowledge, easy belief. The stories in *Wandering Stars*—over half of them new—seem thus more relevant and arcane. Isaac Bashevis Singer is here, of course, and Bernard Malamud, but there's also a surprisingly good new William Tenn story (*On Venus, Have We Got a Rabbi*) and a strange, fierce bit from Robert Silverberg called *The Dybbuk of Mazel Tov IV*. Robert Sheckley (terrible writer, wonderful plotter: the Agatha Christie of science fiction) contributes his much-anthologized *Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay*, about an automated city that turns into a Jewish mother, ultimately driving the inhabitants away with its smothering love.

Nothing startling, nothing fresh, but futurism and the avant-garde are not the same thing. Three comets. From hunger it isn't, but with style it's done, if verbs at the end of your sentences you like.

—JON CARROLL

Hunting the gay bars of Manhattan

Michael's Thing is billed as an entertainment magazine for men, but don't jump to conclusions. The entertainment does not consist of juicy young curves similar to those found in the pages of OUI. *Non*. The entertainment is for gays in New York, and it is broken down into nine restaurants, ten cabarets, and 54 bars. To make things easier, bars are listed



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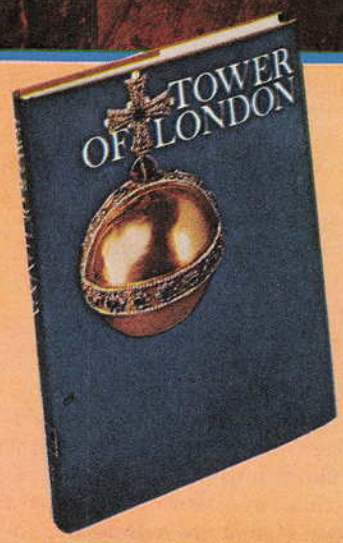

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under "conversation and cruise," "leather," "Western," and "waterfront." Are Frye boots now suspect? Is fishing fey? Could *Michael's Thing* replace *Cue* as the going-out guide of the future?

Skip Burns at the Grand Hotel

"The guy who built the **MGM Grand Hotel**"—this from the cab driver—"started out ten years ago as a security guard on the Strip. Hold it . . . name begins with a *K*. Shit. He had this five grand . . . some Korean War toke from the Air Force . . . so he buys this land where Caesars Palace is now. What he makes from selling Caesars Palace builds the International, and when he sells that to Hilton he buys shares of MGM, which later he owns a controlling interest of "—the gossip in Vegas is dizzying—"so, since he still has this lot kitty-corner to Caesars Palace, he tells MGM to get its ass into the hotel business, and he puts up the Grand and also buys them Western Airlines. It's a money town, that's for sure." He studied me in the mirror. "A guy can get picked up for suspicion pretty fast."

We had arrived under the Grand Hotel's steely porte-cochere and disembarked among military ranks of luggage and bellmen.

Inside, suspended under a mile-long merry-go-round confection of mirrors and kewpies and centaurs in ormolu, there dripped several hundred crypto-Waterford cascade chandeliers to illumine the craps and roulette below: LARGEST CASINO IN THE WORLD. The keno lobby was sedate as a boardwalk, big and twice as bright. WORLD'S LARGEST RESORT HOTEL. Baccarat had been sunk in a pit with marble rails and iron arabesques, something special for the heavy hitters. Right away I counted five bars variously embellished, one with a supper-club stage. WORLD'S LARGEST ENTERTAINMENT COMPLEX. Ten thousand slot machines jangled and coughed. Bookshelf-bra cocktail waitresses in Philip Morris caps minced among the junketeers, whose jaws were ajar. There hung heroic acrylic canvases depicting Scarlett unfulfilled at Tara, Dorothy on the yellow-brick road, Zhivago languorous in a troika pursued by wolves, and Robert Taylor lashing flanks too late to save Deborah Kerr in *Quo Vadis*.

"Is this the work of one man?" I asked at the desk, cashing down for two nights ($36.04 each), with the promise that I could get my $72.08 back if I established credit.

I should explain my wardrobe. Blue pinstripe work shirt (Corrections Department, California: $4.50), blue corduroy trousers (Hudson's, Second Avenue; $7), red socks (Lucie, Chicago; thanks), bog shoes (Red Wing, Minnesota; $28), a yard or so of green ribbon to roll around my hair . . . the insouciant assemblage of somebody rapidly aging. A necktie might have helped. The MGM Grand is a class joint.

"Would you care to see your suite, Mr. Burns?"

The elevators were modified Loew's powder rooms. Fan-mail portraits of the stars marked the turns in the corridors like mythological statues in a Renaissance garden: Lana Turner alluring and unattainable, Clark Gable on the verge of utterance, June Allyson giggling between her knees . . . dressing-room stars

on the door of every chamber . . . William Powell smirking, and just where Myrna Loy gazed away, we turned in home. The room was claustrophobic. I realized immediately that I needed a bottle of expensive cologne.

The Grand Arcade shops were full of Old Spice and fur coats.

"Can you change $50, please?" I asked a pretty girl at the casino cash desk. "Is there a drugstore near, by the way?"

"Let's see, I'm on this side of town now——." She turned around, getting her bearings from the front door. "Where are we?"

"What does he want?" Her blonde, beehived co-workers were pettish.

"A drugstore."

"What's the matter with the Arcade?"

"I don't think they're entirely set up yet," I said, too kind.

They shook their hairdos, annoyed and disbelieving, waiting for some bigger bill.

I must have a car. I must have some food. I must have some credit and a little respect. The MGM Grand Hotel—the biggest everything, for the moment—encourages intemperance.

The whole place wants to be a nostalgia trip. It's Dean Martin as the Ghost of Christmas Past, a kind of cheerful visit to the way it never was, World Capital of 1953.

I wandered around and stopped before a poster of Ruth Roman, whom I might once have loved. No help there. Again in life I felt an impulse to grovel before Gloria Grahame, but there stretched ahead a parade of other properties . . . Esther Williams, Mario Lanza, Dane Clark, Ann Miller, a colonnade of the same two ancient Greek ladies, each replicated 22 times in genuine marble. They were rough on losers here, but they had a soft spot for the old-time also-rans.

The bedrooms had circular beds, mirrored ceilings, and step-up baths. (How do you step up into something wet?) There was a teen center with a TV lounge . . . a therapy pool for 50 people . . . what's a *jai alai fronton* . . . ? The brass stars on the bedroom doors would have made badges for the whole Los Angeles Police Department. It all brought on an acute attack of moral outrage. The MGM Grand is what the whole hip world thought for ten years it was overthrowing. And then the damned thing goes up right after Watergate. It's survived better than I have. It's like those new silver dollars: Marcus Aurelius Eisenhower, with an eagle plunging down the back of the moon. Ozzie and Harriet and pink and charcoal gray and vicuna coats and poor old Sherman Adams and hidden, secret, difficult vices brought out in the open for the boo-jwah by the Mob. What a marketing job. Just like cocaine.

The cab driver said he knew a swell place. I awoke next morning and will say nothing more about it. —SKIP BURNS

"Blazing Saddles" makes a bellylaugh ache

Blazing Saddles will shove a finger down your throat; laughter painful as the dry heaves. Very, very funny indeed: an adult Western in its second childhood. That noise offstage is Audie Murphy gnawing on his coffin lid. If you can keep a straight face in *Blazing Saddles*, just don't let your seeing-eye dog eat all the Raisinettes.

Mel Brooks burlesques the Western. That's burlesque, both as in satire and as in strippers. Brooks himself, with the face of a Zionist gnu, looks like he should be fielding G strings in a pair of baggy pants. The film is broad, man: triple E. A bastard child by *Sleeper* out of *Greaser's Palace*. Humor is retroactive; it depends on mixed chronologies. Remember Woody's futuristic McDonald's hamburger stand? *(Continued on page 134)*

SATELLITE

Gay Paree gets its own guidebook

PARIS—"The travel bug has killed night life here," says Jacques-Louis Delpal, who is author of half a dozen best-selling guidebooks on Paris and the Riviera. "Moneyed people no longer limit themselves to one summer and one winter holiday. Four, five, six times a year they go off on packaged tours—Ceylon, Rio, Tahiti—and when they get back they have to work double time to make up for the lost days. They have no time, energy, nor money left over for restaurants and night clubs. The only animation Paris has comes from the queers."

It is because of this situation that Delpal, a serious 38-year-old editor, has compiled the *Ultra Guide*. It is a first-ever publication, a guide to the gay world intended for straights, and not one of those sleazy booklets listing male prostitution spots, Turkish baths, and gropey moviehouses. Delpal's *Ultra Guide* contains full information—address, phone number, and short description of decor—about restaurants, night clubs, and bars tinged with "*bleu*," the French euphemism for "gay."

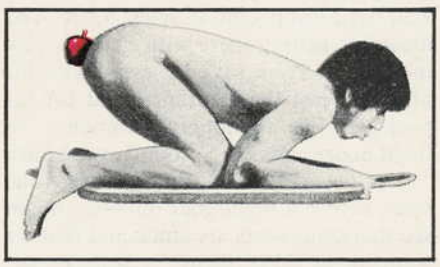
The *Ultra Guide* dutifully notes all the traditional gay-gay places, such as Machou's cabaret in Montmartre, Madame Arthur's old-time drag show, and the Alcazar, where, says Delpal, the funny, zestful, and immensely fast show makes the Lido and other touted spectacles look like a state funeral. On the opposite end of the gay scale are a great many "in" places that have a predominantly straight clientele, but also a sufficiently "bluish" coloration to interest Delpal.

One such listing, which has created something of an uproar, is the ultrasmart and subdued Piano Bar, whose list of elegant regulars includes the likes of Françoise Sagan, Mme. Geneviève Fath, Mme. Hélène Rochas, Bettina (the late Aly Khan's last mistress), and perfume queen, Princess Ghislaine de Polignac of Revlon. Apparently, some of these ladies occasionally prefer escorts who belong to the boys in the band, thus accounting for the Piano Bar's inclusion in the *Ultra Guide*.

Delpal also takes credit for coining a current new expression, "an oyster place," after the shelled creature that can change its sex. Such an oyster place is Le Dig It in the St.-Germain section. A perfectly average discotheque at night, toward dawn Le Dig It turns into a spot worthy of the brush of Brueghel. All the closing-act strippers, female impersonators, drag queens, and hustlers turn up for breakfast, mingling with the waiters and lounge attendants from the late-closing cabarets.

Delpal felt wretched that he could no longer include the great and wonderful Maxim's on his list. For some years, this grandest restaurant of the world wore a slightly "*bleu*" cast, thanks to one of its greeters who used to welcome certain male customers with a slurpy French kiss on the lips. Now Louis and Maggie Vaudable, king and queen of Maxim's, have relegated the creature to the provinces, and the current greeter, movie-handsome Roger, tolerates no funny business.

So many different restaurants of such varying quality had to be included in the *Ultra Guide* that Delpal at first was tempted to rate them, borrowing from the *Michelin Guide*'s famous one-, two-, and three-star system by substituting the sign of one, two, or three limp wrists. He had to forego the temptation because of the great fluctuation in food quality to be found within a single gay eatery. While in



square joints the waiter may be shacking up with the cashier, or the hat-check girl indulging in quickies with the husky doorman, in the realm of the *Ultra Guide* crisscross screwing is the rule, from the dishwasher up to the owner. This free-wheeling sex life has a marked effect on gay table fare, Delpal has found. One day the cooking may be delicious, the next day just so-so, and then be ugh-in-spades on certain Blue Mondays.

—LAWRENCE SANTREY

Convicts' lib

NAPLES—As a series of riots and rebellions throughout the nation recently made clear, Italy has one of the most atrociously backward prison systems in Europe. Filth, overcrowding, and inedible food have become bywords for the nation's penitentiaries, with many of the worst offenders found smack in the middle of the largest cities.

Failing any significant reforms for the immediate future, authorities at one notorious institution, Santa Teresa Prison in Florence, have come up with a solution as desperate as it is simple: Each morning a majority of Santa Teresa's 150 inmates walk through the main gates and set off for a leisurely day in downtown Florence. The unguarded prisoners are free to do whatever they want until nightfall, when they are supposed to check back into their cells. If they should find an odd job, so much the better.

Some of the day-passers head for parts of the city as far away from Santa Teresa as possible and try to act like soldiers on leave, but most stick to the immediate prison area, where they are often as not treated like local heroes. One barman a couple of blocks from the jail says the men are more welcome than some of the neighborhood drifters. "They have money for a *caffe* and they know how far they can go," he told OUI.

Prison authorities are pleased with the "experiment" even though it has been no great success. In the first six months, no fewer than 50 prisoners have taken advantage of their daytime leaves to try to skip Florence altogther. Florence district attorney Mario Calamari isn't surprised. "We didn't start this to demonstrate the integrity and responsibility of the inmates," he notes. "They're let out simply because there's no way to keep them in." He adds, somewhat wistfully, that most of the escapees have since been recaptured.

—DON DEWEY

Danish tripping

COPENHAGEN—On the back page of each afternoon paper here, there is a box headlined TODAY'S DAYLIGHT. One day last January, the line under the heading was: *six hours, 37 minutes*. When winter comes to Scandinavia, the light goes. Day

starts in darkness—you board a bus by flashlight; your eyes dilate to *f*/5 until 9:30 or ten A.M.; automobile headlights go on again after lunch. No light, no heat.

Brutal geography makes sun freaks of the Danes, but benign economics provide low-cost seasons in the sun for all those whey-faced, fair-haired northerners. Two outfits that have their own airlines and travel and booking operations offer low-cost, high-quality vacation trips that are available to almost anyone. Example: Tjaereborg Reiser or Spies Travel will place you aboard a Boeing 727 or a Caravelle, fly you from Copenhagen to Majorca, put you up in a decent hotel, serve you two meals a day for eight days, then fly you back to Copenhagen—all for 196 kroner (roughly $31.45). Prices, however, vary depending on the season. The distance is 1102 miles, which is almost exactly the distance from New York or Chicago to Miami. No extras, no months-ahead reservations, no boozy pilot whose last flight was a gun run from Lisbon to Biafra. And no *schlock*: the Danes are devoted to good living and to toilets that flush.

A Spies one-week package trip to the island of Rhodes—1462 miles from Copenhagen—runs to 350 kroner (about $56); Ceylon, with Tjaereborg, (5215 miles) comes to 995 kroner ($160.48) for eight days.

Within Europe, the prices are just as astonishing: from Copenhagen, a week in Paris—all laid on—costs 345 kroner ($55.64). OK, so you land at Beauvais, an hour and a half from Paris, instead of at Le Bourget or Orly; and the hotels don't overlook the Seine. Air France and SAS charge $221.82 for just the round-trip flight (they've cut seasonal fares to battle Tjaereborg and Spies, but to get the lower fare, you travel on a weekend and eat a cold lunch with watered orange juice).

Sven Krag, who has a women's specialty shop in a Copenhagen suburb, says, "Anybody with half a brain can see that this travel business is creating a revolutionary situation. Look at me: my girlfriend and I did one of these package things to Italy because it had been a rough year and we didn't have too much money. Sixty dollars—everything thrown in—to the lake country in Italy for a week. Nice. Now, I pay about $275 a month in rent and more in food—plus all the utilities and extras. With the rent for the shop and taxes here (which are a bitch), I barely break even. I can live cheaper on vacation. If I were not so tied up by a million debts and things, I'd start a new life cycle—go south for a month, come back and sweep floors for a week or two, and piss off again."

Package hotels tend to be the Mediterranean plastic-box kind—occasionally a balcony will have a view of a distant sea—but you could do a lot worse in a $20-a-night motel off the Pennsylvania Turnpike. It is potluck for companionship, of course; next door might be the fruit-and-veg man from Klitmoller, but then again it might be a Copenhagen show girl with her boyfriend or girlfriend or dog.

The economics aren't all that mysterious. Because they know their market and Scandinavia's vacation habits, the companies can schedule their planes to run at near-total capacity (scheduled lines run at 40 to 50 percent). They do all their own booking—no commissions to travel agents; they scorn orthodox advertising, except for some fine-print classified ads in newspapers; they own or lease hotels in such key areas as the Canary Islands, Majorca, and Spain's Costa Brava; and the really cheap trips—the 1951-kroner Majorca junket, for example—are loss leaders, the very best kind of advertising.

Tjaereborg (and Sterling, its subsidiary airline) have a Lutheran image imprinted by their thrifty chairman, the Reverend Elif Kroager, who got into the business by setting up bus tours for Sunday-school students. The outfit is a foundation, and profits go back into the business.

"When you're amortizing your aircraft, when you've paid for a year's space in a hotel, when you know—barring floods and disaster—exactly what your market will bear, then you can cut your prices very fine," says Sterling's managing director, Anders Helgstrand. "Above a certain level of people in the airplane, we know we're operating in the black. You can charge every additional customer ten kroner or 100; it's all profit. We try to pick a price that will bring them back and let us expand at the same time."

Spies Travel has a groovier, swinging image, based on a personality of its boss, Simon Spies, who operates a porno moviehouse next door to the Spies travel headquarters in Copenhagen. Danish newspapers often cover parties of miniclad beautiful people at Spies' home. The message: getting there with Spies is a lot more fun. Spies says he can make his profit on just the insurance sold for his packages (his monopoly), immense in-flight booze sales, and ground excursions.

"At ten o'clock in the morning—one week before a flight goes out—we might see that some seats are stuck and that we want to get rid of them," a Spies executive explained. "So we'd bring down the prices. People all over Scandinavia have our catalogues, but they know they can call and ask what we've got that's extra cheap on Saturday. If you want to wait until the last minute you can get an extra bargain sometimes. All we want to do is close out the plane. We've already made our money."

Spies figures that of its 420,000 customers in the last 12 months, about 5000 have been Americans, many of whom had known nothing about Danish tours when they arrived in Copenhagen on vacation. The Tjaereborg and Spies people say that similar packages could be offered in the United States. Starting problems would be the U. S. restrictions on minimum charter fares (a total tour package can't be sold for less than the bottom-line standard ticket price) and on airline ownership by tour operators.

But it would take more than revised regulations—there's another ingredient in the mix: "We're nicer than those old straight airlines," the Spies man said. "If you can get down south and don't feel like coming back we'll have your unemployment-insurance checks processed at our own expense. We call that customer service." —JOHN STUART

Hausfrau mit muse

MUNICH—Frau Helga Goetze, a housewife and mother of seven from Hamburg, scandalized Germany last September by admitting on the country's equivalent of the *Today Show* that she was an adulteress. She said she got lots of young lovers through classified ads. No, her husband didn't mind as long as she was happy.

In the barrage of press coverage that followed—with the right-wing papers denouncing her for her frank remarks about sex and the left-wing papers praising her—it developed that Frau Goetze had been scribbling poetry for years. W. V. Rohr, a small leftist publishing house, put together 75 of her pieces of doggerel under the title, *Nation's Housewife or Germany's Superwhore?* and it became a best seller overnight.

Her writing lacks finesse, but it is as honest as wet wash being pounded on a flat rock, and it exudes a kitchen-door *hausfraulichkeit* that strikes a sympathetic chord in the breasts of young leftists. A sample:

I guess I am really a slut;
Had seven kids in all,
And brought them up and fed them well
And worked until I dropped.
So now they're grown, I'm proud of them;
They gave me more good times
Than bad; but too sad that I'm horny still,
And cannot leave off fucking.

There are few Germans who are neutral about round, dumpy old Helga Goetze. When she croons about how good it is to get laid regularly at age 51, her conservative detractors demand to know, "Who would want to do it with a bag like that anyway?" Others cheer her, and her mail indicates that her fans are not all progressives with a political cause to push. Many are plain *hausfraus* who dig her philosophy of keeping contented loins. —TIM NATER

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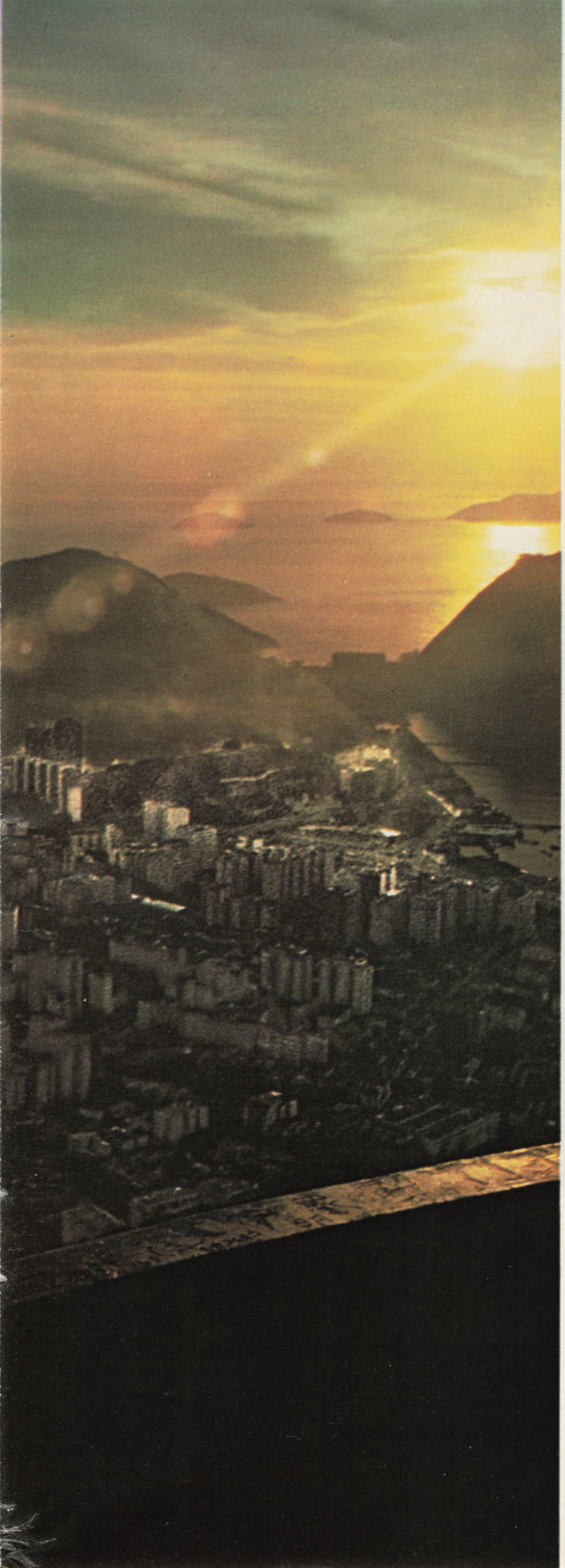
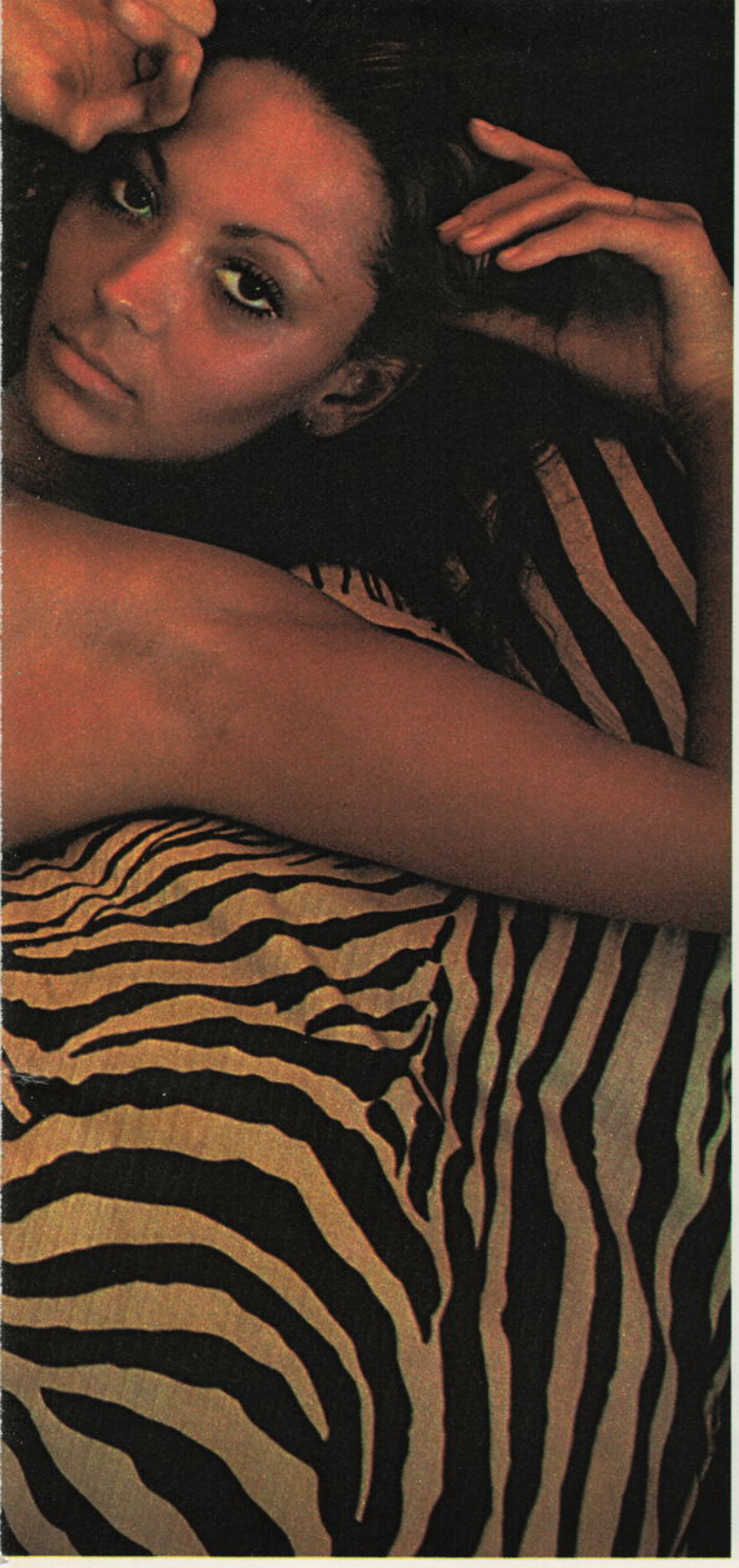


Bra-zeel

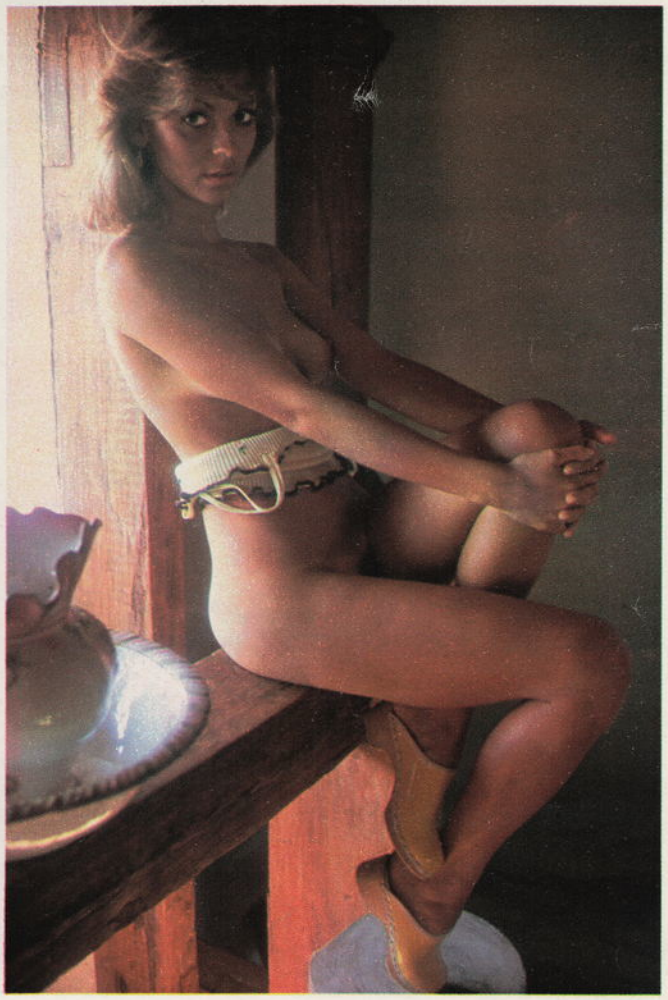
RIO SWINGS LIKE A MARACA DO

Down de way where
de nights are gay
and de sun shine daily
on de mountaintop,
we find a girl and her
name is Pearl and
when we reach the
period we make a
stop. Pearl lives out
on top of the hills
and plays her flute
against the white
city, thinking
about nothing at all.
In Rio, the
wind carries a
hint of frost from the
bottom of the world.
Pearl prays that
we will both be brave.

Carnival is over, but Pearl continues to remain. Pearl St.-Saens, as her birth certificate knows her, or Pearl the Saint, as certain young men who travel the South Atlantic have taken to calling her. Pearl sleeps on zebra, stomach to the stars, dreaming of nothing at all. In the evening, she goes to the cafes, watches the Portuguese poets, dances with smugglers and policemen. Once a week she



Move to the left. Move to the right.



runs 17 miles across the white sands, wearing a sweat suit left behind by a middle-distance man from Paraguay. Pearl has no animals, children, electric appliances, skin diseases. In the morning, when she rise, she say her mantra slow: *"Ed-na-iz notter eel-gname, ed-na-iz notter eel-gname,"* over and over. Calypso singers laugh at her on their way to work, and fishermen throw flowers.

Stand up, sit down, fight, fight, fight

Pearl St.-Saens takes mint, Jamaican rum, milk, clam juice, and lime brandy, stirs it for hours, carries it to the back veranda, thinks three perfectly filthy thoughts, and swallows it raw in one gulp, Pearl beyond price. The mayor comes to visit on weekends, but many others are strangers. Like you, for instance, and me, and Antonio Carlos Jobim. Blame it on the bossa nova.

Photography by Larry Dale Gordon

IS THERE SEX AFTER LUNCH?

SURE, AT LEAST IN EUROPE, WHERE LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON IS A WAY OF LIFE

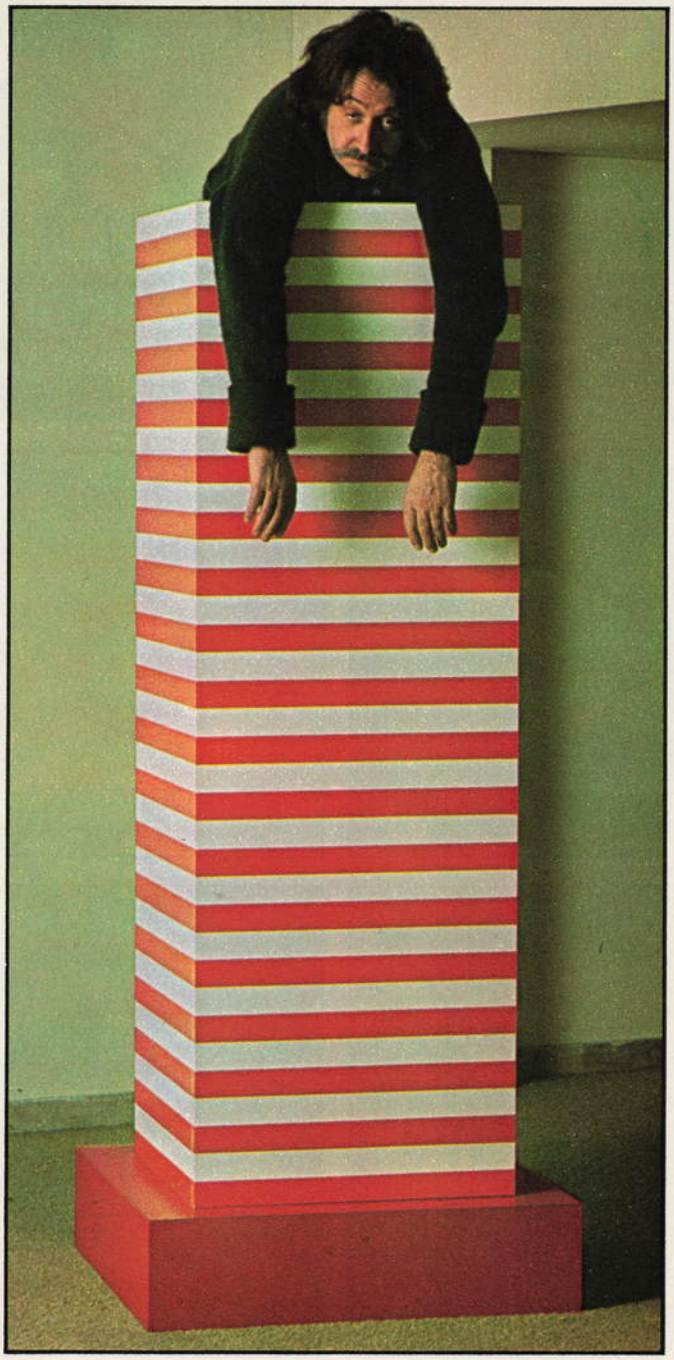
BY WILLIAM MURRAY

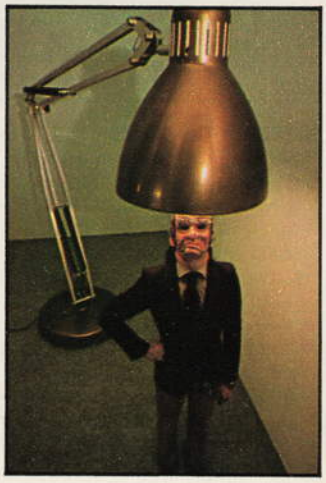
Love in the Afternoon is not only the title of the movie but also the reason why Gary Cooper chases Audrey Hepburn all over scenic Paris through most of the picture. Whether they actually get together or not is immaterial; the whole elaborate plot hangs on the fact that afternoons are the only time for their amorous pursuits because both are committed elsewhere in the evenings. This has more than anything else to do with (*Continued on page 50*)

TRANSCENDING FUNCTION

In the world of Italian design, simple shapes mask complex thoughts

Italian ascendancy in the furniture-design community became official on a sunny August day in 1972, when New York's prestigious Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) opened a lavish exhibit on Italian design. The change of command in design —from the rigid style and craft of the Germans to the eclecticism and technological mastery of the Italians—was shocking. To an Italian designer, a chair is not simply a thing to sit in; it represents a principle to stand for. In the furniture on these pages, you will see a cross section of some domestic objects that represent the finest design in the world today.





ASTEROID The man peering out from behind the Foster Grants and the Asteroid lamp (facing page) is Etorre Sottsass, Jr., quite probably the finest industrial designer now working. Sottsass was once design consultant for Olivetti. Asteroid is his approach to the table lamp.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT The name of this seating system (top) derives from a dimension of the basic unit, which is 100 centimeters square. Designed by Paolo Lomazzi, Donato D'Urbino, and Jonathan De Pas, this sectional-seating concept allows you to start with an armchair and end up with a couch.

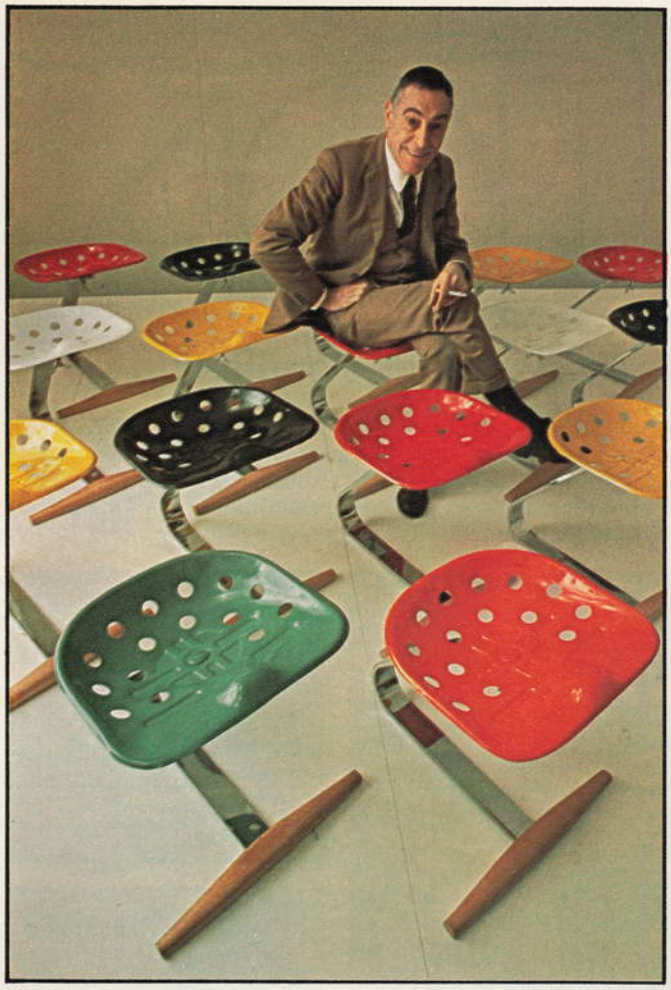
THE MOUTH OF TRUTH Italian artist Mario Ceroli produced the aptly named Mouth of Truth bed (above) inspired by a medieval sculpture. Ceroli's creations fuse art with design, and ancient crafts with modern concepts.

SUPERBOX That's Sottsass at left, sans sunglasses, hanging out of the top of Superbox. Sottsass offers Superbox as a better way to keep your clothes straight.

JOE SOFA The inspiration for the Joe Sofa (top) came from the right hand of DiMaggio (as in Joe), and the resulting amplification of an existing design transformed the basic baseball glove into a *trés* chic couch.

MOLOCH Gaetano Pesce is wearing the mask and basking in the limelight of his creation (above). Pesce simply enlarged a Swedish lamp to four times its normal size. If you really want to spook your friends, use the Moloch with a 40-foot desk.

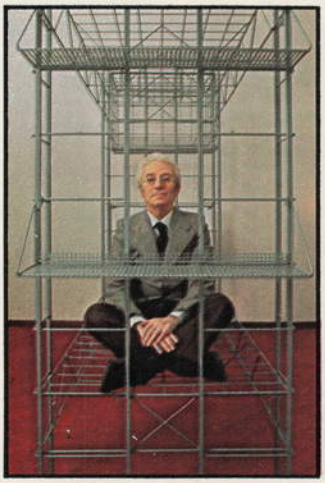
Photography by Giuseppe Pino



MEZZADRO Achille and the late Piergiacomo Castiglioni designed the Mezzadro (top left)—"The Farmer's Chair"—in 1955. The Castiglioni brothers (that's Achille in the photo) took a readily available form and gave it new use and meaning. You will, perhaps, recognize the creation; it is a tractor seat mounted on a base of stainless steel and wood.

MAGRITTA Chilean Sebastiano Matta has been working in Italy long enough to be Italian by association. Matta developed this unique piece of furniture/art out of a keen sense of humor and in fond remembrance of Rene Magritte. Dino Gavima, who produces Matta's designs and who is pictured in the photo, feels that the Magritta represents "ultra-furniture"—furniture that is not specifically furniture and not specifically art, but will do nicely as either, or both.

ABITACOLO Bruno Munari has designed something he does not want you to see: the structure he is sitting in. Munari calls Abitacolo (right) the "habitable structure." He would be perfectly happy if you saw nothing about his creation but the use it is put to. *You* may look upon Abitacolo as an Erector set gone mad, but Munari sees it as a bedroom for children, a bookstore, or a desk.



COORDINATO Ornella Noorda (above) designed the products she sits amid. Her concept is total design—from the curtains on the wall to the coffeepot on the table. When you get into this trip, all of your home furnishings will relate in perfect aesthetic harmony. You, however, may find yourself severely out of place.

GONFIABILE The infamous inflatable chair was big box office in the design business four years ago until the Japanese knocked off enough copies to kill the market But nothing Japan produced can match the crystal-clear thinking that went into Gonfiabile, the original inflatable chair.

AEO CHAIR To the casual observer, the parts of the Aeo Chair (we behold several grouped at left) may seem to be aesthetically unrelated to each other. But to an Italian designer, that misfit look is pure beauty, because the concept in the Aeo Chair was seating that had unity of structure, not form. Right? Right.

LUMINOUS MIRROR Sottsass designed the Mirror with Luminous Frame (facing page) to reflect his design philosophy: redefining the aesthetics of the familiar object. The lady in the mirror represents an extension of the OUI philosophy.

IS THERE SEX AFTER LUNCH? *The English are at their best in the wee hours of the morning, when their food is finally digested, the booze has taken hold, and there's nothing else to do.*

(Continued from page 45) why certain people get it on with certain partners after lunch rather than at night, but there are special circumstances and subtleties that explain why love in the afternoon has traditionally been considered a Continental specialty, like *canard à l'orange*, cream tarts, and brandy-filled bonbons.

Europeans have always led much more structured family lives than Americans—especially in Latin countries with backward divorce laws—and the important thing has been to keep the family unit together, no matter what heights of imaginative lubricity have been scaled during the day with more or less cooperative outsiders. Then, too, there's the purely economic factor. Even now, after two dubious decades of industrial boom, single Europeans of both sexes usually go on living at home until the day they get married and sometimes even after. Furthermore, dutiful sons and daughters are expected to be home at reasonable hours. But if the nights are short, the afternoons remain propitious, for the parents as well as the offspring. As a Roman antique dealer named Gigi Ceccario once said, "Love in the afternoon is really the only love there is. One is at the height of one's physical powers—fresh, in form, ever ready to perform those prodigies of piggishness that distinguish the true lover from the amateur. At night? Ah, at night I eat with my wife—that saintly woman—and my beloved children. *Caro mio*, such is the way of the world."

The way of the world has changed a good deal since Gigi's heyday. Today as he sits in an outdoor cafe in Rome and discusses love, he seems saddened. Somebody has tipped him off to the gamier sexual developments in America, such as open marriage, the swinging clubs, S/M sewing circles, the gay-liberation fronts, nude encounter groups, and sexual-therapy centers. Gigi's earthy Roman soul recoils at such sanctioned depravity. "Sexual deviations today," he says wistfully, "have reached such extreme limits that soon we may all commit the ultimate perversion and begin screwing our legitimate partners."

It seems unlikely, though, for illicit love remains high on the list of delights within the European way of life. Many find little to equal the thrill of risk and intrigue—the sweet flavor of forbidden fruit. What makes love in the afternoon so spicy and delicious is the knowledge that it is sneaky and wrong, sometimes even dangerous. The sudden pounding on the hotel door, the hysterical phone calls, the incriminating letters found under handkerchiefs in bureau drawers, the significant glances across crowded rooms, the touch of hands under the dinner table, the whispered confidences in passing, the unexpectedly early return of the husband supposedly safely out of town until the following day—should all these delights be discarded in favor of Esalen, the swinging singles club, the massage parlor, the clinical technology of Masters and Johnson, the illustrated sex manual, and the dogma of the Immaculate Orgasm? In America, yes, but surely not in Europe, for there nothing could ever replace, as an example, the sheer zest of being trapped, shivering and naked, in a closet, by the classical surprise reappearance of the cuckolded husband.

My favorite Parisian lover, whom I'll call here Unlucky Pierre, handles all such dilemmas with admirable panache. Recently caught crouching in his underwear behind some empty coat hangers, he rose smilingly to his feet, stepped out, and flung both arms about the amazed friend whose wife he had been balling for months. "Henri, *mon cher*," he exclaimed, "you have arrived in the nick of time! I was beginning to feel like Ovid, exiled forever to Bulgaria!" He was scrambling into his clothes on the run through the hallway before Henri had stopped trying to unravel that extraordinary irrelevant observation. Nor is the fun limited to the situation of the guilty lovers, for the betrayed husband, too, soon begins to savor the succulence of his position. "Why are horns like teeth?" goes an old Latin proverb. "Because when you first acquire them they hurt, and later they help you to eat well." A cuckolded partner has every excuse for seeking solace.

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Love in the afternoon flourishes in France and Italy, but most other Europeans aren't quite as good at it. The English, for instance, don't get it on much in the afternoon, because they eat too much and too often. Huge breakfasts, an encore in midmorning they call "elevenses," lunch, high tea, supper. And when they aren't eating, they're drinking. The English are at their best in the wee hours of the morning, when they've digested it all, the booze has taken hold, and there's nothing else to do. "Of course it *is* a jolly way to keep warm," a BBC announcer explained to me, "but it's a bit awkward thrashing about under all those covers, isn't it?"

The Spanish don't love in the afternoon, because their day begins at four P.M. The Scandinavians are fundamentally quite indifferent to sex, regarding the act itself about as significant as a good nose blow, which probably accounts for their going about it so often in public. And Greeks, for the moment, are too unhappily taken up with politics to have time for titillation. As for the Dutch and Belgians, they are, in their attitude, somewhere among the self-induced ardor of the Italians, the refinements of the French, and the beer-and-sausage carnality of the Germans. Teutons are not at all delicately attuned to the nuances of romance. In fact, it's doubtful that the Germans even know what love is, though they probably do more cold-blooded copulating than all the rest of Western Europe combined.

Which gets me back to France and Italy, the last two really civilized nations on earth. The late Wolcott Gibbs, *The New Yorker*'s acerbic theater critic, once observed that the French on the subject of love reminded him of girls' basketball—lots of squealing, dribbling around, and shooting, but very little scoring. Ha ha, but he was wrong: the French score a lot and from all over the court. The standard play pattern is still built around what they call *la maîtresse obligatoire*—the obligatory mistress who becomes a necessity as soon as life's major, purely material demands have been satisfied. "One attends a series of dinners and cocktail parties where one meets married couples," explains Unlucky Pierre, giving procedural hints. "One will overhear a husband boast of his conquests and one's attention will immediately wander to the conqueror's wife, who has thus been clearly, if unofficially, placed upon the bidding block. One begins the dalliance in the somewhat sordid environment of the not-so-respectable hotel or the temporary apartments of a *résidence* leased by the week. Later, when great passion flares, one will move into more permanent and elegant quarters. This can be expensive, of course, so it is best to fall in love with a married woman who does not need to be kept and who must always be home to supervise the dinner and put the children to bed. It is merely a question of discreet and careful planning."

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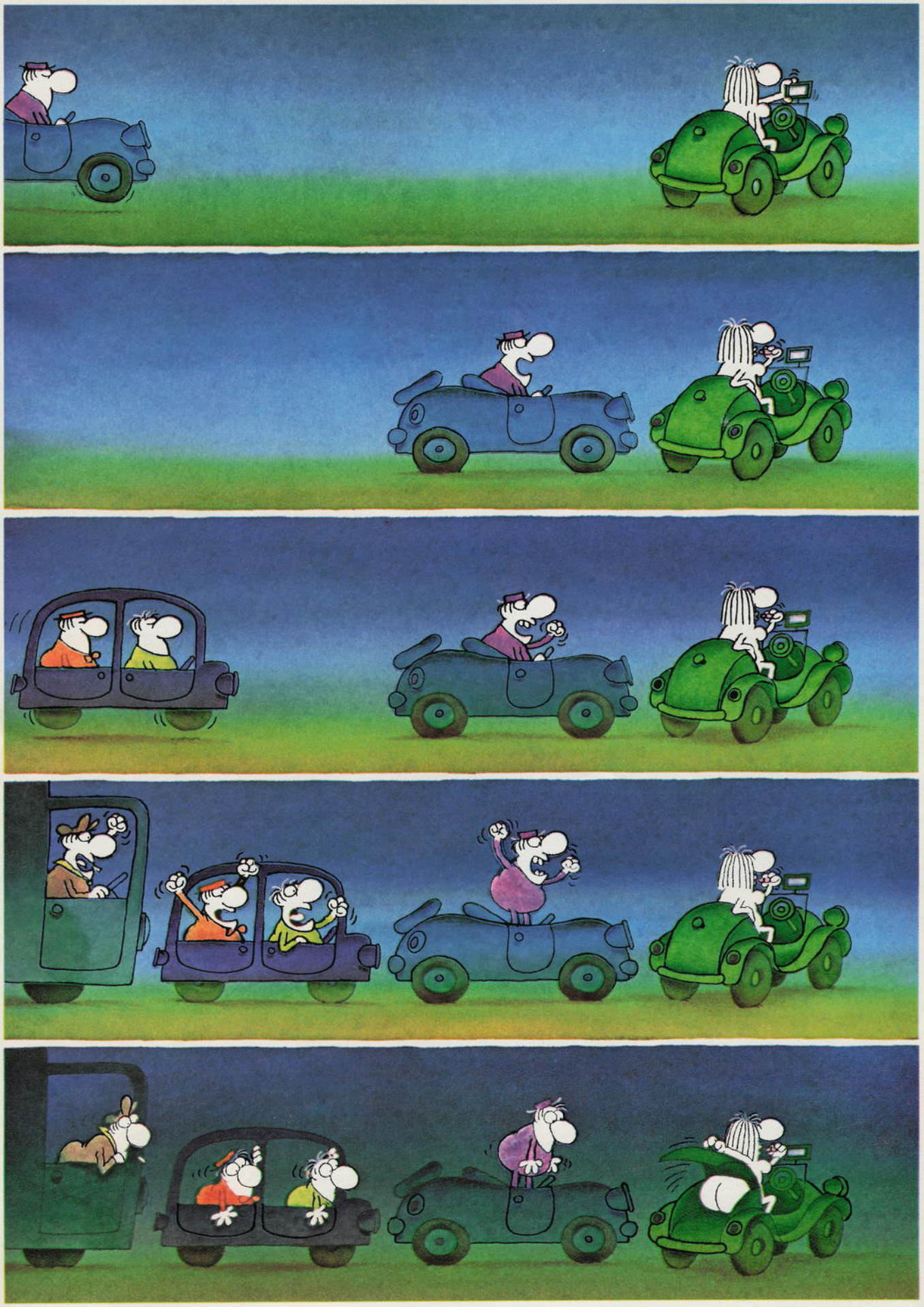
The best-laid plans can get unlaid, sometimes in the most unexpected ways. A much underrated hazard is the hotel maid, who in Europe always swoops in *as* she knocks and never after, and generally comes only when she can be certain to harvest you in *flagrante coitus*. The average Latin hotel maid bats about .800 in this department, and the shock can be terrifically unsettling to *(Continued on page 133)*



MORDILLO

When the cameramen arrived on time, Edy Williams was not surprised. The glamorous star of Russ Meyer's *Vixen* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* knows how long it takes to set things in motion. So while the men tinkered, the lady gave us a few words on lingerie, the subject of the day. "I love it. It's the kind of thing I like to wear to go out to make an appearance. Lots of clothes cover you up. Here, the accent is on you."

Photography by Chris Von Wangenheim

Scene one (left), and Edy purrs, "In this shot let's skip the preliminaries." The location: the chandelier-hung pool in her living room, which meanders outside. The robe (Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, $150) was "beautiful," says Edy. "The way it floated around my body, it felt like I was wearing a cloud." Edy's leading man was wearing short, bright yellow cotton briefs (Eminence, $7). He didn't feel like he was wearing a cloud.

Scene two, and Edy says, "It's take six and he's missed by a mile. If we do more than nine, we'll be on overtime." The reshooting is done while Edy slides about on her champagne satin sheets in a very revealing blue body suit piped with black ($14, Frederick's of Hollywood), wearing glamorously high silver heels ($37, Frederick's). His black nylon briefs ($5) also come from the king of cheese, Frederick's.

Yes!

Scene three finds Edy in a reflective mood. "Mmm," she says, "I like a good cigar, but I *do* take it out of my mouth on occasion." She's wearing this up-front sexy little slip with breast cutouts ($20, Frederick's of Hollywood) at the Cannes Film Festival. Meanwhile, she's wearing it in bed, making it much more personal. That strokable silk robe on her leading man comes in a creamy white ($37.50, Charles Rabin & Company).

Uh-huh . . .

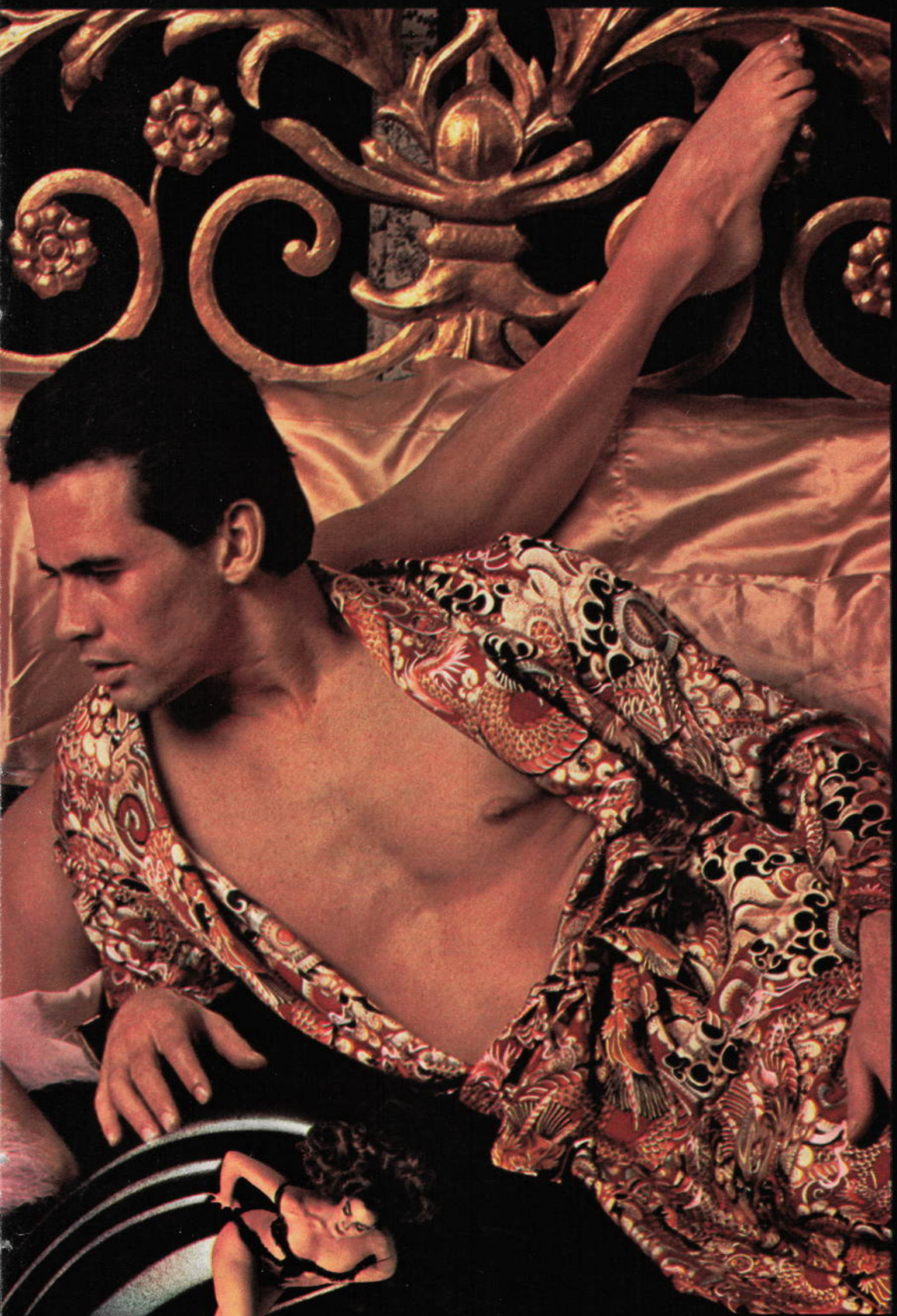
Oh, Yeah!

Scene four finds our girl Edy in a tight spot. "Oh, well," she sighs, "all good things come to an end...." That purple satin and black lace corset ($20, Frederick's of Hollywood) puts Edy in shape for this particular scene. The leading man is in a blue satin robe piped in white with matching pants ($74, Flo Toronto). This robe has the easy sophistication and smooth feel of a Cole Porter tune.

Sure!

Scene five, and Edy's flat out. "I told him to start at the *top*... and work his way down to the *bottom*." Working his way stealthily down to her G string–covered delights (Michael Salem TV Boutique, $10), our leading man is smooth as a tomato in a red silk kimono robe ($45, Alexander Shields). Edy's sheets are satin, of course. "I *always* sleep on satin sheets." says Edy, true blue to the classic Hollywood sex-goddess tradition.

Scene six (or is it sex?) and Edy's looking for a toe hold in the headboard. "The leading men in my film work for free," she explains, "but they *do* get a piece of the action. . . ." Fluffing around Edy's action is her pink silk robe trimmed with marabou ($220, Fernando Sanchez). Her string of pearls ($15) is from Donald Stannard. The leading man is closing in on Edy's special charms in a sensual Chinese robe ($37.50, State of Maine).



Hot tamales! He sends me *right* out of my seat!

Edy Williams has a few words to say on the state of manly lingerie. "I don't think a man should wear *anything* over his, ah, thing. But I love it when a man wears satin. I adored the robes my leading man was wearing in these scenes. They were so smooth and so fantastic to rub. So responsive. The satin robe in the last scene just felt great with the sheets and the marabou fluff and everything." Lesson: If you want to please Edy, try a little silk.

Melancholy, baby

The phone had been ringing for a long time in Jim Rankin's office, loud and shrill, but Rankin had ignored it, staring vacantly out the window. "Finally I reached over to pick up the receiver and at the same time knocked a big glass ashtray off the desk with my elbow," Rankin recalls. "Well, for some reason, that just seemed like a world-shattering thing. It was an important call, but I wasn't able to talk. I just kept digging my nails into my scalp, saying to myself that I was an idiot, an imbecile, that only a moron would have knocked that ashtray off. I didn't stop until my scalp was raw and bleeding." What happened to Jim Rankin was extreme but not very unusual. Behavior of this

***You win some, you lose some, some are rained out, but you still lace up for the game* / by Wina Sturgeon**

kind permeates American society; you can see it in the waitress who doesn't bring what you ordered, the telephone operator who makes you repeat a thing four times before it takes, the Presidential burglar who gets caught. Brains seem to get detached on levels of closer acquaintance, too; a guy you've worked with for two years suddenly can't do anything right, a friend withdraws from the social scene with a few cryptic remarks about his general worthlessness and inferiority, a favorite lady starts bringing you down with unexplained crying spells. Ever hear of a disease called depression? Clinical depression, the kind that turns good heads into cabbages, is now more common than VD. Last year eight million

MELANCHOLY, BABY *One approach was to bore a small hole in the skull and rummage around in it with a sharp stick to let out the bad humors. It wasn't a sure-fire cure.*

Americans were treated for it. One specialist, Dr. Aaron Beck, says that there are more on-the-job screw-ups and lost workdays from depression than there are from alcoholism and the common cold. In his book *Depression*, Beck estimates that 8 to 12 percent of Americans will have heavy cases of it during any one year. Recent group studies that include mild cases have prompted researchers to estimate that 20 to 50 percent of the population will suffer from it.

To be so epidemic, depression has a low profile—it doesn't have the flash of, say, cholera or typhus. No spots. No fever. It's hard to get into a disease when its symptoms are mainly mental.

Depression—the disease—should not be confused with the ordinary blues. Occasional downs are normal; in fact, the person who never gets bummed out is heading for trouble. But with clinical depression, down is a state of being, and that can be a real killer. There's a saying that suicide is really a terminal case of depression.

Depression has been around for a while. Hippocrates wrote whole chapters on it 2500 years ago. Back then it was called melancholia, and treatment tended to be drastic: one approach was to bore a small hole in the skull and rummage around in it with a sharp stick to let out the bad humors. It wasn't what you could call a sure-fire cure, but then neither was a life term in a padded cell, or a lobotomy, or electroshock, all of which were in wide use only a few years ago.

Clinical depression might still be a ticket to an asylum if it weren't for an accident that occurred in 1955. Doctors were trying a new drug on tuberculosis patients and noticed a side effect: some patients who suffered from long-term depression snapped out of it. Dr. Nathan Kline started testing the drug on depressed patients and found that it didn't affect the mood directly, as tranquilizers do, but that it did suppress production of a body chemical, monoamine oxidase. Kline reasoned: if a drug causes the balance of certain body chemicals to change and if the change remedies depression, it is fair to assume that the body's chemical balance has something to do with depression. The kicker: depression isn't a *mental* disease at all, but a systemic one.

It was a highly original idea at the time, and it started a new field of research. Investigation supported the finding that some kinds of depression are organic, caused by chemical imbalance in the central nervous system.

Psychiatrist Leonard Cammer, a student of depression, says, "Today we can sum up depression as the result of certain biologic and social forces that, in a complex setting, act detrimentally on the person's nervous system function." Which means that grouping all long-term bummers under the unspecified term "depression" is about as accurate as calling all skin rashes measles.

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Doctors now recognize four main types of depression, each with a different cause. The endogenous kind, sometimes called clinical or chronic, is the big one, a *physical* disease. It is the least understood—Thomas Eagleton was thrown off of the Democratic Presidential ticket when it was revealed that he had been afflicted by this disorder. He was in good company: Abraham Lincoln suffered from endogenous depression all his life. So did Winston Churchill, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, Ivan the Terrible, and Adolf Hitler, according to Dr. Paul Gillette, who wrote *Depression, a Layman's Guide to Symptoms and Cures.*

Understanding that depression is an organic disease probably won't create sympathy for the behavior of this world's Ivans and Adolfs, but it may make things easier for those whose symptoms only *look* like mental illness.

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There are many theories about what causes endogenous depression, and just as many more about how the drugs that remedy it do their work. No one is really sure (but then, we still aren't sure how aspirin does what it does).

The favorite explanation is the biogenic-amine theory. Biogenic amines are chemicals made by the body to control such things as disease resistance, sex urges, gland functions, and sleep cycles. They also make the brain work. Imagine the brain as a computer data bank, with the outer surface, the cerebral cortex, serving as the part that gathers information. Each brain cell contains a fractional piece of data. When the right fractions are selected from the right number of cells, they make up a complete piece of information. Each selected cell sends its tiny part in a burst of electricity. These microbursts—thousands, sometimes millions—reach the cerebral cortex at the same time and are instantly computed, translated into usable thought or action.

This electrical network, like any other, needs a conductor to carry the current. That's where the biogenic amines come in. They form a carefully balanced chain of chemicals that transmits data from the cells to the cerebral cortex. It's a complex and delicate system, so delicate that the slightest change in the chemical proportions can fuck things up, which happens fairly often.

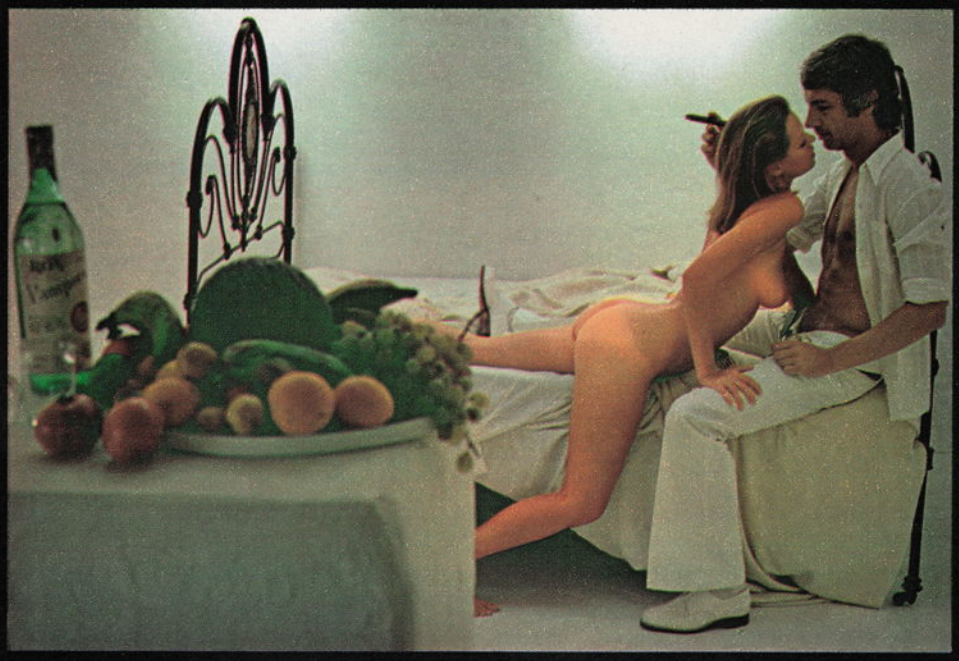
The triggering cause is uncertain, but every once in a while the body's chemical factory freaks out; it produces too much of one thing, not enough of something else. Without the right balance, the biogenic amines can't carry data normally, and parts of each message get to the cerebral cortex too soon or too late. The total is then just a tiny bit out of phase, a trifle inaccurate; and the computed information is retarded and distorted. The result is endogenous depression. Its most obvious symptoms are changes in behavior and personality, but it affects the body, too, as diarrhea, stomach distress, headaches, chest pains, constant fatigue. These complaints are so vague that they're easy to dismiss as hypochondria. Luckily, the symptoms are consistent enough to make diagnosis easy—if the victim seeks it. Many persons don't want to see a doctor.

Our scalp-scraping Jim Rankin, the subject of the opening paragraph of this article, behaved typically. Rankin was a PR man in a New York agency when he broke the ashtray; his quiet, slightly serious manner had made him popular with clients who were tired of brash superhype types. Jim was outgoing and strong enough to make it in that competitive field. He never had much trouble finding or keeping friends. At 33, Jim felt he had everything under control. The future was up all the way. Then he went into a classic case of depression: the symptoms were typical, and his age was right—the disorder strikes men who are in their mid-30s more frequently than it does in other age groups.

"It was incredible what this disease did to me," Rankin says. "I had no reason to be depressed—my life was one big ball. Then a freaky thing happened. It seemed like, overnight, I couldn't get into things anymore. I started waking up around five every morning and couldn't fall asleep again. And there'd be this sort of panicky feeling, like the world was going to fall in on me. I'd lie there and think of all the horrible things I'd done, feeling I was guilty of every sin under the sun. And crying spells—Christ, I couldn't control myself. I'd be talking to someone and suddenly the tears would come, and I'd have to pretend to scratch my ankle or something so I could wipe my eyes without them seeing.

"At first I *(Continued on page 126)*

LANZAROTE DREAMS



An architect friend from Milan recommended the place to them on his last visit to Paris. "Lanzarote, one of the Canary Islands. Of course, a grape blight in 1853 stopped the wine business on the islands, but now there are many fresh fruits and vegetables imported from Morocco and Spain. Besides, you will love the hotel the moment you see it. I planned it so that everything is of native materials and all is designed to fit your needs. The beds are large, simple, and old-fashioned. They even squeak." They took a jet from Orly airport the next weekend to visit the new place.

Photography by James Baes

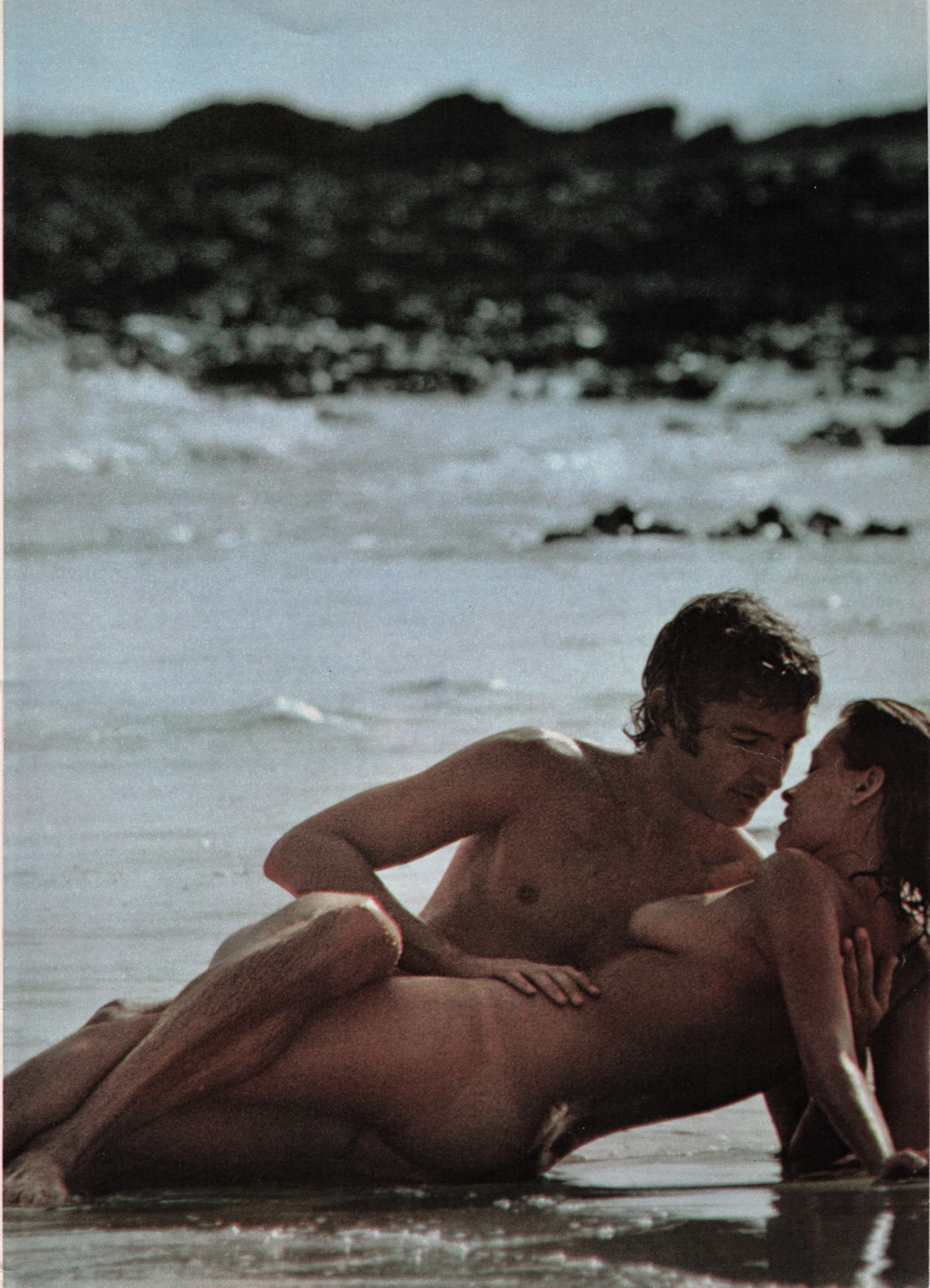
LANGUID, GOLDEN HONEYDEWS

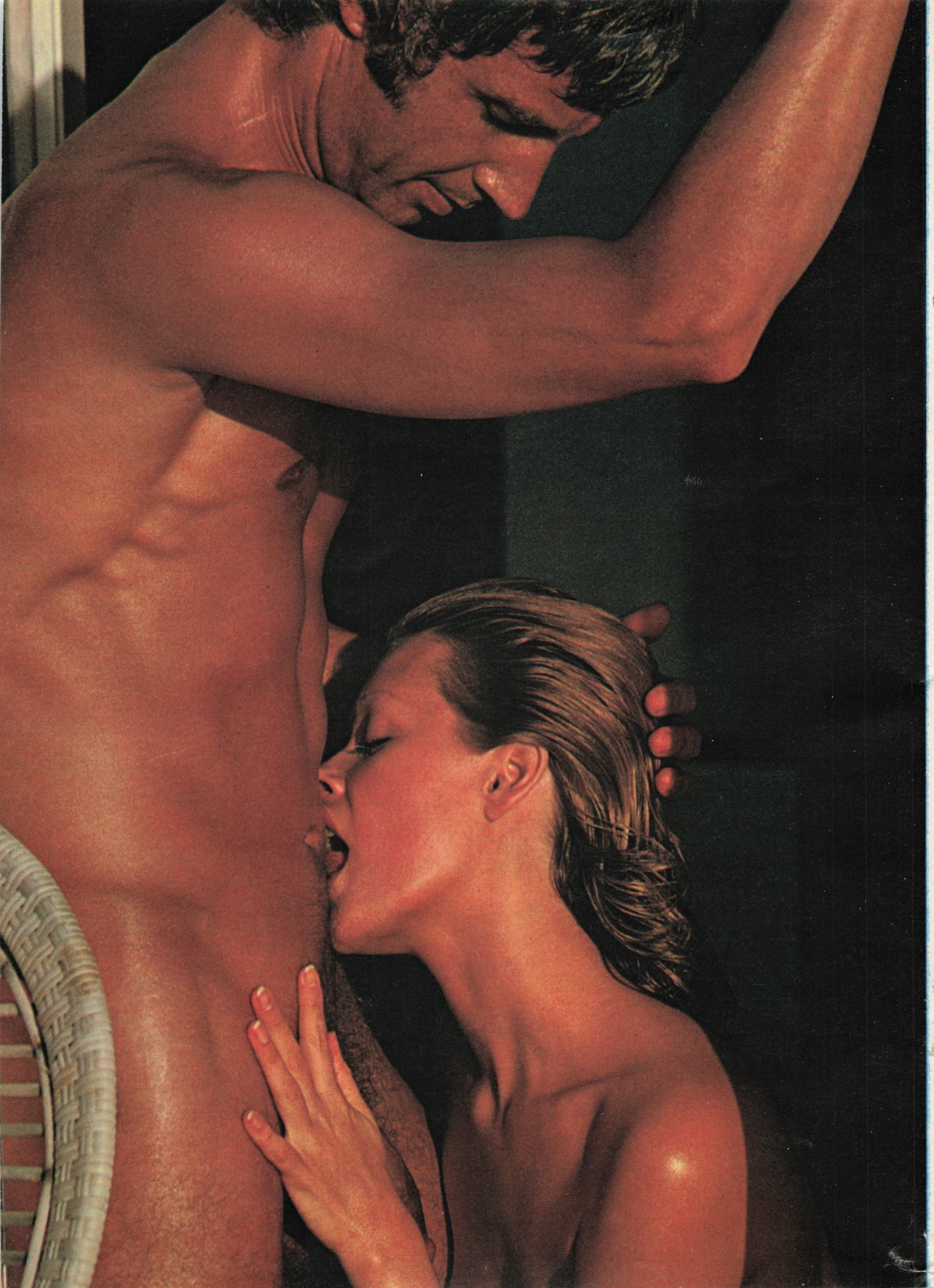
The sun was too strong the day they arrived—too direct. She asked him to stay in the room with her—to take a shower and feel the cool white sheets. They dried each other, and the warm reflective light of the island brushed their skin gently. She put on a fresh white cotton camisole so he could lift it off her body slowly. She took a deep, sudden breath and stretched out and felt content. She looked lazily around the room. Yes. It was well-planned. Such interesting furniture to play with.

WARM SKIN, COOL SHEETS

They found the islands were indeed as their friend had described them. Lying off Africa's Spanish Sahara, Lanzarote had a black, rugged, mysterious spine. The rocks—the islands themselves—owed their presence to dark volcanic outbursts. They were nearly deserted off-season. There were just a few guests at the hotel, tan bodies stretched around the pool and lonely beaches. They found the beaches on the second afternoon. They loved to rub up against each other in strange locales. This pleased them—the loneliness and the warmth.

VOLCANIC PRESENCE





The hotel was designed to have a private walled terrace for each guest room. They meant, or thought they had meant, to rub the oil on each other, go outside, and lie down. But the oil on their skin trapped the heat in their bodies until it began to swell and mix into a salty moisture that made her thirsty and made her want to taste the heat and the oil and the salt. It was hot. Her hair was getting sweaty. Her stomach felt round and full and warm. Lanzarote was a lovely island for being alone.

SLICK OIL, SWELLING HEAT

oui!

ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSION:

FEMALE SEXUALITY

The question used to be: "Getting any lately?" It was usually asked by men of men. Women didn't talk about sex. Now the sexual revolution and its very visible offshoot, women's liberation, have turned the dialogue around. Women ask about the frequency of sex, and they engage in conversations about its quality. What's a good penis size? Does masturbation help? Is it dirty down there? Ugly? Is it good to eat? Who's sexually selfish? Who's a whore? What's a lesbian? What's a sexual ego? Is a hard-on necessary? Love? Orgasm?

To get here-and-now, postliberation answers to these questions ana others, OUI *assembled a panel of experts—women—experienced, undevoured children of the sexual revolution who know what they are talking about, and who talk about it with a frankness that is almost intimidating. Candor, it's called; the kind that was evident in the consciousness-raising discussions that helped produce data and solidarity of the early movement. The information clustered under the heading of female sexuality includes opinions, attitudes, and facts about how women relate to their own bodies, to each other, and to men.*

On this page and on the pages that follow, six women talk to each other about the facts and myths that surround their lives, and about their mistakes, their fantasies, their successes, their strengths. Barbara Nellis, 29, conducted the discussion. She is a member of Chicago Women in Publishing and is a Playboy *research editor. The panelists are Betty Dodson, Nancy Friday, Jessie Potter, Pepper Schwartz, and Margo St. James.*

Betty Dodson is 43, a feminist, an artist, a sex-workshop leader, once married, once divorced, a native of the Midwest, a graduate of the Arts Students' League and the National Academy, and a resident of New York. Dodson came to the panel from a summer in San Francisco, where she led masturbation workshops at the Glide Foundation (which does sex research and distributes sex information) and held a one-woman show at the International Museum of Erotic Art.

Nancy Friday is 35, married, and the author of My Secret Garden, *a book on female sexual fantasies. She lives in New York with her husband, who also is a writer. Nancy grew up in the South and graduated from Wellesley. Since her book was published, she has appeared on many talk shows and is working on another book,* Mothers and Daughters: The First Lie.

Jessie Potter is 53, married, a mother, and a grandmother. She has spent her professional life as a consulting therapist and now runs her own organization in Chicago, the National Institute for Human Relationships. She majored in English at Westminster College and studied child and family development at the University of Chicago. She is a member of the faculty of San Francisco's National Sex Forum, where she conducted a workshop on "sex-attitude restructuring."

Pepper Schwartz, 28, has a Ph.D. in sociology and is an assistant professor at the University of Washington in Seattle. She is the author of Yale Guide to Sex on Campus *and co-author, with Janet Lever, of* Women at Yale. *She is doing research on bisexual behavior and writing a book on female sexuality.*

Margo St. James, 36, is chairman of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), a civil-rights organization for prostitutes in San Francisco. She is an ex-hooker, feminist, jogger, and a health-food enthusiast. She grew up precocious in Washington state, married, gave birth to a son, divorced. Lately she has become a Bay Area media personality, noted for her candor and wit, frequently bleeped when she insists that our first order of business is to get rid of "the pimp in the White House." In addition, she teaches a course on money management for women in the San Francisco jail, and has lent her Marin County house to pornographic filmmakers, occasionally taking a walk-on part.

About the setting of the get-together, moderator Nellis reported: "As I surveyed the sitting room of my suite, with its flowered chintz upholstery and soft Impressionist reproductions, I was struck by the irony of this kind of backdrop for five women who have clearly given up all the trappings of traditional romantic female behavior. I was overwhelmed by their energy. Over huge bowls of fresh fruit and many cups of coffee, amid incense and laughter, we discussed sex—like old friends, with optimism. The most striking thing about all of these women is that each in her own way has worked through all the bullshit that life imposes and that women have tolerated. Each has come out unafraid. And that is what the future holds, I hope: getting over fear."

OUI: Let's start at the beginning. What was it like to lose your virginity?

DODSON: Instead of calling it "the loss of virginity," how about "the gaining of sexual awareness"?

SCHWARTZ: Yeah, "loss of virginity" is a male phrase. "Who did you lose your virginity *to*?" is another way of looking at it. "It's me, *my* experience," says the male, and women define themselves by it.

POTTER: You don't necessarily gain sexual awareness when you lose your virginity. I didn't *lose* mine. If anybody was seductive in that situation, I was.

ST. JAMES: Me, too.

FRIDAY: I didn't lose my virginity until I was 20. I grew up in the South where the sexual rules were laid down by the girls, and we were deadly. That's why I sometimes get angry when too much blame is placed on men. We girls set up most of the guilt and anxiety. When I finally did lose it, it was centimeter by centimeter, and I actually don't know which of two guys was the recipient.

SCHWARTZ: Nancy, I have to disagree with your analysis of the way girls behaved. They took on the norms and mores that men told them were correct, or their mothers told them were correct. Maybe they did act as their own police force, but they were really taking up the rules of their society—and those rules were male. But I did have a personal experience similar to yours, Nancy. Whatever may have gone on in a so-called serious love relationship was somehow still within the scope of dignified or normal behavior. But if you went out of the typical female role—if you liked fucking, or fucked around a lot and people knew—then you were really beyond the pale.

POTTER: I went to a small-town high

school and didn't learn until my junior or senior year in college that most of my peers were fucking. Girls didn't tell each other, and we had no sense that the boys were talking either. So we weren't "oppressed" in that way.

DODSON: My first sex was when I was 20. I decided what I wanted to do and picked the guy out. It was the right time for me and it was great.

FRIDAY: I was a virgin until I was 20, too, and I didn't feel sexually suppressed. I was constantly excited when I was with men. We necked in somebody's back room or out in a car and we would go on for hours. Like Betty, I lost my virginity when I was ready.

DODSON: Maybe, come to think of it, I would have liked to have had sex earlier. We used to neck for hours in the back seats of cars or out in the Kansas wheat fields. I had four different boyfriends, and they would do me by hand while we necked. I never did them; there was a taboo. I never touched a guy. I was being masturbated to orgasm over and over. They must have gone home and jerked off a lot.

SCHWARTZ: Sorry, but I can't be so sanguine about doing it in the den or in the car, because many people weren't doing it in those places out of choice. Mostly they were running scared—they had no place to be alone together. Growing up that way is one of the reasons men learn to come so quickly, all those years of doing it with the fear of being caught. Furthermore, it's cars and dens and the like that teach girls how to control themselves, and they become so good at it that one day when it's all right to let go, to have an orgasm, they can't.

FRIDAY: What Pepper has just said makes me rethink all those years of sex without actual screwing. At the time, I was getting what I wanted and I didn't feel frustrated. I wasn't ready for anything more then, but it has had an aftereffect on me as a sexual adult.

POTTER: Maybe the most interesting aftereffect, Nancy, was that you wrote a book about sexual fantasies and that you have strong fantasies yourself. At 53, I'm just now trying to develop a fantasy life. When I was very young, I had an active sexual life but no fantasies.

OUI: What *are* fantasies? Are they things you'll never do, things you don't do, or things you wish you could do?

ST. JAMES: They're what's not actualized. I didn't start fantasizing regularly until I had a steady lover who verbalized his fantasies during lovemaking. Then I got into verbalizing back.

SCHWARTZ: Fantasy can be a wonderful sexual playground. Maybe you fantasize things you've already done or things you've seen or even read. Maybe you also fantasize things you wouldn't want to have happen in real life. For example, I've fantasized opening up a door to Mongol hordes who sweep me away. But if I ever really opened a door to Mongol hordes, I'd close it fast.

FRIDAY: One girl told me that during sex she imagines she's on the telephone talking to her mother, really her mother. She and her mother don't get along at all, but in the girl's fantasies her mother has this nice warm voice. So, while she is talking on the telephone she's trying to control her voice, because she's actually having sex with this guy, and she thinks, "Christ, if my mother hears my voice!" She gets more and more excited, the mother keeps being kind and nice, and as the girl is building to orgasm she thinks, "Christ, what am I going to do when I really come, because I'm going to scream and then she's really going to know!" When she *does* scream, her mother becomes even more nice and loving, "Darling, you must call more often. You're the nicest girl."

DODSON: When I was little I had a lot of fantasies. At about six or seven, I had one that I used until I was a teenager. One of those fuzzy caterpillars would crawl up my leg and go up into my panties. It would get up inside me and tickle and then the little boy I had a crush on would get it out. The boy changed over the years. A later teenage fantasy of mine was really sick. It was about my wedding night. I had this whole trip about how I looked and the gown I had on and my perfect body. Of course, I was really overweight and had straight hair and acne. So I fantasized myself perfected, and then I'd walk into the bedroom and my husband was there on the bed. I'd drop my gown, and as I would expose myself I would come. I never fantasized him, I just got off on all the images that were being pumped into me about looking magnificent on my wedding night.

FRIDAY: That's very common, Betty. A number of women who reported their fantasies for my book talked about transforming themselves. One woman said she transformed her dull life into some kind of Hollywood scene with wine buckets, and she would get herself to such a pitch that she would get on top of her husband and in her fantasy yell to herself, "Go ahead, you deserve it. You deserve it, baby, go ahead." In real life, she thought of herself as a sexual nothing.

DODSON: Do you have examples of women who fantasize for years and then stop?

FRIDAY: Some women act out their fantasies and then find them no longer effective. But the majority of fantasies aren't meant to be done, I think—like rape, force, and domination.

ST. JAMES: I use fantasies to release myself from religious guilt. Like thinking of God giving me head.

DODSON: This year a group of us were trying to think up some female fantasies. One girlfriend had a fantasy that always got her off—about six big cops who gang rape her. She said it was so sick that she didn't want to have that fantasy anymore.

OUI: Is it possible to alter your fantasies?

FRIDAY: I don't think people should try to change them. I mean, if it turns you on, it's OK. People get very upset if their fantasies don't coincide with their real lives.

DODSON: I suggested to my friend that she experiment with new fantasies, and whenever they failed to work she could always pull out the six cops again. Now when I masturbate I have fantasies about money and power and making a movie. I'm conditioning myself for success while I'm jerking off. A girlfriend of mine turned me on to one that was fantastic. It involved a 1000-mile march, like the Chinese one, only this time it was a woman's sex army. At night we would pitch tents, make camp, and then all the vibrators would come out and we would all have this incredible scene around the campfire and have lots of orgasms and then start the march back up in the morning. Far out! Fantasy is the essence of creativity.

SCHWARTZ: Betty's girlfriend and her cops remind me that some women are afraid of their fantasies, the very common masochistic ones. And they may have a right to those fears. Men *get* ideas from masochistic female fantasies—that women really want to be raped or to be screwed to the bedsprings. I think what women are looking for is free sexual experience, not actual physical humiliation.

POTTER: Nancy, your book helps give women permission to have fantasies.

FRIDAY: That's the objective. Women are entitled to fantasies.

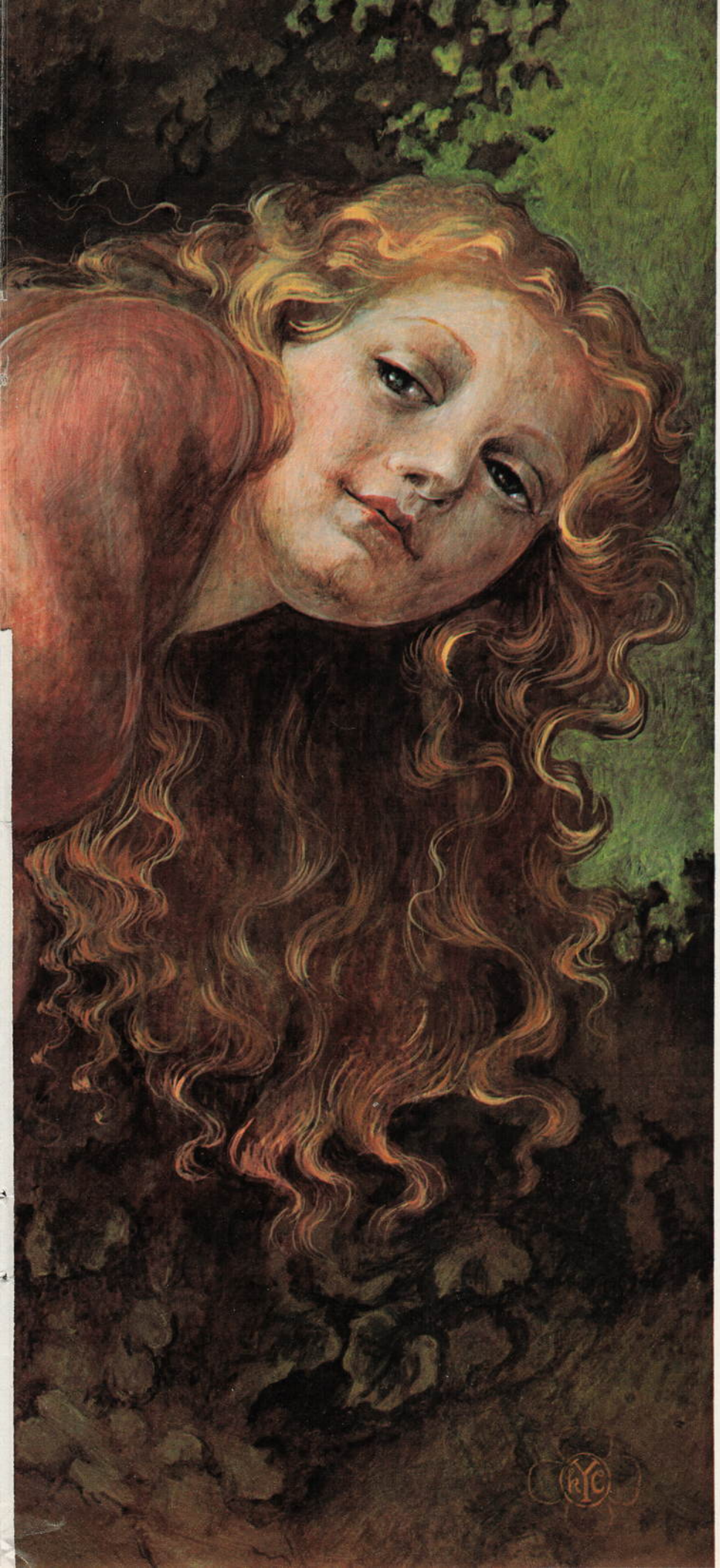
OUI: What, other than fantasies, can prepare you to have better sex?

POTTER: I have this theory that prolonged foreplay is a woman's way of getting free for fucking. Foreplay shows that the man cares about the woman, because he's giving her all that attention—which frees her to let go.

FRIDAY: Those are the magic words, Jessie, *letting go*. The body says *yes, you feel free and uninhibited*, and yet for some reason some women need approval, or release from guilt, or permission. The body says *yes*, but there are all those inhibiting years to undo.

ST. JAMES: Hooking freed me from that. I wanted *(Continued on page 82)*

LASSALLY



Susan & a front porch tent

WHY INDIANS WAS MORE FUN THAN DOCTOR

A SHORT STORY BY DONALD BOWIE

When I was six or so, I misbehaved with a little girl named Susan Sullivan. There was a hammock on our front porch that the cat usually occupied. Susan and I would drape a beach towel and an old army blanket over the hammock and the cat to make a tent, then crawl underneath. In the tent, on the cool painted floor boards, I would stare at Susan's bare bottom, which I think had freckles, and she would look at me. It was the kind of

drama that often has flute music for background. I remembered Susan's breath on my skin—a bland, gentle warmth that made me feel full of feathers. Once, she suddenly became embarrassed while I was studying her bottom, and she hastily pulled up her pants. She said, "I want to go to the beach right now, and if we don't, I'll look at your front." That was a threat I had to respect, for we were like Methodist newlyweds, shy and inexperienced. By mutual consent, our fronts were forbidden. Another time, when I said "sex," Susan said, "You swore."

I cannot remember any other outbreaks of guilt, though our relationship was not all just looking. One day Susan and I went into the damp woods at the edge of the marsh and took off our pants in a little grove of ferns surrounded by spruce. Susan snapped off a fern and very slowly and gently dusted my bottom with it. As every mortal who has blundered into Eden has done, I went for the apple. For the first time, I deliberately looked at Susan's front. The mosquitoes came a moment after I looked—as a judgment, I suppose.

We never played doctor, but we did play Indians. Playing Indians meant removing our shorts and cinching belts around our waists. Through the belts we would draw Turkish towels, which were supposed to be loin cloths. All we had to do was lift the flaps of the towels.

One day Susan and I played Indians on the front porch. We took the cushions off the wrought-iron furniture and arranged them in a circle to make a fort. I had just got Susan bent over the fortifications when my mother, back from shopping, appeared in the doorway. She frowned and said, "Now, none of that stuff." *But we're only playing Indians*, I wanted to say. Alas, the truth made a lump in my throat. My mother went inside with her bundles, leaving Susan and me with our faces baking in chagrin. Mothers always have it figured out. Ten years later, the first time I got crabs, I tried to blame the cat—a likely patsy because it spent so much time in the bushes where there were bugs. My mother did not dispute me, but she did say casually, two days after the crabs were routed, "I went out with lots of different people, but I never had any problems like that."

Susan was a Catholic in the last years of the Latin era—before the folk masses and the jailed nuns—which meant that she blessed herself before swimming in the ocean and that her mother put her to bed during thunderstorms and doused the room with holy water. This practice had been brought over from the Irish hills by Mrs. Sullivan's mother, and it was handed down like a sturdy quilt. Once, I happened to be caught at the Sullivans' house during a thunderstorm. Just Susan and her mother and I were there. Mrs. Sullivan, holding her apron out in front of her as if it were a cowcatcher, herded us into the bedroom. Then she sprinkled holy water on the bed, the radio, and our foreheads. She got into bed next to Susan and me and pulled up the sheet. The storm came in with peals of thunder as nerve-jarring as a blow to your elbow. Mrs. Sullivan began to laugh—because she was hysterical, my mother later concluded with some Protestant satisfaction. Susan and I giggled as Mrs. Sullivan's laughter infected us. When lightning struck an elm a block away, the concussion shook the house. Mrs. Sullivan sheltered Susan and me with her arms. There in the big green spool bed, with my chest covered by Mrs. Sullivan's soft forearm, I began intuitively to connect motherhood with the fascination of a girl's bottom. Later it occurred to me that Mrs. Sullivan might have looked at Mr. Sullivan's front and that my own parents might have habits that had to do with the odd gear I sometimes saw in their bathroom.

One August afternoon Susan's Aunt Bettina, whom she called Beena, drove up in her needle-nosed Studebaker with a baton in the back seat. After the arrival of the baton, Susan began to lose interest in playing with me. She and her older sister and Beena spent hours bending over backward in the living room. Everybody wore black leotards. This, though I did not know it at the time, was sublimation. Twirling, tap-dancing, reading novels about registered nurses, doing needle point, pining after horses—girls have many outlets. Boys have football and take showers together.

When I was nine my father decided I should spend two weeks in a summer camp "for the experience." My mother was hesitant.

"Don't you have any faith in the Y.M.C.A.?" my father asked her in the same surprised voice he used when he found out I had convinced the baby-sitter there was no God.

Susan Sullivan gave a going-away party for me. Jimmy McLaughlin, whose father had died in Korea, was there. So was Johnny Lasafre, who had curly hair and had to go to the bathroom before he went anywhere. Ann Spaulding and Cindy Darling came, too, though they were unpopular squealing weaklings whose doll carriages constantly were waylaid. We made popcorn, and everyone asked me to write letters. Susan wanted me to write to her "specially."

A sense of something special between us grew in Susan as we approached adolescence. She acquired a girlfriend named Louise Pie. Susan and Louise talked on the telephone and made carnations out of coat hangers and colored Kleenex. They were at the stage where girls develop attachments to horses. You can see the adolescent bridge if you remember that *stallion* also means *stud*. I have noticed in those male entertainers widely admired by teenage girls certain equine qualities: a kind of snorting that punctuates their speech; manes on their heads; perhaps cowboy hats.

Women want to be in the saddle, and they fashion bridles for the plugs they marry. When we were about 11, Susan tried a bridle on me. We were together on the beach, and she asked me if I had a girlfriend. When I said no, Susan moped for several minutes, shoveling sand with her toes. I think she must have wanted me to take her in my arms, as the doctors do in the novels about registered nurses. At the time I did not know what to do and so was made to feel guilty. It was the first hint I had of what marriage would be like.

Susan and I had just turned 12 when her father died of a stroke while he was watching *The Price Is Right*. They carried him out laced to a stretcher, his face covered with a yellow blanket. The morning after, in our sixth-grade classroom, I stared at a crayon drawing Susan had done of life in Louisiana. In the drawing was a plantation and women in hoop skirts. The drawing was much like the other ignorant impressions of foreign parts of America that lined the wall above the blackboard, yet for me it was as suddenly profound as a wrecked automobile. It was as solemn as a tombstone.

The day Susan and her mother moved away, Susan, very excited, dashed into our kitchen to say goodbye. Where they were going, there was a riding academy. Just before she went through the doorway, Susan kissed my lips. She did it before I realized she was going to do it. When Susan was gone my mother regarded me as if I were a successful cake.

"Well, well," she said, with her hands cocked on her hips. Then she turned to the sink and some future prospect she seemed to see outside the window.

In the summer of my 12th year I had a surprise while I was masturbating over a picture of Bardot in transparent panties. There was not very much that first time, but I knew that it was all right. I knew I had not broken a blister, which was what Jimmie McLaughlin thought he had done the first time it happened to him. For a month after the surprise, I conducted a scientific investigation of myself. I scraped some of the stuff off my pajamas and examined it with the microscope that had come with my *(Continued on page 131)*

"OUI promised me the world if
I would do this article on cognac...

...you can't win them all."

HISTORY

While vacationing here on St. Helena, I decided to dictate some notes about the most imperial of drinks. But first, I want to point out two things. Cognac will bring you through periods of no troops better than troops will bring you through periods of no cognac. Also, my biographers have made an inordinate fuss over my penchant for following my "star," failing to mention that it was attached to a bottle of my favorite cognac.

The brandy called cognac is made in the sleepy village of Cognac. Francis I, whose salamander is still visible on many of the old buildings, was born there on September 12, 1515; his birth was the last important historical event in the town. The people of this region call themselves *cagouillards*, after *cagouille*, the word in the local dialect for the local snail. They do not move very fast, but they sure can make cognac.

It is important for Americans to understand that cognac is a particular kind of brandy. Brandy is the generic name for a distilled beverage of wine or fruit mash that usually has been aged in wood. Cognac is a brandy made from grapes within the boundaries of Charente and Charente-Maritime departments. French law oversees each step of its production.

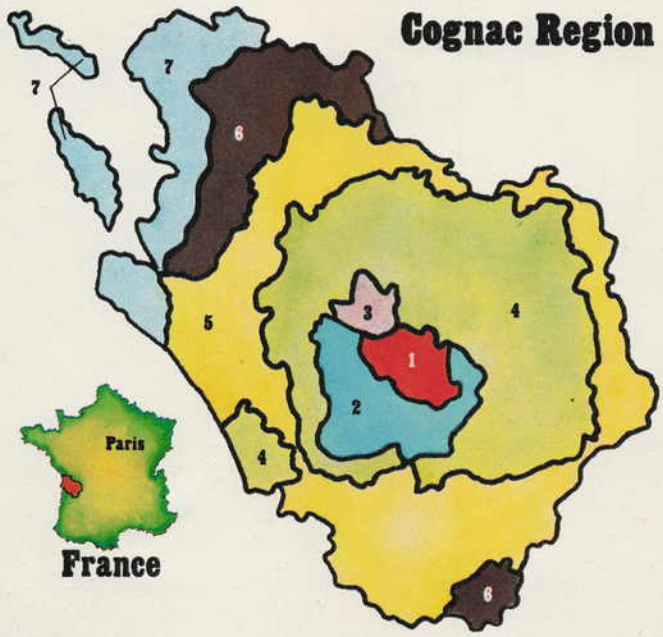
As you can see by the map, the region of Cognac looks like a target with concentric circles. Generally speaking, the finest cognac-producing area is in the center; as one moves toward it, the product gets better. The Grande Champagne, in the center, produces very good grapes; grapes of the Bois Communs Dits à Terroir, on the periphery, are used to amplify their betters. As for most wines, the presence of chalk in the soil is necessary to produce a superior bouquet. Grande Champagne has a thin top layer of soil, which, in addition, has an inordinately high lime content (sometimes 75 percent). This is responsible for its particularly fragrant aroma. Petite Champagne has a deeper and somewhat richer soil, is still very chalky, but the resulting brandy does not have the austere elegance of Grande Champagne. The earthy nose of the brandies from Bois Communs is often attributed to the seaweed with which the wines are manured.

It is not surprising that *cognac* is the second-most-famous French word in the world, after *oui*. A story bears this out. A group of cardinals were gathered in Rome to pay their respects to the Holy Father. One of the princes of the church turned to a newcomer during dinner and asked, "Where is your see?" "I am bishop of Angoulême," he replied. Amused by their blank stares, he added, "I am also bishop of Cognac." "Ah," they exclaimed, "what a magnificent bishopric!"

In France, we call brandy the soul of wine. Special distillation and ideal soil and climate make cognac a superior soul. The Romans introduced wine culture to the region, and for several centuries the Charentais produced a white wine that, rumor has it, was thin and sour but was popular in northern Europe. In the Middle Ages, Dutch, Norwegian, Irish, and English ships came to La Rochelle to get salt and grain, but they soon wanted to trade their salted fish and lumber for the local wine, which competed successfully with Rhine and Moselle wines, among others. But soon other sources of better wines—Bordeaux, Spain, and Portugal—and cheaper salt eventually made it worthwhile for northern traders to travel to these more distant places. During this period, the religious wars of the Reformation and Counter Reformation ravaged the largely Protestant Charentes and disrupted its economy.

Necessity mothered a solution. According to legend, an enterprising Dutch trader started distilling the wine, which eliminated most of its bulk, and shipping its spirit or soul to Holland, where buyers, he thought, would add their own water. When his Dutch friends tasted the wine, they said, "*Zut alors*," and thought it would be a shame to dilute the spirit. Word got around and a very brisk cognac trade soon developed. The need for fast turnover—or cash flow—induced peasants to plant high-yield, low-quality grape varieties for wine intended for distillation. The demand for hard liquor grew in schnapps-drinking northern Europe, especially among the Dutch, who had become the Continent's major traders. They carried Charentais Brandy to Ireland, perfidious England, Germany, and Scandinavia. The English called it brandy, from the Dutch *brandewijn*, or "burnt wine."

Sometimes the young cognac could not be sold promptly—it had to be stored. The most convenient containers were barrels, made from the nearest source of good



1. Grande Champagne
2. Petite Champagne
3. Borderies
4. Fins Bois
5. Bons Bois
6. Bois Ordinaires
7. Bois Communs Dits à Terroir

"I would like to make a few things perfectly clear."

"First of all, we did not lose at Waterloo..."

lumber, the Limousin oak forests. Felicitously, this wood (with oak from the Troncais forest in the Allier department) is the only oak that mellows cognac with the right finesse. Thus, by accident and necessity was cognac improved by aging in wood.

"The empire has not fallen; it has only become more manageable."

PRODUCTION

Cognac's *appellation d'origine contrôlée* literally means "a controlled name of origin", that is, French law defines cognac exactly. The most important factor is where it comes from; the precise combination of soil and climate cannot be duplicated. There are other fine brandies with their own special qualities—Armagnac among them—but they are not cognac, and international lawsuits have eliminated *conac*, *koniak*, and many other imitations.

Thus, cognac can be produced only in the two French departments of Charente and Charente-Maritime (and not in all of either) and in two small corners of the departments of Deux-Sèvres and Dordogne. This area is planted almost exclusively in white Ugni-Blanc grapes, known locally as Saint-Emilion, although they have nothing to do with the red wine of that name. Seven other white varieties are authorized for use in cognac,

notably Folle Blanche and Colombar, which were the principal grapes back when people drank the wine instead of producing brandy.

There is no legal limit on the per-acre yield as there is on grapes for fine French wines. And a thin, acid wine of only eight to ten percent alcohol yields the best results in distilling. The grapes are picked late, usually in October when the harvest has already ended in other areas, and pressed and fermented into wine, which takes another week or two. It is then ready for the distillery.

Only one type of still is permitted for making cognac, the copper-pot still that was used in the beginning with

V.S.O.P.

the Dutch traders.

Cognac must be distilled twice, doubly refined. The first distillation—the *première chauffe*—produces a milky *brouillis*. Only the *coeur* (heart) of the *brouillis* is ready for the second definitive distilling, called *la bonne chauffe*.

For this water of life to become the amber delight that we know as mature cognac, it must be aged for years in oak casks. Ideally, the wood should come from trees 70 to 100 years old. The staves must be hewn by axe and then seasoned in the open for five years before they are ready to be made into barrels.

A new barrel imparts tannin and color to cognac. When the brandy is to be stored for a long time, it is moved after the first year or two into older barrels. This produces a mellow and pale cognac. But not all cognacs age at the same rate. Only tasting, which is largely a matter of smelling, can determine which batch will be used young and which will be put away to age for half a century or more in the *paradis*, the closely guarded reserves from which the ancient, expensive, superior cognacs are drawn. Thus the taster prepares reserves that his grandchildren will drink.

Aging in the wood makes a great cognac, but it does so at enormous expense. About three percent of the distillate evaporates annually through the wood and into the atmosphere; the alcohol content gradually diminishes. There is a fungus that thrives on the fumes; it blackens roofs and walls wherever cognac is stored in barrels. It is this fungus that gives the towns of Cognac and Jarnac their distinguishing gray tones. The evaporation, a burdensome tribute, is absolutely necessary—it is called "the angel's share." (A greedy angel, it is—the cognac that goes up in smoke, so to speak, would fill about 18 million bottles, which is about the number of bottles of cognac that Frenchmen buy each year.)

Stars only sometimes mark the quality of cognac, and never its age. Wine people are

more than ordinarily superstitious; they believe that years in which comets appear are good years for wine. The comet year of 1811 produced a superb brandy, and one shipper designated the brandy of that year with a star. The next year brought another outstanding cognac, onto which he put two stars. Mercifully, the custom ceased at the fifth star.

It is important to realize that stars have nothing to do with age. A house blends its cognac to achieve uniform quality, and stars signify very different things. In one house a three-star product might be 15 years old; in another it might be six years old.

All major houses that deal in quality cognac use letters that, regrettably, do not represent French words, but English ones: E represents Especial; F, Fine; V, Very; O, Old; S, Superior; P, Pale; X, Extra. These words reveal more about the maker's pride than they do about his product, but there are some general principles. One can reasonably expect a V.S.O.P. to be older than a three-star. Moreover, a V.S.O.P. from one of the better houses can be 20 years old or older. Here one must bear in mind that a 20-year designation refers to a *type* of cognac. There are very few straight cognacs and most commercial ones are blends of brandies from different areas and of different ages. A firm will establish its own criterion for a V.S.O.P. and will maintain fairly uniform quality by careful blending from year to year. A 20-year-old cognac is likely to contain cognacs both older and younger than 20 years. It is confusing, but this is France, is it not so?

The question arises: what is the best age for cognac? M. Georges Roullet, a former resident of Cognac, said, "Cognac is like a woman. She is at the best between the ages of 25 and 40," which is most persuasive, and easy to remember. Cognac, being a distilled beverage, will not age in the bottle. Thus, a 40-year-old cognac that was bottled in 1910 is the same age as a 40-year-old cognac that was bottled last week. Dust on a bottle tells nothing of the age; it speaks only of the tidiness of the cellar. The law enforces some minimums,

"...we simply ran out of troops."

Delamain Pale and Dry
At least 30 years old
$19

Remy Martin Louis XIII
Over 80 years old
$80

Martell Cordon Argent
Minimum 50 years old
$60

Bisquit Napoleon
About 15 years old
$13

Denis Mounie Gold Leaf
10-15 years old
$10

however. The English insist that cognac be at least three years old. The United States requires it to be at least two years old. By French law, V.S.O.P. must be at least four years old before it can be exported; it need not contain any cognac older than that, although most often it does.

The big firms hold enormous reserves of old cognac

that are used for their superior blends, such as X.O. (for Extra Old). Somewhere between V.S.O.P. and X.O. are cognacs to which the French have appended such names as Louis XIII and, with arrant disregard for my dignity, Napoleon. Any cognac so designated, once again by French law, must be at least five years old, which should dispose of the myth that this is cognac from my time. It isn't, and there is good reason for that: I drank most of it. None of the cognac that accompanied me to Moscow has survived, and you should be thankful, because it would be terrible today. Some firms and producers have stocks that date back to my section of the 19th Century, but the barrels have been topped off with newer cognac until the amount of original liquid is so diluted as to have little significance.

There used to be vintage cognac, bearing dates, but since 1963, by agreement among producers in France, no one claims a precise age for anything older than five years because of the difficulty of proving that the *ullage* was never refilled with newer brandy. Vintage cognacs can still be found in Britain, and they occasionally make their way to the U. S.

The English speak of "early-landed, late-bottled" vintage cognacs that mature differently in their damp climate. Cognac shipped in barrels lands in Britain very young (less than five years old), its French papers guaranteeing its age, and it remains under bond, in barrels, and is bottled when it has mellowed properly—20, 30, or even 40 years later. Such cognac can be superb, although it is a bit soft for the French taste.

"Oh, I know the Moscow campaign was a bomb...."

PRODUCERS

The great firms are essentially only blenders, agers, and distributors, which is no reflection on the quality of of their product. The oldest cognac firm still in business, Augier, was founded in 1643 at Cognac and Jarnac, on the Charente river. Today the four largest firms are Martell, Hennessy, Courvoisier, and Remy-Martin. They dominate the trade, but there are many smaller companies.

There are also grower-distillers, *bouilleurs de cru* (about 2000 of them out of the total 30,000 growers), who grow their own grapes, make their own wine, distill and age their own cognac, bottle it under their own names, and sell it to the public. This product gets a great deal of care, and when it comes from Grande Champagne, which has the best soil for cognac, it has more personality than a cognac that comes from various vineyards in various regions no matter how skillful the blend. When these grower-distillers have stocks of aged reserves, which the best do, they can make the very finest cognac.

More than half of the annual production of cognac is distilled by *brouilleurs de profession*, professional distillers, who buy wine from the growers, distill it, and sell the cognac to big firms for aging. Some of the big firms have their own vineyards, but these account for only ten percent of the annual production.

The big three—Martell, Hennessey, and Courvoisier—blend cognacs from various regions. They buy 70 percent of the cognac produced in the Grande Champagne district, but often blend it with cognacs of the other regions because *grande champagne*, while it is enormously fragrant, is a bit soft for some tastes; a bit of *petite champagne* mixed in produces a muscular cognac

that is nearly as fine as a pure, fully aged *grande champagne*, and it ages faster.

Borderies has considerable body and character and it ages even faster than *petite champagne*. Character becomes more pronounced in *fins bois* and *bons bois* and downright earthy in *bois ordinaire* and *bois communs*. Careful blends of several brandies of different

Hennessy Bras d'Or
At least 35 years old
$17

Hine Triomphe
35-50 years old
$28

Lacet d'Or
35-50 years old
$30

Hennessy Extra
Mostly 75 years old
$77

Courvoisier Napoleon
20-30 years old
$18

ages go into the products of the big firms. (Remy-Martin is an exception in that it sells only "fine champagne," a blend of the products of the two best regions; by law the blend must be at least half *grande champagne*. Further, Remy-Martin prides itself on selling nothing below its own V.S.O.P. level.)

Between the huge firms and the *bouilleurs de cru* are a few outstanding small companies that buy distilled cognac and age, blend, bottle, and label it, all with the painstaking care of an artisan. One of these is the Delamain firm in Jarnac. About 20 percent of Delamain's production is three-star cognac (mostly from Fin Bois) and V.S.O.P., while 80 percent is *grande champagne*, including their famous Pale and Dry, which is aged in old barrels because new barrels impart too much color and tannin for their taste.

Some 500 *bouilleurs de cru* hold vineyards in Grande Champagne, but only a few of them ship their cognac abroad. Three of the best whose cognac is most available are Marcel Ragnaud at Amblesville, who has placed his Domaine de la Voute-Fontvieille with nearly every three-star restaurant in France; Jean Fillioux at Juillac-le-Coq, whose product recently appeared on the American market; and Madame Marthe Jullien, who now sells throughout most of Europe.

These producers explain that their work complements the work of the great firms instead of competing. The three or four largest firms account for three quarters of exports, which take up 80 percent of production. The *bouilleurs de cru* produce only one percent of the annual total—120 million bottles.

RITUAL AND SERVICE

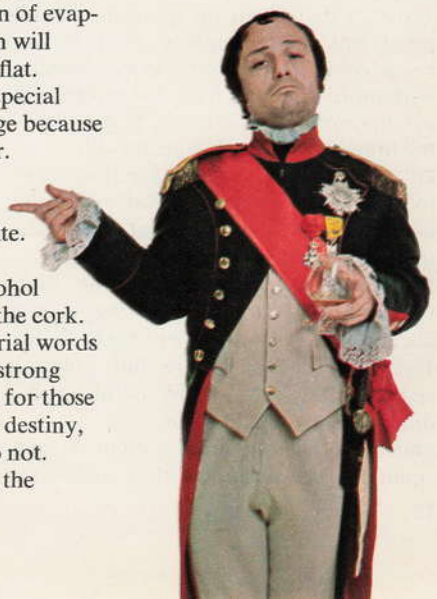
Traditionally, cognac is served after dinner, frequently with coffee. Some people pour one into the other. These people are not French. English, usually, or American. When a guest puts a very fine cognac into his coffee, his host is permitted by ancient French law to have him guillotined; he has committed the only kind of adultery that the French consider important. Cognac can be savored at any time. Frequently I have one in the afternoon and it helps me to pretend that I am

taller. It is perfectly all right to mix soda into a lesser cognac. This is done often in France by foreigners whose usual Scotch or Bourbon costs more than a house cognac (often termed Fine de la Maison). In general, one has only two servings (two ounces each) because more will anesthetize the palate. A numb tongue cannot delight in what has taken so long to produce. Only an exhibitionist drinks from an oversized snifter. There's nothing wrong with the traditional snifter, but a tulip-shaped glass will serve admirably. (Note the two pictured on this page.) The glass should be small enough to rest comfortably in the palm so that the hand will warm the cognac gradually, awakening its esters and enhancing its aroma. Rapid and unnatural temperature increase will ruin its aroma and alter its taste. Remember that smell is the other side of taste; take the time to make the drink a complete experience. One should avoid buying a magnum bottle of cognac. Although an entire bottle need not be consumed at one sitting as wine should be, it makes sense that the larger the bottle, the longer it sits partially full. The combination of evaporation and oxidation will render it lifeless and flat. Cognac requires no special temperature in storage because it will not age further. It will keep well alongside your Chambertin and Lafite. But keep the bottles upright; the high alcohol content will destroy the cork.

Enfin, a few Imperial words about cognac. It is a strong and wonderful drink for those who grasp and shape destiny, and for those who do not. In either case it eases the exhilaration. It is an excellent companion in the cold, as I learned in December of 1812 when I had to rush back to France from a series of unfortunate skirmishes in Russia. I made the trip in 13 days, mostly in an open sleigh, trying to forget about Moscow. The cognac helped.

And in case you wonder why I am so often depicted with my hand in my tunic, it is because painters frequently caught me as I was reaching for my flask of V.S.O.P.

"Can I help it if the Russians can't take a joke?"



Photography by Bill Arsenault/Illustrations by Joe Saffold

(Continued from page 72) to be an efficient professional, and time was what I was selling. When I was in my early 20s I used to cry myself to sleep because I couldn't come. What I found out was that I could take charge of my head, and I would concentrate on my genitals and say *yes, yes, yes.* And I conditioned myself quickly. I don't remember the last time I couldn't come.

SCHWARTZ: I think it is part of mature sexuality to be able to take. When you start out you want to perform—you want to rake your nails over someone's back, you want to be athletic. You have the other-directed feeling about sex, and you want to make sure you're appreciated. Well, that can be hard on you after a while, because you're not taking or allowing yourself pleasure. You're just being there for the man. Women have to start thinking, *I want to enjoy this, I have a right to enjoy this, I'm going to get completely into this and dig it.* It's hard for many women to learn that.

FRIDAY: It's not hard for women to learn it, it's hard for them to do it.

POTTER: When I'm into sex, it's not for my partner's pleasure. I want *him* to be in it for *his* pleasure. I don't want him to be thinking so much about my body that he isn't thinking about his. That affronts me. Every once in a while I can see getting into the other person's trip. But most of the time I'm in it for what I can get out of it. And I figure if I get off, that's the biggest favor I can do for my partner.

SCHWARTZ: What Jessie just expressed is a good sexual ego: *I like it, I want it, I'm going to get it.*

POTTER: I just don't expect someone else to give me my orgasms.

OUI: How did *you* become responsible for your own orgasms?

DODSON: Well, I didn't really get into sex until I was 35. I had been married for five years, and when I got divorced I took up sex full-time. But I was still totally dependent on one guy for my orgasms. I had given up marriage at that point, but not monogamy. So I decided I was going to learn how to be orgasmic with more than one man. I'd meet a guy, get involved, and after he'd get off I'd tell him what worked to get me off.

FRIDAY: I think that's really getting down to it. I mean, if you're in bed with a guy and you can't ask for what you want, then you're in bed with the wrong guy.

DODSON: For years I'd just lie there thinking, *he's doing it wrong.* I was always trying to adjust my body to his. Finally, I said, "You're not doing it right"—loud, angry, and awful. And *I* didn't die and *he* didn't die.

FRIDAY: What's so ironic about a long-standing relationship is that men don't realize that the only way they can become better lovers is by making women better lovers. It's really getting women to take the initiative sexually.

SCHWARTZ: But, Nancy, the problem is a whole life pattern. Why should women take the initiative sexually if they've never taken it anyplace else? Women get asked to dance, get taken out—it's everything you do.

POTTER: Pepper suggested, when she mentioned a sexual ego, something we haven't dealt with: the male fear that women have a sexual potential that men can't fulfill—which is true. But something else bothers me even more. Very few of us, even in 1974, have any sense that sexuality means much more than genital contact. Men would be able to offer so much more if sexuality weren't defined in terms of the penis.

DODSON: That definition really makes for a restriction for men; more information would take the pressure off the hard-on.

POTTER: I work with women who can't handle that information. They think if their partners don't have a hard cock they're not having sex.

OUI: Have you found that oral sex is as stigmatized as fucking?

ST. JAMES: I hear a lot of complaints from married men over 40 who say their wives won't allow them to give head.

FRIDAY: Well, a lot of men don't do it well, or they don't take much time.

SCHWARTZ: Or they go down on women to get them ready—without any intention of bringing them to climax. You feel like someone is suffering for you or doing you a favor. What is beautiful in any kind of lovemaking is to see someone get off on whatever they're doing, and you can relax and say to yourself, *I'm loved, I'm appreciated.*

OUI: A lot of women say there is something much more intimate about oral sex than there is about fucking. They are much more selective about who goes down on them than they are about who they fuck.

SCHWARTZ: I think you can really get into bad sexual politics if you allow these things to be seen as somehow more special, more intimate—or if you go down on a guy and he won't go down on you. These kinds of inegalitarian things do terribly bad things to a woman's head, and to the man, not to mention to the partnership that should prevail in sex. I think if you let those kinds of things go on, it's very bad psychologically.

POTTER: Women think "that place" is dirty and that only someone who really loves them and cares about them could really want the kind of intimacy that oral sex involves.

DODSON: It's important to deal here with women's negative attitudes toward their own genitals. I used to feel that way. I used to think, *my God, a guy is going to go down there, he's going to look at it smell it, taste it, and pass out!* If a guy will tell a woman that she has a beautiful cunt, that it tastes good—it's wonderful.

ST. JAMES: I wouldn't allow romantic lovers to go down on me, but I would allow customers to go down on me. Surprisingly enough, most of my hooker friends would rather give a blowjob than fuck because you don't have to be face-to-face and kiss, which they think is more intimate than eating.

SCHWARTZ: I have a theory about that. It reverses the power relationship. Suddenly the woman is in control.

OUI: Do outside stimuli not directly related to sex contribute to the turn-on?

ST. JAMES: Blues music has a nice rhythm to ball by. It takes about three tracks, and I come on the last note.

POTTER: For me, raunchy porn does it. People keep saying porn isn't tender. I've got tenderness in my real life, and so that isn't what turns me on. A two-second shot of the raunchiest kind of stag film will turn me on.

ST. JAMES: I used to get off reading Albert Ellis.

SCHWARTZ: I thought *Behind the Green Door* was the sexiest pornographic film I'd ever seen.

DODSON: I used to think a sexual turn-on had to have a direct and sustained genital sensation. But I think there are more subtle turn-ons. I can watch a porn movie that is intellectually and politically a turn-off and still get turned on by a frame or two just flashing by. We have a limited notion of what sexual arousal is.

POTTER: The kind of turn-on I'm talking about is the equivalent of the erection in the male.

FRIDAY: The place where you see it—the turn-on—is important, I think. Maybe a movie theater wouldn't do it, whereas if a woman were alone with two or three guys watching porn she might respond differently.

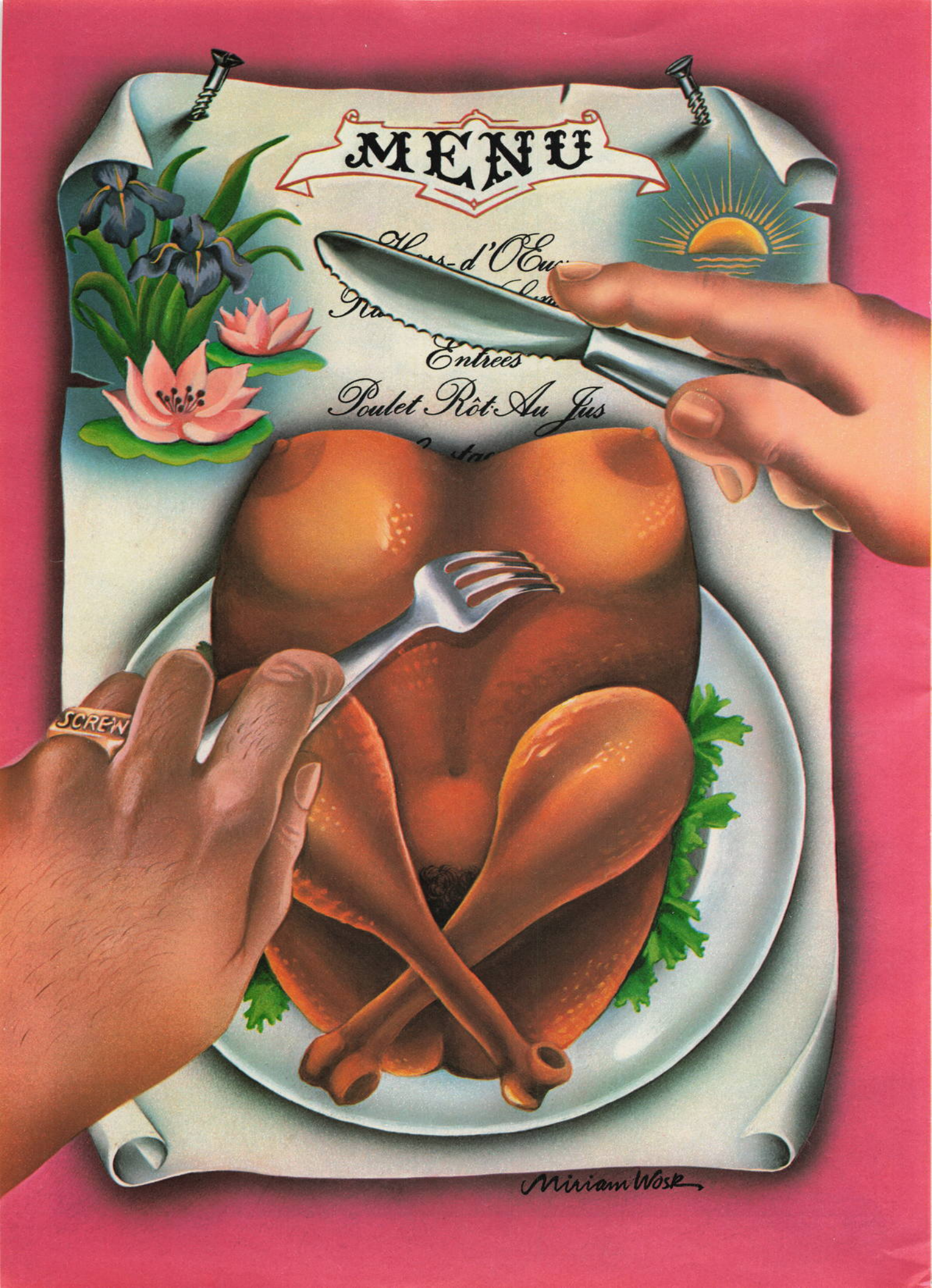
SCHWARTZ: I think the appropriate cues are the way you can define what's happening. If you discover your pants are wet, you say, "I must be turned on."

OUI: Do women check out men the way men check out women?

POTTER: Men never expect us to, and certainly not women my age, but we do. And even so far as to imagine them without their clothes.

SCHWARTZ: I have recently been retrained in my people-watching. I have always gotten off on faces, and somebody would have to remind me what the body looked like. Then I became very close with a friend *(Continued on page 106)*

LOUP


MENU
Entrees
Poulet Rôt Au Jus
SCREW
Miriam Wosk

HOW TO SURVIVE IN A THREE STAR RESTAURANT

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

one way to handle an oyster is to pretend it's a girl

As executive editor of *Screw*, about the only thing I can get invited to is the newest massage studio or the latest Times Square fuck film. I'm also quite good at getting dildos and French ticklers wholesale, and I've even been known to score a sexual liaison because of my editorial position. But in the sex field, groupies are prostitutes who want to charge me premium dollar. I've been busted for obscenity ten times over the past five years, so respectability to me has generally meant that the arresting officer wore a tie. But I hit the big league a while back when I received the following letter: "Dear Al: On behalf of the Moët-Hennessy-Dior group and l'Association de la Grande Cuisine Française, we are delighted that you will be able to join us on the first three-star gastronomic tour of France. Twelve U. S. journalists have been invited to sample France's leading gastronomic sites. The group will be divided in two, with six people on Moët's Hawker Sideley and six on Hennessy's Mystère 20. One evening will be spent at Möet and Chandon's guesthouse, the Château de Saran, in Epernay, Champagne; another at Hennessy's guesthouse, Le Bagnolet, in Cognac; and the remaining evenings will be divided among France's leading three-star restaurants. This is the first gastronomic extravaganza ever held. Most restaurant-oriented press junkets to date have been comprised exclusively of wine and food writers. It is Three-Star and Moët-Hennessy's feeling that one of the few things we all have in common, no matter who is on and who is off the enemies list, is the breaking of bread. And for this reason, they would like to be the first in extending this invitation to general-interest writers who are excited by the prospect of exploring different lifestyles and cuisines, more as a hobby than as a profession. . . ."

This invitation was so excitingly atypical that for several days I would not let my staff talk to me until they had made appointments with my secretary. Though I've taken several wine courses at the Four Seasons and have always wanted to have all the culinary affectations of those I generally put down in the pages of *Screw*, the fact remains that my natural gourmet proclivities usually bring me to the nearest Orange Julius. I've been known to eat a really fine meal at Lutèce, but the hard fact is that, given my druthers, I will always opt for junk food.

Still, I was impressed that I'd be junketing my way through Europe for ten days at no expense, and also that I'd be rubbing asses with some of the great heavyweights of journalism. I've never outgrown hero worship—I still buy products at Sears Roebuck that are endorsed by Ted Williams. For whatever interprofessional friction that would result by rubbing a sexist such as me against a couple of feminists, the fact remains that the highly vaunted 12-journalist contingent was broken into A and B groups. Each group maintained that it was the choice group. I was in group B, and my colleagues included Danny Kaye, who was there as the star. Though I developed a liking for the man and discussed sex with him on two or three occasions, I also got some insights into the make-up of a guy who's been on top too long and who has a near-addictive need for public recognition. When Kaye and I were talking, he'd look at my eyes, then quickly glance right and left, waiting to be recognized by the onrush of people. Inevitably, because of his long years in the public eye, he *would* be recognized, and he would feel not only joy, but relief—as if he'd just gotten one more fix. Everyone in my *(Continued on page 88)*

BLACK PANTHER

OF COURSE, IT COMES IN ANY COLOR YOU LIKE

Anything as elongatedly elegant as this machine—the Panther J72—has to be decadent, and it is; a product of England, of course, almost entirely handmade, a spark from the dying embers. Being British, it has proper antecedents: it was inspired by Sir William Lyon's Jaguar SS 100, which roared around the roads of rural England in the 1930s when the British aristocracy didn't have to get the consent of the Common Market to burn candles at several ends simultaneously and the coal miners bloody well dug the coal and kept quiet. But, odd fact, the decline of the British aircraft industry gave Panther Westwinds Ltd. the experienced Surrey metal beaters it needed to hammer the body of the J72 from sheets of aluminum. The car's light weight may be the reason it meets U. S. emissions tests with better ratings than Jaguars that carry the same engine. The Panther J72 has suspension and straight axles right out of the SS 100; the result is the kind of cornering that only prewar (World War II, clod) British sports cars had. Only about 60 Panthers have been made, and the impact of the energy crisis on demand makes future production for all specialized cars uncertain. But you can order a J72 for $19,600.

SPECIFICATIONS: PANTHER J72 BY PANTHER WESTWINDS

MOTOR
Jaguar 4.2 liter 6-cylinder (drive train is manufactured by Jaguar); V-12 engine optional only in Europe.

GEARBOX
Four speeds plus overdrive. Automatic transmission available only with V-12.

SPEED
119 mph; 0 to 60 in 7 seconds.

BRAKES
Servo disc all around.

STRUCTURE AND SUSPENSION
Hand-formed aluminum body with 18 coats of paint. Weight (empty), 2552 lbs. Straight axles; helical springs and telescopic shocks. Length, 13.42 ft.; width, 5.54 ft.; height, 4.07 ft. Connolly leather upholstery (choice of any color); hand-tooled burr walnut dashboard.

IMPORTER
Edward Gaylord, 1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THREE-STAR RESTAURANT *Since I'm a fat Jew from Brooklyn, I realized I was the replacement for Norman Mailer. After a few days on the trip, I started emulating his pugilistic shuffle.*

(Continued from page 85) group felt a bit of sorrow (and a certain amount of anger) at being with Danny Kaye, because, rather than being the stars we thought we were, his presence made us realize we were just grayed remnants of the celebrity entourage.

Gael Greene of *New York* magazine was my personal choice as the guest with most reason for being on the trip. Her graciousness and insights during the tour were so compassionate and understanding of my imbecilities that I felt she was a person I could enjoy even if she were stripped of her expertise in the writing profession.

Jackie Lewis is the press agent for *Penthouse* and *Viva*. She is also the sister of their owner, Bob Guccione. I had always hated *Penthouse* in the past because I felt it was derivative of *Playboy*. But just a few weeks before the trip, I had interviewed Guccione on the Supreme Court obscenity decision and had found him charming. He is a little anachronistic in some of his views, but I felt at home with a fellow sexist. His sister reminded me of my mother. I considered her to be family. She also knew less about food than I did, and her obsession with drinking Coca-Cola, accompanying even the highest cuisine with it, made me feel that I was not on the lowest rung of the ladder of gourmet greatness.

Tim Ferris, head of the New York bureau of *Rolling Stone* up until a year ago, became known on the trip for his wit and for his wardrobe, which was so extensive that he must have packed nine suitcases. Tim seemed to be another outlaw like me, and I wondered what the hell he was doing there.

Susan Schraub worked for *House Beautiful*, and she appeared totally proper, but this was fitting since she would be doing an article on the junket.

Group A included Nora Ephron, whom I had always wanted to meet—ever since I had read her article in *Esquire* about her small breasts. Since I'm not a tit man, I felt that I could help her come to grips with her physical deficiencies. Nora seemed so sane and rational most of the time that I couldn't believe she had any feminist irrationalities within her attractive contours. Nora, of course, is now one of Clay Felker's stars at *New York*, having made a highly publicized jump from *Esquire*, where she wrote a very popular column called "Women."

Jane O'Reilly was someone I had read in *New York* and looked forward to meeting. I figured that since we were on opposite ends of the ideological pole I'd have a good chance of fucking her. Though she had a crusty exterior that obviously covered her own personal vulnerability, I liked her partly because she was so cynical about the whole *New York* crew.

Alexis Bespaloff was another food heavy and a great wino—in his vernacular, wine is not booze. Ironically, I had just ordered his book on budget wines; if I had waited I could have gotten one free from him. He was stiff and formal but seemed like the kind of guy who'd probably enjoy an orgy.

Dan Wynn was on the tour as a photographer. I'd seen some of his work in *Esquire,* but since he and I were not on the same tour I never really got into his head. I was told by Jane O'Reilly that he was monogamous and that made me wonder about him.

Margaret Dorsen, PR lady for Schieffelin, the New York City distributor of most of the prestigious wines involved in the tour, is a person I had known for a couple of months. She admitted I was definitely a last, last, last choice to fill an empty seat. The junket left on Friday, and I was invited the previous Tuesday. Despite being 16th choice, I didn't really give a damn. I was thrilled at the opportunity to pursue my own favorite perversion—eating.

The first thing I did was drop out of my Weight Watchers group. (When I returned from the junket I had gained nine pounds, and I have not been able to face the scale or my local Jean Neidich representative since.) Margaret told me later on in the trip that the invited participants originally were to be literary heavyweights, including Tennessee Williams, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, and Norman Mailer. Since I'm a fat Jew from Brooklyn, I realized that I was a replacement for Mailer. After a few days on the trip I started emulating his pugilistic shuffle and was challenging strangers to fistfights. I even thought that, once I got back to New York City, I would stab my wife.

Because OUI works on short deadlines, pays lousy money, and, most importantly, because I forgot everything I did on the junket, I am forced to go to my day-by-day babblings into my Sony tape recorder. At least they have the immediacy of the actual experience and have not been colored or adulterated by subsequent decisions on my part to re-create the experience.

Day One. The flight left at 8:30, Friday night, September 21st, and we arrived Saturday morning at three, New York time. We are now in the lobby of the Hotel Georges V, a sleepy, weary group, and we're having breakfast—oysters and coffee. It's a bad omen. Here we are, disheveled and bedraggled, and we're being forced to eat. I wonder what the future holds for us.

We are now at a restaurant in Paris called Le Duc Soit Qui Mal ("let him puke who will"). The belching, overstuffed table is jam-packed with three kinds of oysters and with mussels, shrimp, crabs, lobsters, and a few strange, miscellaneous sea creatures too rare to be recognizable. Every time I try to take a breath, somebody opens up another bottle of Moët & Chandon champagne (1966). One of the most bizarre things about eating these very tiny shrimp is that you consume everything—the head, the antennae, the intestines, the works. They are really quite ugly, but tasty. My last food advance took place 20 years earlier, when I was 17 and first ate pizza. The way everybody at the table was gobbling this quasi garbage makes me think that gourmets are off the wall.

It's now been an hour and a half of eating, and the bones and shells are heaped feet high on the table, as if a band of cannibals had descended on a Weight Watchers meeting. Susan and Nora are busily writing, Jane O'Reilly is wondering what she has eaten, and Jackie Lewis is getting looped on champagne—this is her first visit to Paris. Margaret Dorsen has promised us that during the next ten days our glasses will not be wanting for champagne. I have just finished my fourth glass, and she proved to be absolutely accurate: it was immediately filled. This is definitely *the* stylish way to get tanked up.

It is now two hours into this nonsexual orgy and we're on desserts—which include blueberry, apple, and cherry tarts. This I can comprehend because it's high in calories and low in protein. There's also chocolate cake with whiskey in it, which is absolutely delicious, and lemon pie. The chocolate cake has been described as a chocolate jelly with Jell-O-like texture and a slight undertone of whiskey. Whatever that means, it's as good as anything I've ever eaten at Nathan's. In fact, it's one of the all-time superb desserts I've had in a lifetime of eating fattening foods. This place is a Disneyland of food—red luscious strawberries, golden pastry, sunny lemon blending with light sugar, and that most superb of all colorations: the rich brown of chocolate.

We're raving about the fresh fruit. In the same way that they talk about Winchester cigars being a whole new smoke, the fruit here is not at all like American fruit. In its freshness, its crispness, its texture, it is superior to anything I've ever had. *Magnifique!* May I never eat another White Tower hamburger.

We're so bloated that some of us decide to *(Continued on page 100)*

"The seeds of love come à la carte.
The full menu comes à prix fixe,
dessert included. . . ."

—An American in Paris

BOSS FINLEY & THE MUSTACHE GANG

THERE IS NO GOOD REASON WHY BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL CAN'T BE RUN LIKE THE INSURANCE BIZ—LOOK AT THE OAKLAND A'S

by Robert Wieder

Hey, man! Vida Blue is trying to get my attention in the Oakland A's clubhouse, a small and dingy grotto that would lower property values at the Y.M.C.A. The dressing room of baseball's world champions is a thing of shabby wooden stalls, heavy moist air, a croupy, never-silent color TV, cartons of cigarettes, and open boxes of penny candy bars. The other constant is the promenade of jocks, cups, girdles—the harness works of the sport—underwear like the layers of wallpaper in an old apartment. Amid this compost thrives the loose and cocky swagger the A's are famous for around the league, an air of supremacy; they suit up like Lee Marvin in *Cat Ballou*.

It is late September 1973, and tonight Vida Blue will go for his 21st win of the year. "Hey, OUI, I got a quote for you."

Several of the A's look up at this. Vida Blue would rather see the sheriff coming than a writer with a note pad. In 1971, when his pitching forced a number of American League hitters into other lines of work, reporters strangled him with their fawning attentions. In 1972, when he and owner Charles O. Finley disagreed on the matter of salary, reporters loudly took Finley's side. In 1973, Vida's favorite persons were those who didn't know his name.

"Write this down," he tells me. He is built like Captain America. "*Fuck it. Fuck the whole motherfucking thing.* Now, you print that, you'll be the first place that's quoted exactly what I said."

I have been hanging out in this clubhouse since mid-August, right through the play-offs and the world series, and am convinced that this anarchistic band of hairy comancheros is the best team in the game of baseball. One reason is their attitude. They thrive on the violent and outspoken dissension between themselves and their owner. If there is an unspoken team attitude here, it is Blue's. That goes for their ballpark, their attendance, their salaries, their following, and Finley. Especially Finley.

When Vida comes back in, he still has 20 wins and things to say. It is important that I talk to Vida because, while the A's regard Finley with feelings ranging from respectful tolerance to purple resentment, only Vida is believed to still *hate* the man. "He treated me like a damn colored boy," Vida has said. "He's soured me on baseball." Now I ask him about that.

"I don't hate nobody," he shrugs. "But he gets his money back every three games I pitch. Now when I take the field, I don't pitch for the manager, I don't pitch for the Oakland A's, I pitch for Vida Blue. I pitch because it's my job, that's all. Sure it's nice to win, but there is only one thing that's important to me and that's the money that we're going to get, win or lose. It's a business with me and I refuse to lie to all the Little Leaguers and try to con them. I don't love baseball, I like it. To me baseball means money and that's all I care about. Nothing could sweeten me on baseball."

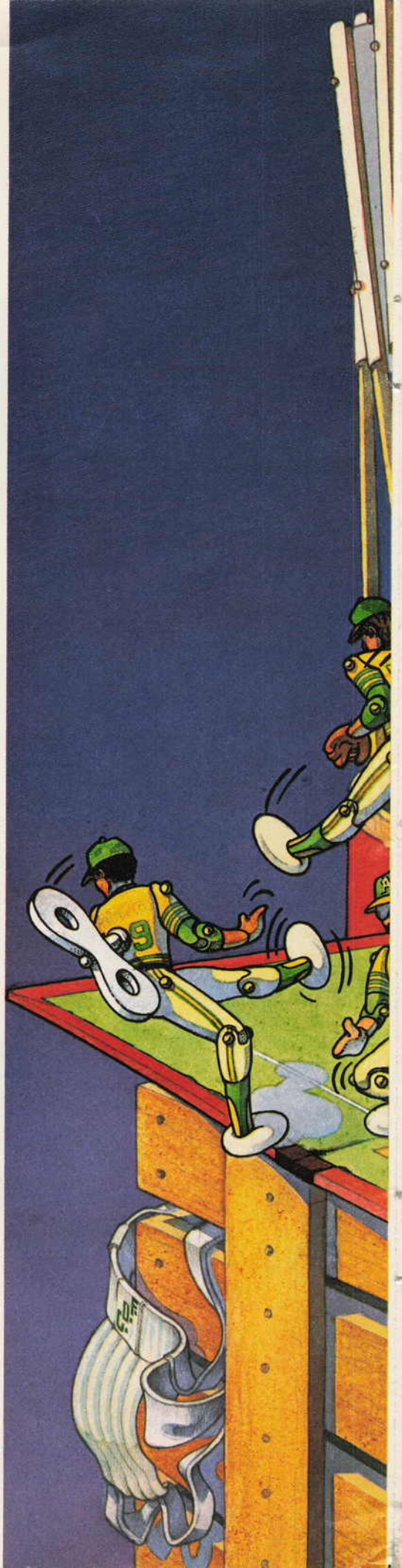
"Then why do you play the game?" asks a local hack.

Blue gives him an incredulous look. "It's the way I make my motherfucking *living*. I'm no ditchdigger, man."

Before any game, Vida is laughing and easy with early fans and stadium guards. After the final series he would go bounding the length of this clubhouse like a kangaroo, firing bursts from a bottle of champagne, and hooting his satisfaction. But today's mood is central: it is, essentially, the theme song of the national pastime, 1974.

Once there was a game so devoid of sin that God himself must have watched it, a game whose clean moral symmetry validated all that was American. In its sparkling orbit, you were freed from the severity of life to embrace our national myths—rooting for the underdog, rewarding solely on ability, punishing poor sportsmanship, celebrating the strength of innocence. Life was the classroom. Baseball was recess.

History, Jack. The game today is business. The Hall of Fame is the bank. Sure, it used to be a kids' game, with kids' pay, kids' curfews, kids' rules, kids' civil rights. Now you take 85 grand a year just from salary, and there are people with grins who want you to try their cereal. You pull down more from Schick than Ty Cobb *(Continued on page 114)*



A's
Red Hots
National Pastime

SUN FACING

THE BEACH BOYS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

Only a few years after the topless bathing suit caused a scandal, nude bathing has taken over the world. From France to the Caribbean to Flushing, New York, those who wish to can now shed their clothes and enjoy the play of water and sun upon bare skin. Unfortunately, we have not yet reached the point where this is true on every *beach in the world. Some selection is still necessary. Still, would-be nude bathers no longer need sneak around after dark, sacrificing all the sunny elements that skinny-dipping should provide. Nor does one need a private beach. These days, nude bathing is so public it has torn a hole in the Iron Curtain.*

On these pages, OUI *presents its pick of nude-bathing sites the world over—a scattered and necessarily limited sampling of the best with the least.*

SYLT Some places feel just perfect. Sylt is one of these, a German island whose summers manage to burn away the Teutonic frost. Sylt lies in the water just off the point where Germany and Denmark converge. It

Sylt is a legend complete with T-shirts. Tie them how you will.

Top right: there are advantages to being eight degrees east and 55 degrees north. The wind blows and flight is not a dream.

What does one say about stretching out and lying in the sun, except that her hat is as pretty as her body?

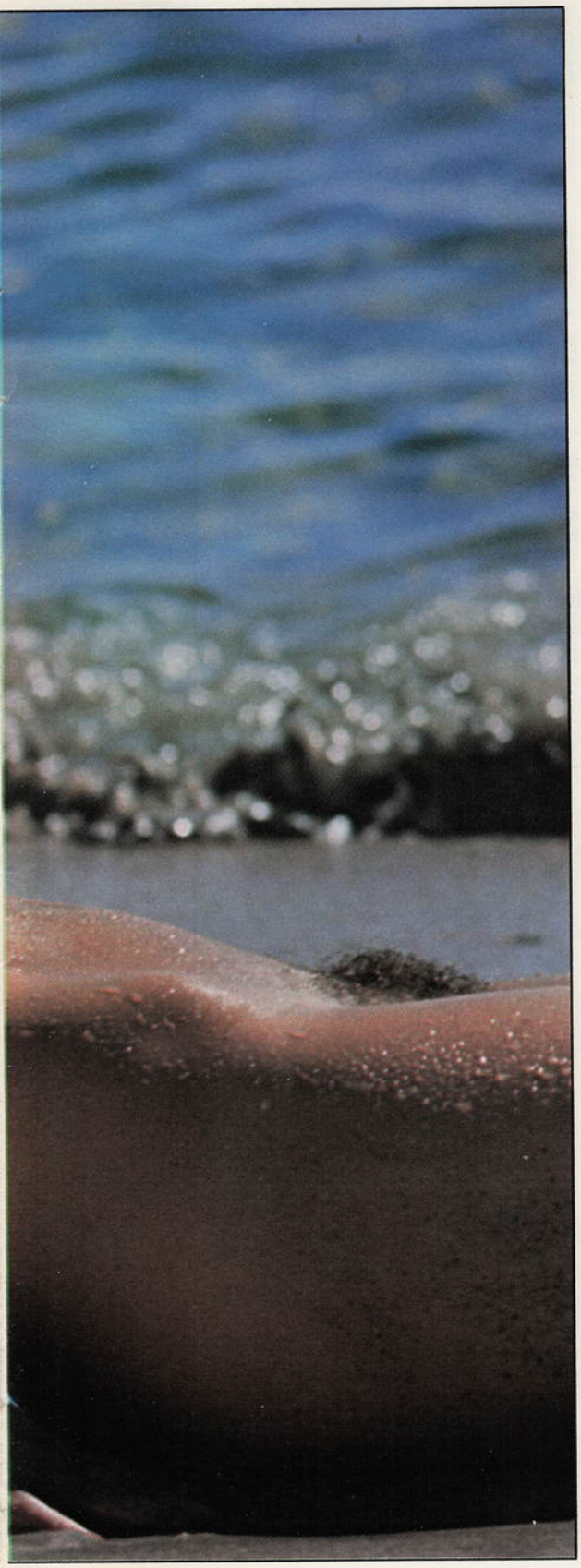
is the most famous of the North Frisian Islands. Those who go there may think they are in Scandinavia. Visitors who return from Sylt have glassy eyes. They have seen the North Sea and it works. They tanned their bodies on a beach called Abessinien, which is German for Abyssinia, the Ethiopian kingdom, which has nothing to do with Sylt. Nobody much cares about this. There are so many more things to think about, like the effect of sunrays on natural-blonde hair.

To get to Sylt you must first fly to Hamburg, itself a city worth seeing. Then you can rent a car and drive north to Sylt, or board a Deutsche Bundesbahn train that takes you to the Westerland station. Either way, the trip consumes about three hours. In that time you can dream. After you arrive, you won't have to.

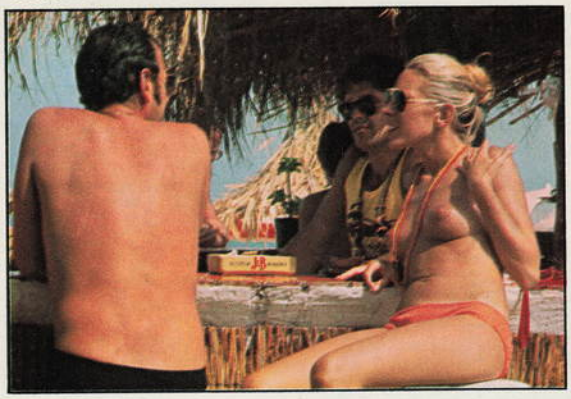
The Mediterranean is not the only mythic sea. The North has its power. Gaze outward, but beware of mesmerization.

Imagine what this would look like with skyscrapers in the background. Now you know why there may be war on Sylt.

This girl knows what there is to know on St.-Tropez: if you cannot relax on the Riviera, you don't deserve a vacation.



ST.-TROPEZ First of all, St.-Tropez is warm. The lowest temperature is 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Always. This is a major advantage over Sylt, which, like most of the rest of the world, is subject to seasons. Also, St.-Tropez is French. The sounds are as delightful as the view. St.-Trop. lopes; its pace is in your ear. Being the world's first and roremost place for shedding clothes, St.-Tropez has developed certain traditions. This is the part of the world that Brigitte Bardot calls her own. When she saunters down by the sea, it is permissible to notice but not to disturb. Orson Welles comes here to relax. You may stare at Welles, but you may not ask him for a cigar. That may indeed be a Rothschild yacht out there on the water. Then again, it may not. People of all persuasions find their way to St.-Tropez. At times it seems that half of France is here on vacation. This is delightful if you wish to meet someone who is French. It is not so delightful if you wish to be alone. This lends itself to a simple conclusion— St.-Tropez is not a place for privacy. The situation also means that finding hotel space may be difficult. There are two solutions. One is to make a reservation six months in advance and to confirm and reconfirm in the ensuing weeks. By that time you should be great friends with the desk clerk, the hotel owner, and at least two overseas operators. The only other possible solution is to rely upon the kindness of strangers. A few formal words to help you in your search for true happiness: there are numerous coves and beaches around St.-Tropez and each has its own set of rules. On Pampelonne, the most fashionable beach, only tops may come off. In the more secluded L'Escales and La Bastide Blanche, however, everything goes. Coves are fine protection from burns.



Clockwise from eight o'clock: one lady smiles because the food is French. A couple smiles because dress code means bottoms on. And yes, there is more to do than eat, as a seastruck lady soon discovers. Finally, a picture that is not St.-Tropez. Two seconds. No, it is not Tokyo, either. It's Flushing, New York.

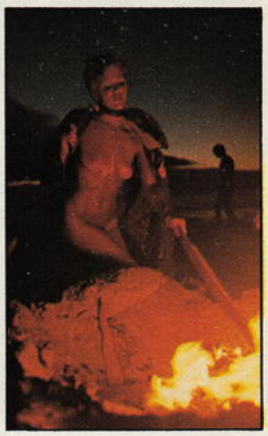
YUGOSLAVIA For years, Yugoslavs have been telling the world that they are different, that theirs is the socialist country with soul. Now they have done it again. After long and serious debate about which was more important, socialist prudery or tourist money, the country decided in favor of nude bathing. If you have the Adriatic Sea, why not take advantage of it? After all, there are some very lovely things to take advantage of. As the oregano in the food vividly informs one, Yugoslavia is close to Italy, in spirit and in fact. In the town of Rovinj there are Romanesque ruins. Ten minutes out of town, by frequent ferry, is the tiny island of Crveni Otok, the most popular nude-bathing spot in all of Eastern Europe. Although Yugoslavs would like us to think of Rovinj as the St.-Tropez of the Adriatic, it has not yet been discovered. There is only one hotel on Crveni Otok, and from its windows you look out on the sea. By learning about Crveni Otok, you have joined a privileged class. But go forewarned—the Yugoslavian shore offers spectacular views, but contains the rockiest beaches in the world. You can go without a bathing suit, but you ought to wear sandals.

All aqueducts do not lead to Rome. This particular ancient glory is a lesson in cultural history.

The three people at the top of this page met in Yugoslavia. The course of true love has not always run in couplets.

GUADELOUPE One cannot consider beaches without considering the Caribbean. White sand commands attention like tropical fruit. Can you imagine a world without bananas?
The Iles des Saintes are just off the southern tip of Guadeloupe, itself a small segment of the French West Indies, which, as cruisers of the Caribbean doubtless have already noted, are located southeast of Puerto Rico.
You can do without more than clothes on the Iles des Saintes. Cars are not allowed. Movement is by boat, speech is Creole, and cuisine is French. Columbus came here in 1493 on his second trip to the New World. It was, and still is, a very nice place to land.

In Guadeloupe, there is no rule against kissing on the beach.



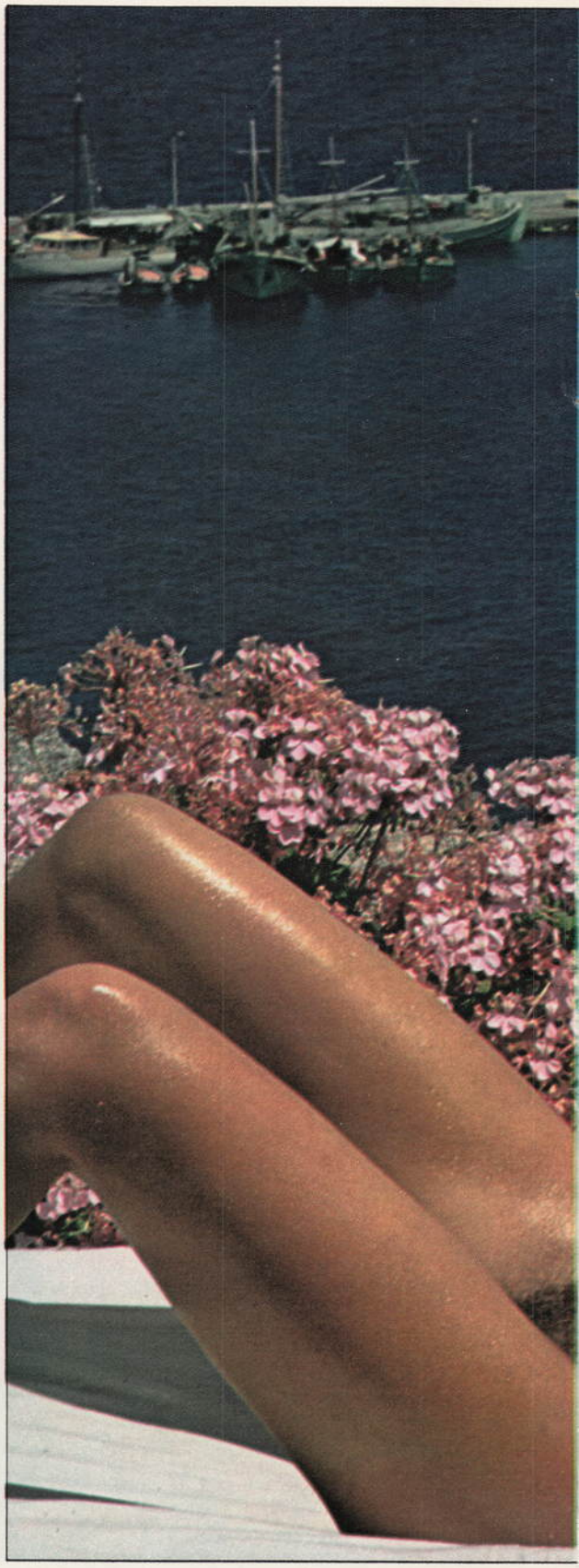
Top, four nude sunbathers, white sand, and green mountains. Above, the best way you can water-ski.

MYKONOS It is hard to find Mykonos on a map, where it appears to be just another Greek island dozing in the Aegean. Don't be deceived by maps. Mykonos is only ten miles wide, but beauty comes in small packages.

Mykonos was once merely a stopping point on the way to Delos, where ancient mariners came to listen to a mythical oracle who had an indecipherable phrase for every classical figure who happened along.

The people of Mykonos themselves did not care about a hazy future. They ignored the oracle and looked toward the sun. They knew it was their special glory. Obsessed with the glory of its light, they whitewashed all their walls, hoping, perhaps, to catch a startled traveler's eye. Centuries passed, but the people of Mykonos were patient. Destiny will not be bothered by a calendar. At last, the travelers have come.

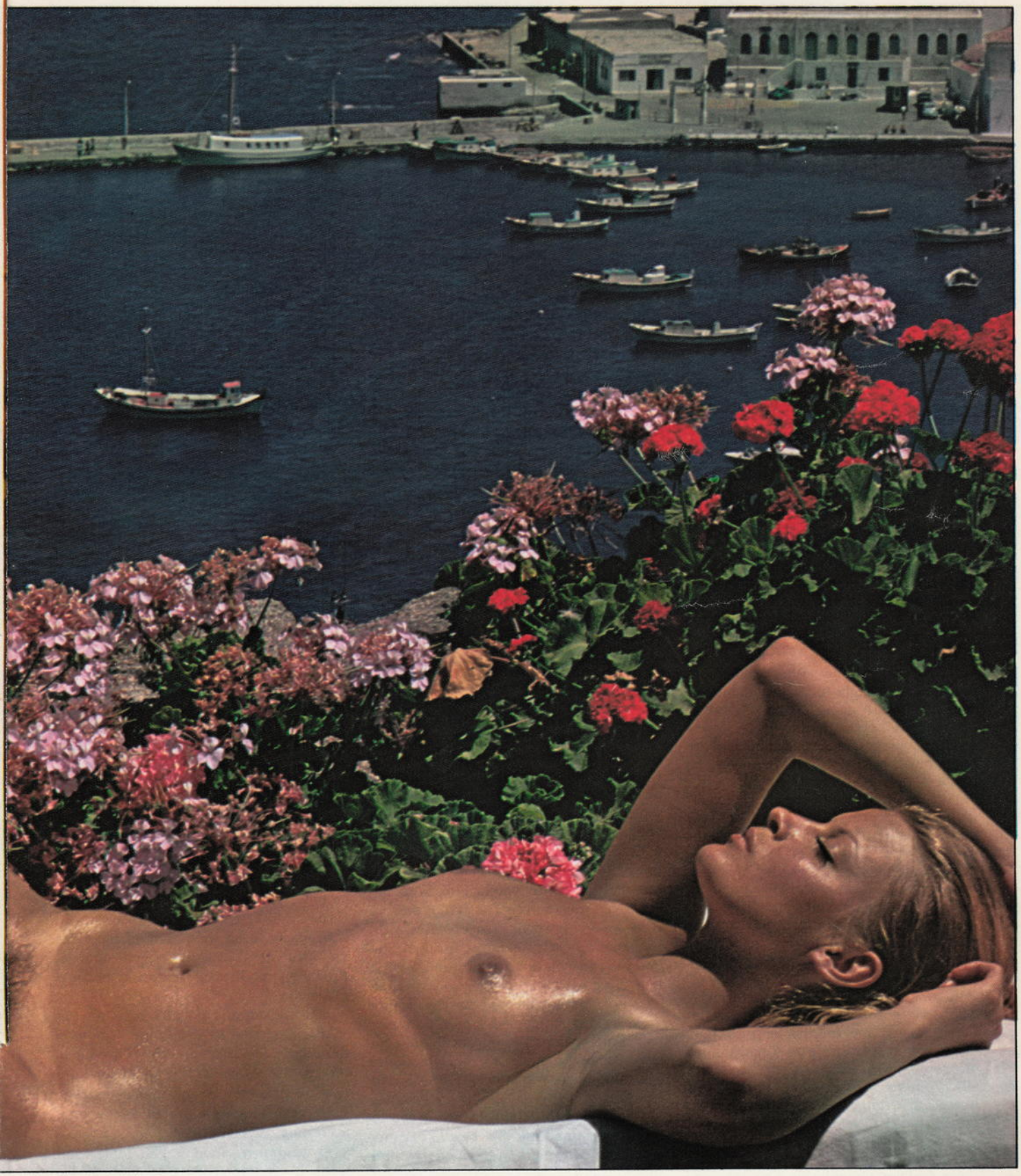
Upon arrival, they find there is no question about it: the sun grants Mykonos a special grace, and the people who live there still whitewash their walls. They have the sun and they flaunt it. Even the Greek government, which does not believe in nudity, grants an exception to Mykonos. Although nude bathing is illegal in Greece, it is "allowed" on Ornos, the finest beach on the isle. A fine but necessary distinction. The sun deserves to be worshipped.



OUI consulted the Delphian oracle, which lives next door to Mykonos, where these photos were taken.

What would the ancients have thought of all this? OUI asked. "A lot," the oracle replied. Excuse us, but could you be specific?

"I was always obscure abut the future," the oracle stated. "Why should I change when it comes to the past?"



This is what is known as a beach with a view. No one need ask why we would rather go to Mykonos.

THREE-STAR RESTAURANT *I had visions of coupling with famous writers. As with all promises of sexuality during this junket, that fantasy came to naught.*

(Continued from page 88) walk the 50 blocks back to the hotel. Alex, Margaret, Jane, Nora, and I start the trek. Like all writers, we talk about our problems with publishers and deadlines, and I get new insights into Nora Ephron. She told me about doing a OUI interview with Bobby Riggs. She found she really likes Riggs. He was truly adorable. She had come directly from Texas (where she covered the King-Riggs game), so she was still under deadline pressure.

Jane O'Reilly is brittle but incisive. She seems to be a no-bullshit broad. She has a ten-year-old kid. We were talking about the high divorce ratio among the five of us. Margaret Dorsen has had one divorce; Jane O'Reilly, two; I'm involved in my third marriage. It's just a typical mixed-up group of neurotic writers. There was some boasting going on about how the *New York* writers make long distance calls to everywhere from Venice to Cairo. They're afraid the practice will stop now that *New York* is moving into larger offices.

It's now evening. The hotel is magnificent. The room costs 402 francs (about $80) per day and has a beautiful view of the garden. It also has a TV, a refrigerator, and a massive bathroom. Amenities include hand brush, soap, after-shave lotion. While I was in the bathroom cleaning up, a bottle of champagne was brought in with homemade candies. Before going off to dinner we had drinks at the home of the great restaurants' press agent, Yanou Collart. Dinner will be at the Reginskaïa, which is not a three-star restaurant but is the "in" place in France this year. The chairman of the board of Hennessy-Cognac is here with a lot of other notables from the French booze industry. The woman who owns the joint is a Belgian Jew, a singer. It's a chichi, Club 21–type place. Dinner lasted about three hours and the whole group is still suffering from jet lag. The blues singer kept referring to Danny Kaye's presence, which was a cheap way to get applause.

It was about three in the morning when we got back to the hotel. Tim Ferris invited me for drinks with Jane O'Reilly and Nora Ephron. I had visions of coupling with famous writers. As with all promises of sexuality during this junket, that fantasy came to naught. We talked until five A.M. about the ups and downs of our lives, Jane's boyfriend, and Nora's termination of her six-year marriage to Dan Greenburg. The relationship seemed to be ending, she said, because although he was helpful to her, he was also threatened by her literary breakthroughs.

Day Two. We are having lunch at a beautiful castle. Danny Kaye is having fun shocking people. He constantly uses the word *fuck* and has made me look conservative by comparison. That's great—one of the provisos of my coming on this junket was Margaret Dorsen's request that I play down my involvement with *Screw*. I had an inkling that she was afraid I would play with my cock in public. Now that Danny Kaye has become the house vulgarian, I can play my more normal role of a good Jewish boy who is just a trifle naughty. It's only the second day and I'm getting glutted on truffles. Once more, my recurring fantasy is Nathan's and their magnificent lobster rolls, hot dogs, and hamburgers smothered in simple, peasant-style onions.

We have flown from Paris to the French countryside. I'm in the main house while Danny Kaye and Gael are in more exclusive cottages. Danny Kaye seems to be the typical show-business personality, which means he's always on. But he still seems to be a straight shooter. He was complaining about all the wine-pretension bullshit that goes with tasting this high-priced liquid. He's good for me because he provides a frame of reference, gives me a little more room to be outlandish. No matter what I do, I'll always be more conservative than Kaye.

I just found out an interesting sexual sidelight: while Nora Ephron was in the Mercedes last night, one of the men from the Hennessy company was trying to run his fingers up her thighs. She apparently rebuffed his efforts. Susan had some royalty chasing after *her* snatch and also had an interesting experience with Danny Kaye. She'd always been a fan of his, had been turned on by him, but she's a Jewish young lady who believes you must have strong emotions before involving yourself sexually with someone. She also believes in love. She told me she wouldn't fool around with a married guy, which of course wipes me out, but she encouraged me by saying she'd be disappointed if I didn't at least try. I'm obviously interested only in impersonal sex since my big emotional commitment is with my wife. So Susan and I are going to have to be just friends.

I also tried to defend Danny Kaye to Susan by explaining that he's like a meteor, and whoever is touched by him should accept the experience on his terms and enjoy it. She had thought of Danny Kaye as Hans Christian Andersen, and she sees his wanting to fuck her as a contradiction to this perception. But Susan is young.

Tonight we're eating at our first three-star restaurant—Barrier—and it's the night of *Screw*. I had gone to great lengths to cloak my ownership of *Screw* so that I would not upset the people who were paying for this junket. I wound up not only coming out of the closet but being greeted as a hero—and, moreover, I picked up six subscription orders from various counts and other royalty in Paris. During the magnificent meal, somebody asked me what I did, and I put out the usual cover lie by mentioning my involvement with OUI, but then somebody else said that they thought I was with *Screw*. And then, "What's that? Do you have a copy?" Since I always have a copy of *Screw*, I handed it around and it quickly became the focal point of the evening. Fourteen gourmets proved that their sensuality was more cock-and-cunt-fixated than food-focused.

The chef and owner of the restaurant is Charles Barrier, and he and Paul Bocuse, another well-known French restaurateur, are good friends. Apparently all the top chefs of the restaurant association are combatants in a friendly but serious struggle. This was the first of the three-star restaurants that I'd been to, and I now know why three-star restaurants get such Pavlovian salivations from their clientele.

We were taken on a tour of the kitchen, where Charles Barrier showed us his 17 assistants. An example of Barrier's delicacy: orange juice is squeezed by hand rather than with a metal appliance, so that the metal never touches the orange. Everything is baked on the premises. The bread is made with a fruit fermentation—rather than the usual beer fermentation—to enhance its taste. The kitchen is organized on an apprentice system. Barrier can tell within a week whether one of his young aides has a future or can be trained for a specialty. In a strangely sexist way, none of the aides are women. This, too, shall change, probably, as French feminists become more vocal.

This restaurant got its first star in 1955, its second in 1961, and became a three-star restaurant in 1969. Of course, this is the *Michelin* rating. There are now 16 three-star restaurants in France. Four new ones were added a year ago, according to Gael Greene.

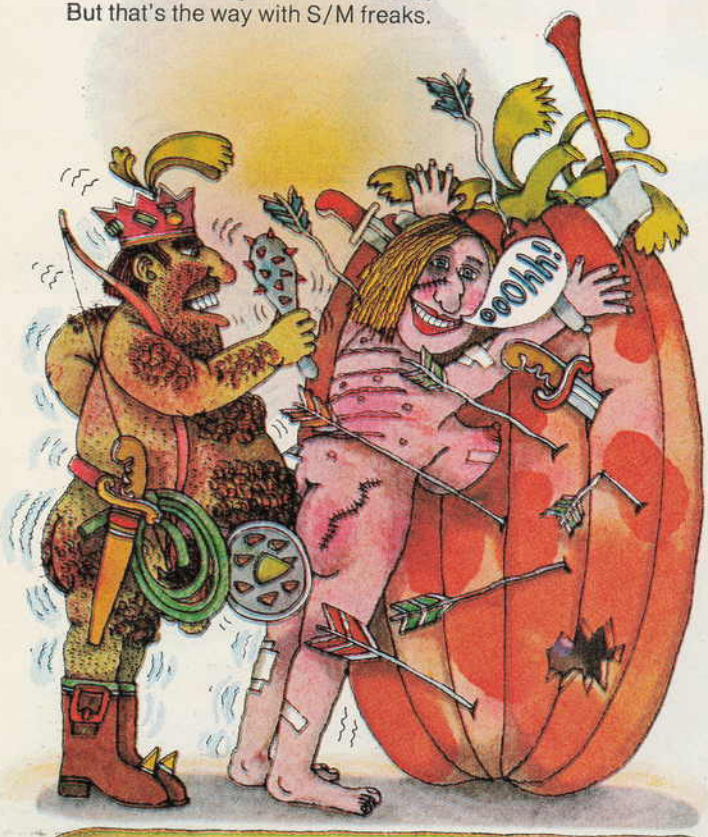
Over dinner, food is the topic, and when it's not food it's sex. After *Screw* raised its foreskin, sex quickly dominated. The press agent, Yanou, explained that food is so important to her that she will not work for a client unless she eats with him first. To me the meal has certain traumatic implications since I'm not a food *(Continued on page 122)*

MOTHER GOOSED

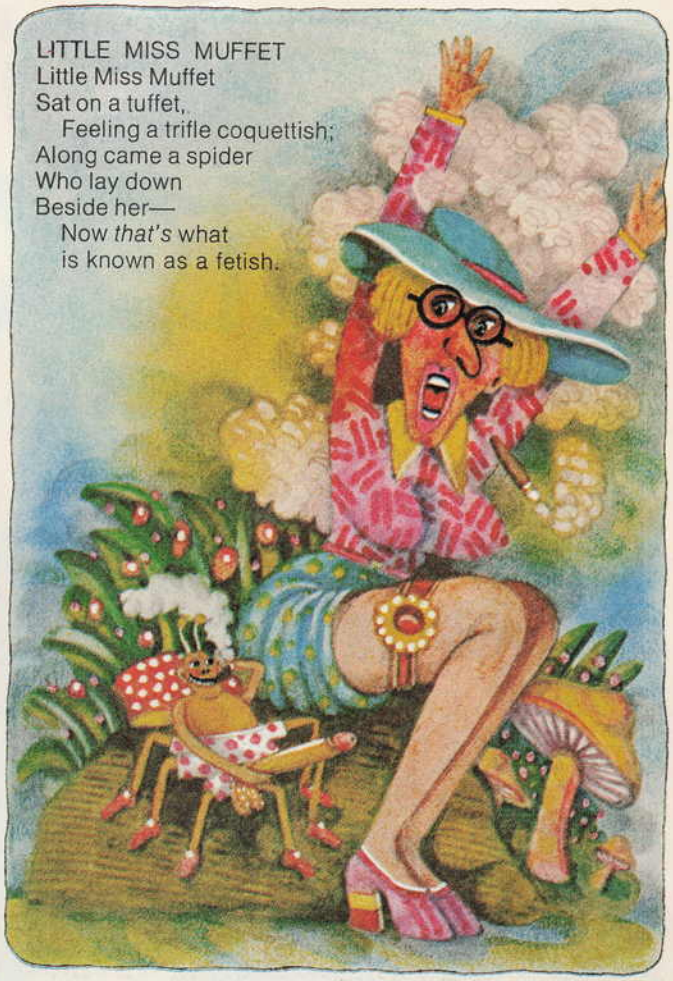
A PERVERT'S GARDEN OF VERSES BY FRANK JACOBS/ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON KIBBEE

LITTLE JACK HORNER
Little Jack Horner
Was found in his corner
Flagrante with Miss U.S.A.
Their juxtaposition
Should end all suspicion
That Little Jack Horner is gay.

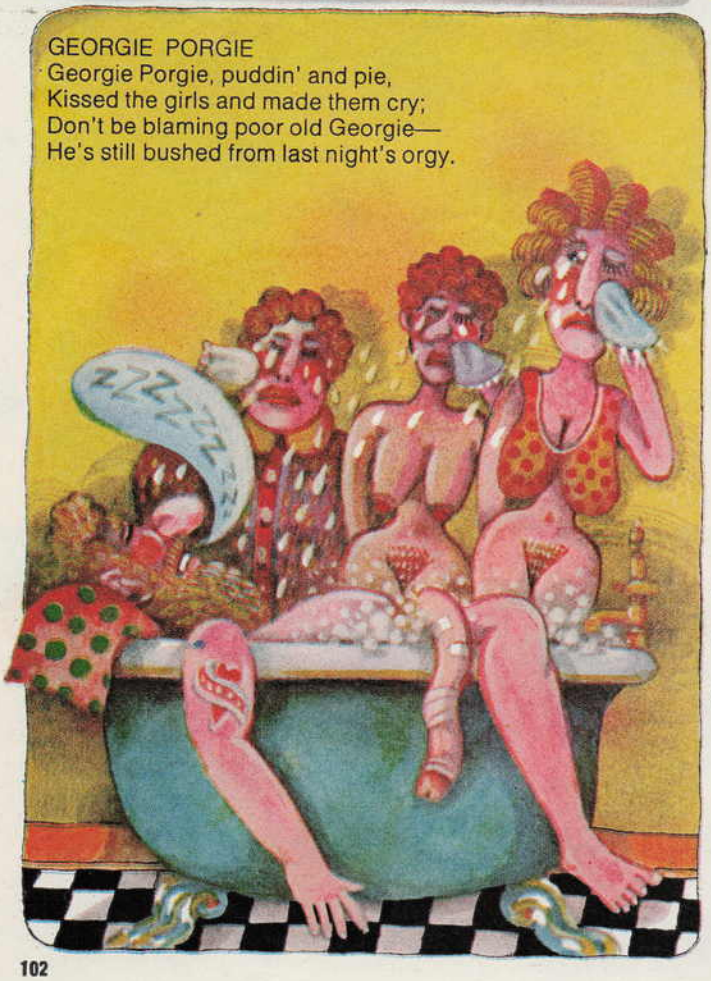
PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER
Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater,
Chains his wife and likes to beat her;
Sometimes this goes on for weeks,
But that's the way with S/M freaks.



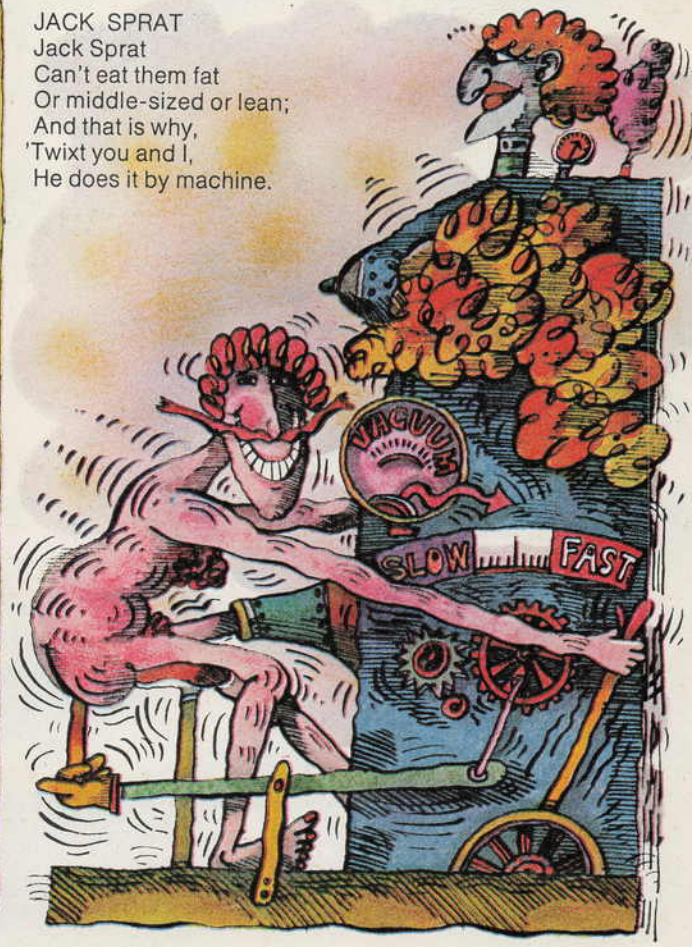
LITTLE MISS MUFFET
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Feeling a trifle coquettish;
Along came a spider
Who lay down
Beside her—
Now *that's* what
is known as a fetish.



GEORGIE PORGIE
Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
Don't be blaming poor old Georgie—
He's still bushed from last night's orgy.

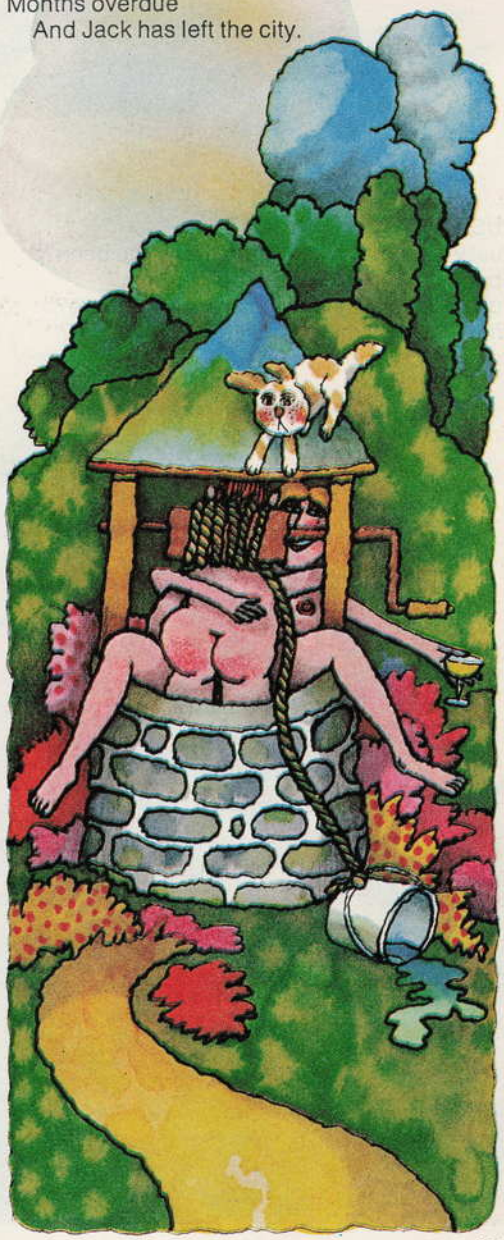


JACK SPRAT
Jack Sprat
Can't eat them fat
Or middle-sized or lean;
And that is why,
'Twixt you and I,
He does it by machine.

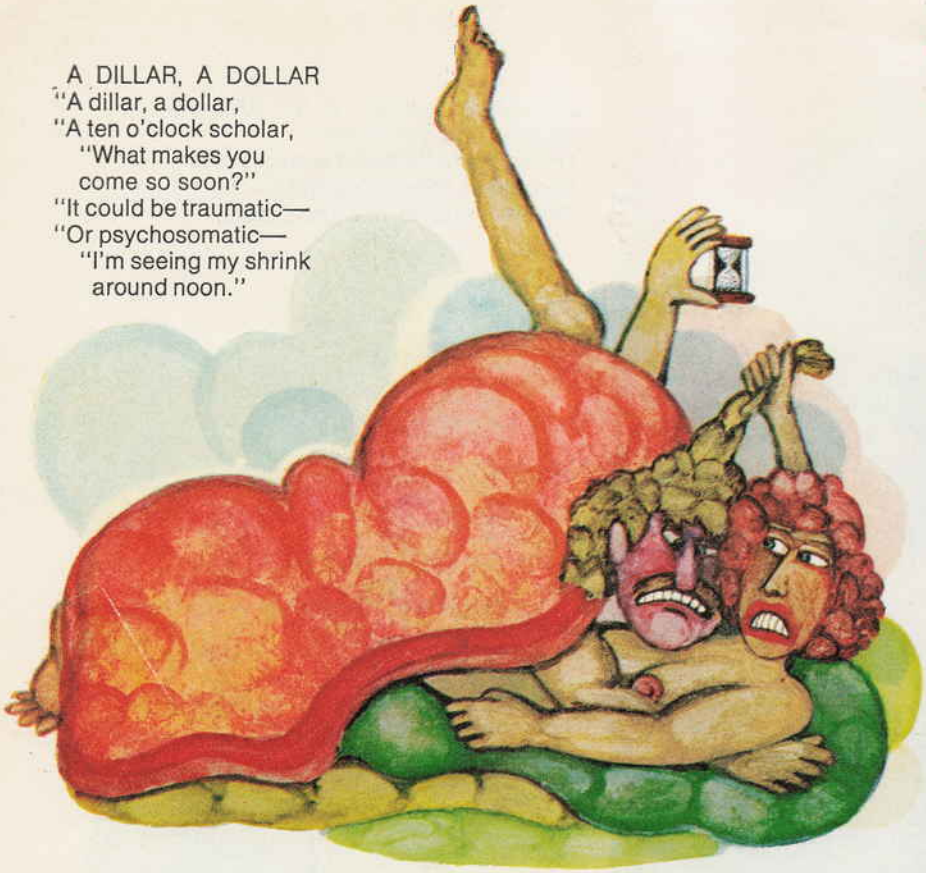


AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES
As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives;
Six of them think he's a whiz—
The seventh one, of course, is his.

JACK AND JILL
Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
  For just an itty-bitty;
Jill's now two
Months overdue
  And Jack has left the city.



A DILLAR, A DOLLAR
"A dillar, a dollar,
"A ten o'clock scholar,
"What makes you
come so soon?"
"It could be traumatic—
"Or psychosomatic—
"I'm seeing my shrink
around noon."



PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?"
"Spending the night at the Holiday Inn."
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, must you have more?"
"What do you think I'm called Pussy Cat for?"

This Is The House That Jack Built...

These are the **GENTS**
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

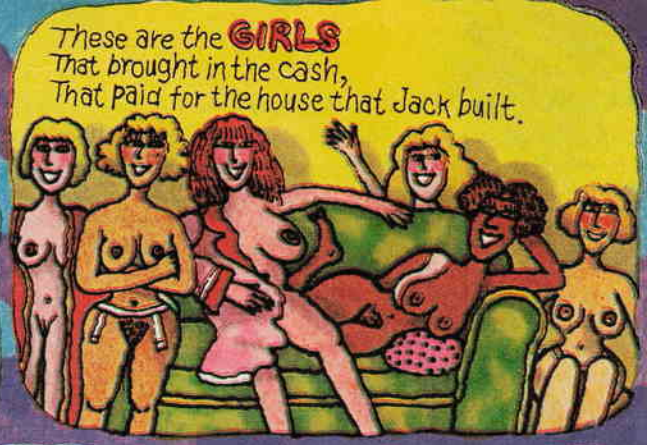
This is the **JUDGE** so stern and just,
That grooved the legs so wildly crossed,
That aided the chick whose job was lost,
That bailed the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

This is the **WIFE**, a widow now,
That fired the gun that went "Pow! Pow!"
That ended the scene of boundless lust,
That swayed the Judge so stern and just,
That grooved the legs so wildly crossed,
That aided the chick whose job was lost,
That bailed the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

This is the **HOUSE** that Jack built.

This is the **CASH**
That paid for the house that Jack built.

These are the **GIRLS**
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.



This is the **COP**
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

This is the **CHICK** whose job was lost,
That balled the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

These are the **LEGS** so wildly crossed,
That aided the chick whose job was lost,
That balled the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

This is the **SCENE** of boundless lust,
That swayed the Judge so stern and just,
That grooved the legs so wildly crossed,
That aided the chick whose job was lost,
That balled the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

This is the **GUN** that went "Pow! Pow!"
That ended the scene of boundless lust,
That swayed the Judge so stern and just,
That grooved the legs so wildly crossed,
That aided the chick whose job was lost,
That balled the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

This is the **FORTUNE**, a vast estate,
That went to the wife, a widow now,
That fired the gun that went "Pow! Pow!"
That ended the scene of boundless lust,
That swayed the Judge so stern and just,
That grooved the legs so wildly crossed,
That aided the chick whose job was lost,
That balled the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

This is the **MAN...** why, it's **JACK** gone straight,
Now sharing the fortune, a vast estate,
That went to the wife, a widow now,
That fired the gun that went "Pow! Pow!"
That ended the scene of boundless lust,
That swayed the Judge so stern and just,
That grooved the legs so wildly crossed,
That aided the chick whose job was lost,
That balled the cop,
That trailed the gents,
That met the girls,
That brought in the cash,
That paid for the house that Jack built.

(Continued from page 82) who looks at asses and shoulders and the basket—or genital area—before ever taking in the face. It never occurred to me before.

FRIDAY: I am terrifically turned on by the way a man's trousers hang.

DODSON: The feminine thing is to avert your eyes. But last year I used to walk down the street with my head up, looking at people.

ST. JAMES: Be careful; that's how policemen spot hookers on the street.

FRIDAY: There was a terrific girl who did an interview with me and we became pals afterward. Since then, she's told me, "I was on a bus and there was a guy sitting across from me who was just heaven. He was fantastic. Well, he got off at the same stop I did, so I walked up to him and said, 'You're the most fantastic guy I've seen in days,' and then I walked away. His jaw dropped, and I felt so good having said it. I'm going to do it more often." She's a terrific-looking girl, and that guy must have felt great.

POTTER: I also decided a few years ago that if I found a woman attractive, I would say so. And I've found out it really scares some women; with others, it makes their day.

FRIDAY: The number of relationships that go unconsummated is a shame. What can a woman do to show a man she's interested?

ST. JAMES: You look at him, stare at him for longer than the accepted period, without any words.

SCHWARTZ: Do you think near-sighted people get more sex?

ST. JAMES: Well, I don't think *words* are necessary. You send your message with more of your body. Take hold of an arm, touch him, and lead him into the next room. I've picked up strangers in the street, and we just clasp hands and walk off.

SCHWARTZ: I don't completely agree. I've met people who are flirting their heads off—God forbid that you should ever make them come to terms with it. They are having mind trips and fantasies about being sexual, but they don't really want anything to happen. So sometimes it's difficult to find out if a man is really coming on, really extending himself, or is just on a fantasy trip. Verbalization is often the only way to find out. The air is dripping with sexual innuendo, and no one seems to be moving on it. Talking can help.

OUI: What is a lousy lover?

ST. JAMES: Someone who is not gentle. Period.

FRIDAY: Women say that so often. When I was doing my book, I was impressed with women's fantasies about other women—gentleness and tenderness played a major part in them. These qualities are often lacking in heterosexual relations.

SCHWARTZ: Pornography is usually a perfect example of what *not* to do. In stag films, for example, he gives it to her good and hard. He sticks it in and shows her what it's for. To have it really happen that way is painful and upsetting and makes most women withdraw.

ST. JAMES: Young, very young men can be beautiful. They are so tentative.

POTTER: Yeah, and it's a tragedy that older women don't feel free to make it with young men.

DODSON: One of the things that helped me get over my age hang-ups was to have a fantasy that I was mother to the guys I was going with. Interestingly, the ones I had good sex with all had highly erotic fantasies about their mothers.

SCHWARTZ: We're beginning to see women over 40 as viable sexual people. Of course, the media try to make them younger. If we see wrinkles on a man's face, we call it character—we say he's lived. We see them on a woman's face and we want to erase them. I really get off on a woman who has accomplished things, who is mature, who has lived a life that makes her interesting. That should make her sexually exciting. Instead, in this culture, we want to put that woman in an asexual category.

POTTER: People always say to me, "Don't keep telling everyone that you're a grandmother." And I think, *crap! I'm 53, and after a 33-year marriage, I'm having better orgasms now than ever before.*

DODSON: What amazes me, Jessie, is that you can still be turned on to your husband sexually after all this time.

POTTER: He's a really fantastic man. He can just walk into a room. . . .

DODSON: But sex with the same person?

POTTER: The important thing is that *it's* never the same.

OUI: What do you as women like about yourselves?

POTTER: I like that I can be in groups of people and find that young and old, straight and gay will turn on to me and reach out. I find that neat. They expect that I won't put them down, that I'm responsive, and I won't exploit them.

ST. JAMES: I love being public, because I have to be nonjudgmental.

DODSON: Allowing for differences is something that I've really gotten off on with women. I have been in a lot of groups with women in the past year where I notice we can totally disagree and still be harmonious. And I've never been able to have that with a guy. It was always a battle. If you disagreed, you kept fighting it out until one of you changed your mind.

OUI: Well, then, can men and women be friends?

POTTER: It's absolutely possible. You can even go from sexual turn-ons to a point where you will reject sex because you have so little time, because it's not a priority. We assume that everyone has this enormous time bomb ticking between his or her legs and that it's going to explode.

DODSON: There's a problem only if a man you want to be friends with is turned on to you sexually. But still you have choices—maybe the potential for sex between you is part of the friendship.

FRIDAY: I haven't been able to go from sexual involvement to friendship unless time intervened. Once I'm sexually involved I have to see it through.

ST. JAMES: I've found that lots of times sex would get in the way of everything else we might do together—skiing, golfing, hiking, reading, whatever. Once I had fucked them, it was out of the way, and we could become something else beside fuckers.

DODSON: I'm in that position now, Margo. I would like to have sex, one time at least, just for the experience, with any guy I meet, then go on from there to more sex, less sex, no sex, whatever.

POTTER: I want to change the subject a little. I have noticed lately that more women are able to relate to each other, but in nonsexual group situations men *and* women are less able to tolerate it when I touch women than they are when I touch men.

SCHWARTZ: I think that's because the whole woman's experience has become sexualized recently. A woman can no longer assume if another woman is being warm and attentive that it's just because she's a friend.

FRIDAY: It was worse before; women were totally isolated from one another.

SCHWARTZ: Before, though, it was different. If a woman had come up and hugged or kissed me, I would never have thought she was responding to me sexually. Now I'm aware of all kinds of sexual associations.

DODSON: It's only recently that I have had sex with women or even thought about women in anything but a very repressed sexual way. I was terrified that I might be queer on top of everything else.

ST. JAMES: Well, what you find out is that you're not queer.

DODSON: Isn't that beautiful? You find out that it's natural and that the curiosity has been there since you were a kid. Women were taught to be competitive with each other for men. I had always been affectionate with women, but when I realized it was sexual I went through a

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phase of being very uptight about touching women at all.

SCHWARTZ: Remember how the women's movement was in the beginning? They were scared silly of lesbians or even of being called lesbians. What happened, I think, was that the movement discovered you could be friends with people even though there was *possible* sexual interaction.

ST. JAMES: A lot of hookers work doubles, but in their private lives don't have experiences with women sexually. It's a common request among customers—two women. Most prostitutes aren't lesbians. It's just another way men categorize women.

SCHWARTZ: Maybe men find two women together a turn-on because they don't consider that kind of sexuality serious.

OUI: Maybe it's because homosexuality between women is just more acceptable to most heterosexual men than homosexuality between men. That is, men are into women, so women can be into women.

DODSON: The way I've figured it is that men get off watching two women because women make it together doing oral sex. Most men see oral sex as preparation for fucking. So the guy can watch, get a hard-on, and jump in for the finale.

FRIDAY: How about women? Women have talked to me about a fantasy—seeing a husband or a lover doing it with another man and letting them watch.

DODSON: I recently watched two guys make it. It was such a turn-on, just to *see* it.

OUI: It's clear that when women can make it together they've gotten over some basic fears about their own bodies.

ST. JAMES: I think it happened for me when the fellow I was living with insisted he go down on me when I was having my period. He'd hold a mirror to my vagina and tell me to look at myself. He said my cunt was beautiful.

SCHWARTZ: I had very supportive parents. My mother gave me books and was always open for conversation. My first sexual experience was good. I did wonder from ignorance how I compared with other women. But I never went through self-loathing. I still don't consider it the most aesthetic part of my body, but I've never considered it ugly or upsetting. I think I was more concerned with total body image.

FRIDAY: A good man will tell you he loves the smell and taste of it. I think that's when I grew to like it. Until then I thought it was gooey and nasty-smelling. The verbalization from a lover is so important. It does marvels for a woman.

DODSON: I had a lover when I first got divorced, about eight years ago, who said I had a fabulous cunt and he really wanted to look at it. Then he wanted to put a light on it. Then he wanted to photograph it. I thought he was a real freak, but in about one week—after all those years of loathing—my panic was over. And after all his attention, I started putting my own finger down and smelling and tasting myself.

POTTER: Though I don't think I ever felt wildly negative, I always thought God could have made it prettier. But after the last few years of seeing female genitalia and rapping with women, I'm developing a more positive feeling.

FRIDAY: Women should verbalize their encouragement to men as well. When a man goes down on you, you have to tell him *you* like it, too.

OUI: How important are orgasms?

DODSON: Well, I wouldn't like to be sexually aroused and not have an orgasm.

OUI: According to some people, female demands for orgasms have caused a new wave of impotence in men.

DODSON: I don't think impotence has increased, I think it's just being talked about more.

SCHWARTZ: Men are getting more feedback from women now. It used to be that men could say, "If I stick it in and come, I'm a successful lover." Now they know that isn't exactly success.

ST. JAMES: Men don't even need a hard-on to come, either.

DODSON: Exactly. One way men who can't get hard-ons can have orgasms is with vibrators. There is a vast array of things to do. The minute the pressure is taken off, they can get their hard-ons back. I think the fear of impotence is more often a man's fear of homosexuality—fear that if he can't get it up he's not all man.

FRIDAY: The point here is that women are asking for satisfaction now, and that's good.

OUI: Do you care about penis size? Do you have a preference?

POTTER: People keep saying size makes no difference, but to make that an absolute is crap. If a woman has had a lot of kids, size does make a difference. Sometimes doctors do an operation on women to tighten up the vaginal walls after a lot of childbirth. For countless women, size probably makes a great psychological difference. For instance, a very large penis may be scary. But to say size makes no difference either way is just not true.

DODSON: I definitely have a preference for medium-sized cocks. A six-inch fat cock is great for me.

ST. JAMES: I love fat cocks!

POTTER: Size can make a difference in oral sex, because if it's a great big one, it's something to handle.

FRIDAY: I've heard so many women talk about a desire to be filled. I think of that as much more than just the penis—the desire for more of everything sexual.

SCHWARTZ: Masturbation is often very satisfying for women and gay women make that a part of lovemaking, so if fingers are enough under the right circumstances, certainly a small penis would be, too. And if we can get into total body feeling and communication, penis size will be the least of our worries. How many men have ever had their breasts touched? They don't even know if they are sensitive there. Or the anus. Or the elbow. Women, too. Sometimes people treat each other in bed as if there are breasts and genitals, and the rest is excess baggage.

POTTER: We have to keep saying that there are many ways to be sexually functional, depending on technique, and that's the only way to reassure men. In every dimension of American life we work toward getting more, adding to and enriching what we have—except when it comes to sex. People spend more time planning a dinner party than improving their sex lives.

OUI: The ritualization of mate-swapping seems to say that planning sex is less interesting than planning a dinner party.

DODSON: Well, I think that's breaking down. I went to parties in Berkeley with about 35 married couples who were into swinging. They had parties regularly, in a house especially set up for group sex, with private rooms and a group room with mirrors on the ceiling. They had learned how to throw a good group-sex party—completely different from the ones I was throwing six or seven years ago. I learned some techniques and what kind of environment to create. Because people are basically inhibited; even if they deliberately plan to have sex, they need getting started. It's an art form.

POTTER: God, Betty, how times change. I remember 15 or 20 years ago I had some dear friends who shocked everybody by talking about necking with another couple.

DODSON: The sexual tension between married couples who are socializing together isn't honest. Lots of couples that I've talked to have all kinds of fantasies, and they get drunk to keep the lid on them.

SCHWARTZ: If you just walk into an everyday cocktail party, you can feel the waves of sexual innuendo.

FRIDAY: It's just incredible to think of how many thousands of married people go through months and months without any sexual life. All the energy is

suppressed or goes into the kids or into work.

DODSON: I think the rewards of going public should be stressed for women. I had some reservations about my first erotic-art exhibit because people were going to know just how much I liked sex, and since I'm a woman they might look upon me negatively. But it turned out to be bullshit, because the minute I opened the exhibit people began to share their private lives with me. I learned so much.

ST. JAMES: I stayed in the underground for several years, not wanting to accept the whore role that society wanted me to play. I finally said, *This has gone far enough. I just might have a chance to get some sexual rights for women, and if I don't do it, who will*? Now I'm public and I love it.

POTTER: You'll have to admit, Margo, that many women who would respond to your comments do so out of impoverished sex lives. We have a hell of a distance to go. There's no way we can really believe that sex in this country is very generous, or enriched, or that it has lots of variety—it's just not true for most people.

OUI: How crucial is masturbation for enriching one's sex life?

DODSON: Sexual healing for most women is going to be through masturbation. Of all the addictions I've kicked, the toughest was romantic love. It's such a heavy way to relate to someone. Masturbation became a primary technique for me once I had made a decision that I was going to be responsible for my own sexuality and that I wanted to be orgasmic with more than one person.

ST. JAMES: Do you mean that masturbation was somehow a betrayal when you were being monogamous?

DODSON: Absolutely. Masturbation was a secondary sexual activity. It used to be what you did if you couldn't get fucked. But I had to confront the fact that I can give myself the best orgasms. I know exactly how to do it, know exactly where. But knowing that became a crisis. What about men? Would it be the end of my socializing? There are fears attached to saying to yourself: *My strongest, most consistent, biggest orgasms come from masturbation*. Now, I can have outstanding orgasms with partners, but over a long period of time, I am my best lover. I really think you have to be able to love yourself before you are able to make love with anyone else. That has got to be true for men, too. There is such a burden of anxiety on much of heterosexual lovemaking that I think men and women should masturbate together for a couple of years, and watch each other and learn.

FRIDAY: People have to get over the idea that masturbation is something you do because you're not satisfied by sex with someone else. Masturbation itself increases your sexual potential the same way fantasies do.

POTTER: Another way to look at it is: asking someone else to explore your body when you won't is a very unequal demand.

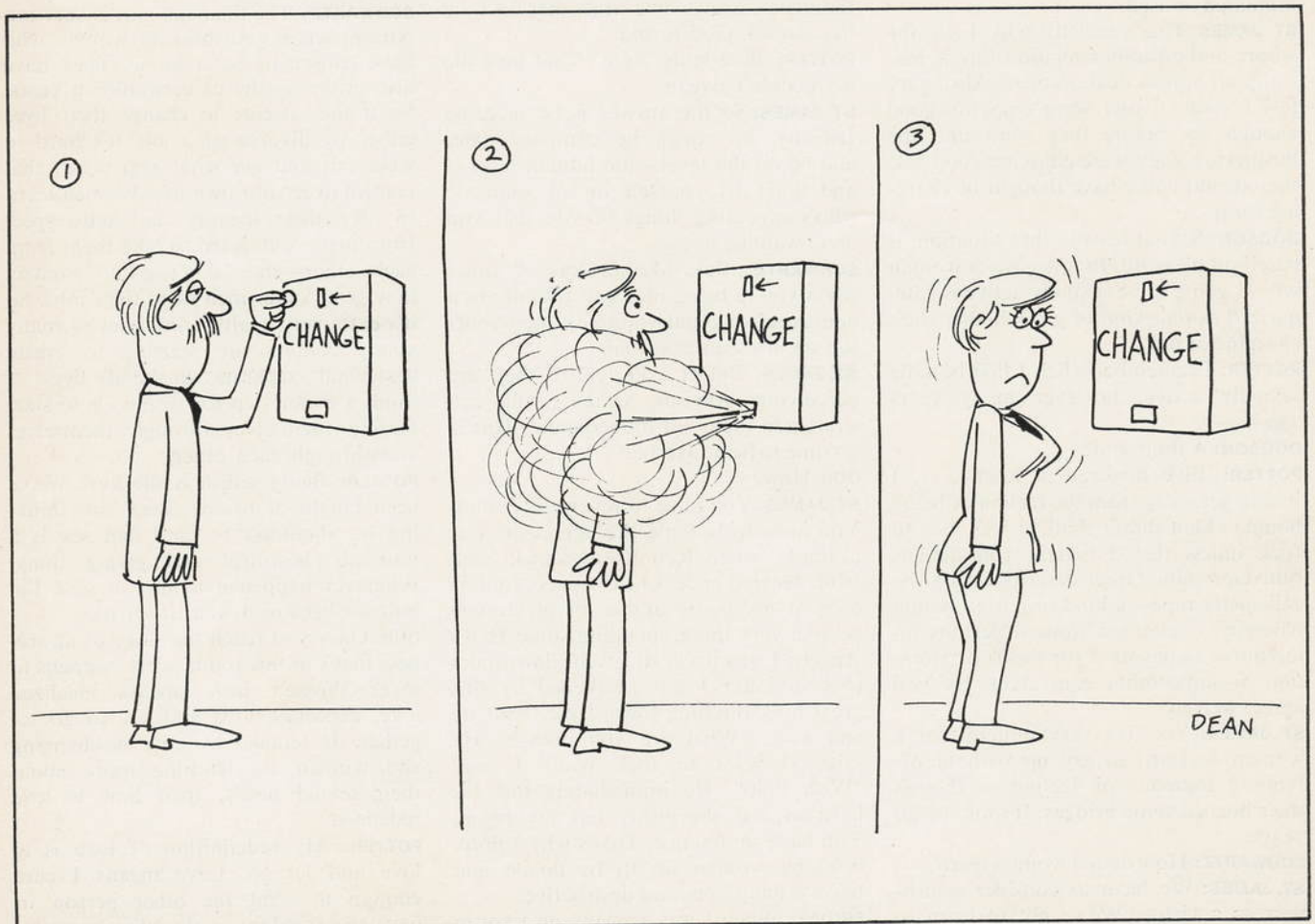
SCHWARTZ: Well, I'd like to register a slightly different opinion. I agree that masturbation is a good way to know yourself, but I hope that people who masturbate will also have sexual experiences with other people. A long masturbatory history creates sexual patterns that are hard to break when you're ready to have sex with a partner. It would be fine if all sexual behavior enhanced sexual potential, but as it's practiced now, it doesn't.

OUI: Does prostitution make negative statements abut women? About men? Should it be decriminalized?

ST. JAMES: The stigma of prostitution is on the woman's sexuality. The men get away clean. The bad thing is that it makes these same men hypocritical in that they allow their servants to enforce these ridiculous laws.

POTTER: I think, in the sense of service, as an answer to human needs, that the hooker and trick are really no different than any other contract.

SCHWARTZ: It bothers me. I know that hookers play games on tricks and that they feel in control, but it disturbs me that women would please those men in



any way. I also don't like the whole corrupt part of prostitution, because it isn't legal—the payoffs, the blackmail, the brutality. I would like prostitution to be legalized so that hookers would have the protections that other citizens have.

POTTER: Pepper, what I hear you saying is that you don't like men who use women and pay them, and I see that as the same as women who use their sex to get married.

DODSON: Right, Jessie. Even though I thought when I got married that I was in love and we were going to build a beautiful life together, I really knew I was going to be taken care of—that someone was going to pick up the tab. I was just making a long-term deal with a john. I had lots of girlfriends who traded a $7.50 meal for going to bed with a guy. I also had friends who liked to receive gifts for sex. That's just another form of prostitution. So I think if you're going to do business you ought to be up-front.

SCHWARTZ: It's a pretty unequal exchange. I'm not saying $7.50 dinners and house money sum up most relationships, but when it does, it's not much of a deal. People should come together as equals. They both should understand what's going on so that no one gets manipulated or used.

ST. JAMES: That's exactly why I see the whore-and-customer relationship as basically an honest deal, Pepper. Also, very few hookers I met were enjoying good enough sex before they went into the business; if they were enjoying good sex, they would never have thought of charging for it.

DODSON: Sex, at least in that situation, is based on pleasure. In any case, a woman who is going to be sexually active is categorized as *that kind* of girl whether she's charging or not.

POTTER: I remember when I first became sexually active, however many years ago——

DODSON: A thousand?

POTTER: Five hundred at least. . . . I had to get away from the feeling of being bought. Men didn't think it was nice to fuck unless they'd bought you dinner.

OUI: Germaine Greer describes what she calls petty rape—a kind of barter system whereby a reluctant woman permits intercourse as payment for meals or attention or some other equivalent. Do you agree, Margo?

ST. JAMES: Yes. It's very difficult for a woman to learn to say no without offending someone or feeling as though she's burned some bridges. It took me 30 years.

SCHWARTZ: How does a woman learn?

ST. JAMES: We have to consider selfishness as a virtue. We've got to learn to accept responsibility for ourselves—and that means work is fine, school is fine, being a prostitute is fine as long as we get to choose for ourselves. I got arrested for prostitution because I didn't know how to say no. A guy came to my house, saying he heard he could get laid, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I had no idea who told him to come over and solicit me. I was 25, and not being able to say no got me arrested and officially labeled a prostitute. Well, I learned. I say no nicely and no one is offended. I don't let myself get into situations where things have gone too far to say no.

FRIDAY: God, it's strange. We were brought up to say no.

ST. JAMES: But each of us made subtle promises.

FRIDAY: Also, men are brought up to think that a female's "no" means "yes."

ST. JAMES: That's why so many people believe that women who are raped want to be raped.

POTTER: One thing that hasn't changed over the years is the power of the term *cock teaser*. Both men and women think this behavior leads to sex, that women have to deliver once they are accused of cock-teasing.

SCHWARTZ: We also have this sense of the male's irreversible urge, that once he has started, God forbid.

POTTER: Blue balls, right? That he'd die if you didn't give in.

ST. JAMES: So the answer is be nice, be friendly, be equal, be compassionate, and be on the level—the human level—and don't let yourself in for someone who's expecting things of you that you don't want to give.

SCHWARTZ: But, Margo, lots of times when you're being nice and friendly in a nonsexual way and you're opening yourself up, it's seen as sexual.

ST. JAMES: But if you realize they are perceiving you as sexual, you can straighten them out immediately. This is no time to be nonverbal!

OUI: How?

ST. JAMES: You have to reverse the roles. You have to become the aggressor. For example, when Ken Kesey snuck back from Mexico once, I held a press conference at my house and a lot of strange people were there, incuding some Hell's Angels. I was tired, so I went downstairs to bed. Later I was awakened by this great hulk lurching toward me. I sat up and said, "What are you doing?" He said, "I want to fuck you!" I said, "With that?" He immediately lost his hard-on and sheepishly left my room. You have to practice. That's why I think bringing women up to be docile and naive is dangerous and destructive.

FRIDAY: When I was growing up I got in with a sexually fast crowd, and I think I must have been a perfect target. They just spotted me out of my league. So the men would put me on and I would get flustered. One night at one of these parties, I was talking with a girl when one of these characters came up to me and started in. She just turned to him and said, "Oh, fuck off." How I wish I could say that to someone who bothered me.

POTTER: I always have the feeling that part of how we raise little girls the wrong way is to teach them that it's not nice for them to see themselves as young women with the tremendous power to be in control.

ST. JAMES: I found that if you allowed women that power men would call them whores. When I got into whoring, all of a sudden I was free from the double standard. I was expected to know all kinds of things and participate in all kinds of things. And if a whore says no, no one thinks she means yes. I found, too, that I was financially independent. All of that was pretty powerful.

DODSON: I was financially independent before I was sexually independent, but it seems those are the two real problems to solve.

SCHWARTZ: The financial part is very important when you think of women who have chosen to be at home. They have also given up the career-building years. So if they decide to change their lives either by divorce or a job, it's hard to walk out and get what you want, that control over your own life. Women learn to take their identity and self-respect from men. Men learn to take them from each other—they don't go to women, they go to other men or to their jobs. So it's extremely healthy now that so many young couples are starting to create somewhat separate financial lives. I think a major step for women is to start finding themselves through themselves and through each other.

POTTER: Being selfish is the key. We've been taught or brainwashed into thinking we shouldn't be, and that sex is a mutually beautiful and giving thing. Whatever happened to lust in sex? I'm into sex because I want it for me.

OUI: Once you reach the stage of awareness that's in this room, what happens to love? Women have always idealized love, expecting love and sex to go together. If female sexuality is changing and women are learning more about their sexual needs, then how is love redefined?

POTTER: My redefinition of love is to love and let go. Love means I care enough to want the other person to have the freedom to do what he wants

to do, just as I demand the same freedom.

DODSON: For me there are different degrees of love, and I don't even like to use the word anymore. I try to use the word *loving*. It's a verb, an action, and it's how you relate.

SCHWARTZ: Women have got an idea that if you put all your energy into one person, then it's love. It might be suffocation. You can love people in different ways. Some people you love lustfully, some people you want in one section of your life and not in others. You have levels of love, levels of relationships. It's not limiting to gain your identity and experience from a hundred different sources.

DODSON: All the different kinds of loving come from feeling good about people. But it is also important that there are going to be periods for me when I don't feel loving at all, when I want to be alone, when I need space and time for myself. Loving should be flexible.

OUI: What are the qualities you've liked best in the men you've liked best?

ST. JAMES: Gentleness and humor.

SCHWARTZ: Somebody who gets off on me, who feels confirmed when I do something well.

FRIDAY: I agree. I have that kind of husband.

POTTER: I've always liked powerful men. I don't mean in the sense of chauvinist power, but men who have the same control over their destiny that I have over mine. I want an interesting man who can take care of himself. And I don't want a poor man, either.

DODSON: It's weird thinking in terms of what you want in a man. What we should be talking about is what we want in people—men, women, ourselves.

SCHWARTZ: But it's interesting that a lot of women will sacrifice what they want in people to get a man.

DODSON: I would love to see other ways of living so that we wouldn't be coupled off.

FRIDAY: But it's a normal drive to couple, Betty.

DODSON: It's true that we have a history of it, but I want to be out of a pair bond now. I've always been half of a couple—it's not like you're a whole person. So what I'm doing now is asking myself what kind of a group I want to spend my time with.

FRIDAY: I want to be a couple with Bill. That's exactly why I'm married. I am indeed the other half and I am also myself.

DODSON: Well, I'd rather be one of a threesome or one of a fivesome, and when people thought of me they'd think of my two other friends or my four other friends.

POTTER: I wouldn't want to be one of anything.

SCHWARTZ: You have to be strong to be anything other than part of a couple in this society. When a friend of mine got married she was shocked that she was meeting everyone in pairs. She was supposed to like the woman because her husband liked the man. And she wondered what kind of friendship patterns were going to emerge from all of this.

ST. JAMES: That's why I prefer a public life. I don't have to give up any of my friends, and I don't let them give up anybody, either.

DODSON: I came to the conclusion that when you do pair off, it's the woman who gives up her old life, her friends. I found myself right back in a couple after I got divorced. Then I realized how bad all this pairing off was, watching myself move from pair to pair.

FRIDAY: How old were you when you got married?

DODSON: I was 29. That's the last filling station before you cross the desert.

SCHWARTZ: If it's any consolation, the 1970 census indicates that women are getting married later and that many more people are not getting married at all. It isn't a sweep, but it's a trend.

DODSON: The only way we're going to redesign the society is to break away from marriage, move beyond it, and think of another way.

SCHWARTZ: I don't think we're going to get rid of diads. The only thing we can do is try to expand the pair, make people more independent, allow for other relationships that don't break up the pair. For many people the assurance of love and security is only within the pair. Intimate relationships with more than one person seem to have a lot of instability in them.

DODSON: That's only because we don't yet have road maps for them. During the time I spent in San Francisco last summer, five of us lived together and shared everything, including sex. The problems we confronted were monumental, but they were exciting. And that's at least a step.

OUI: One last question. Are round-table discussions like this useful or are they just bullshit?

FRIDAY: Of course, some people will read this and say, "What a great jerk-off that group was having."

POTTER: I have a positive view of this. I see us as a force for reassuring other women, giving support and information.

SCHWARTZ: I think it's exciting for women to hear about other women who are doing things. I also think it's important for men to see that women who are doing it a different way still retain their dignity and intelligence and their zest for life. . . .

ST. JAMES: And their sexiness.

SCHWARTZ: Yes, that, too. I hope men will see in this how important our options are to us. I also hope they'll see that the world we envision for ourselves has lots of room for them. ▣

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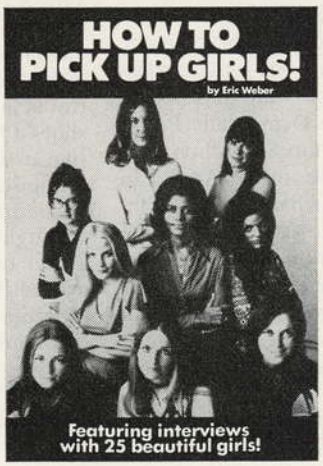

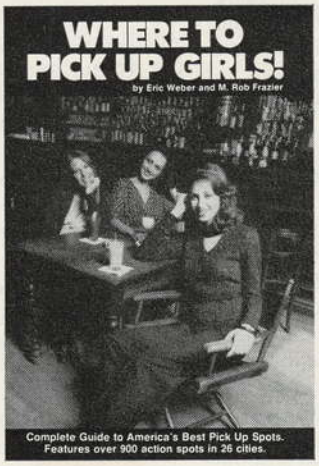
WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!
by Eric Weber and M. Rob Frazier
Complete Guide to America's Best Pick Up Spots. Features over 900 action spots in 26 cities.

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Here, in one complete kit, is everything you need to know about picking up girls. One volume tells you how to pick up girls. The other volume tells you where. Together they form an unbeatable combination. In fact, we guarantee you will pick up and date at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving your kit. If you don't, feel free to return your kit for a complete refund.

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Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

THE MUSTACHE GANG *The other American League owners mocked Finley for introducing multicolored uniforms. "They said I made the club look like a softball team for a gay bar," he reminisces.*

(Continued from page 91) got from the whole game. Somebody treats you like a kid now, you buy his heart and step on it.

The devotion with which a player approaches the sport varies according to his proximity to a pennant share, and that very special electricity of victory comes now not with the shot into the seats or the final out but when you sign next year's contract. When the A's celebrated their 1972 series triumph by pouring champagne over one another's heads, their giddy delight was augmented by the two grand each they were getting to pose for a Wet Heads/Dry Look commercial, similar to the $300 they each received to grow their famous mustaches for a PR gimmick earlier that season.

"It's not by the players' choice," says right-fielder Reggie Jackson. "The owners put the emphasis on money." Jackson is the player representative for the A's, and while he reels off the kind of quotes that give sportswriters erections—"I won't kiss Finley's ass to play here; he's fucked this club so often we don't even feel it anymore"—he is also called the game's next all-time great by many persons who are paid to know these things.

Jackson looks directly into your eyes; he is independently fat behind Arizona real estate. He is also a college graduate. He enjoys the uncommonly blunt candor and intelligence he brings to the role of ballplayer. He puts his hand on your shoulder. He has the smoothest con in town, but if you don't instinctively like him it means you have no pulse.

"Bob, man, the owners have made bread the *biggest* part of the game. They've changed baseball into a business. Hell, that's Finley's formula for victory, using salary as incentive, to make us compete for money against each other. You say it's fucked and I'll agree, but the man's got two world series flags on his wall."

Not that Finley has any corner on this insidiousness. Baseball owners as a body are in the game for the dough, being as avaricious in that pursuit as anybody you could find outside of prison or government—by and large treating the players like livestock in the process. Finley is unique in this context only for his glaring capacity for excess and tactlessness. "All owners are shit," says one front-line player who'd rather not see his name here. "Finley's just *bad* shit." As far as that's concerned, "baseball players are fucked."

•

At age 56, Charles Oscar Finley could get the part of Ebenezer Scrooge in any casting office in Hollywood. The resemblance befits a man known as a vindictive and paternalistic skinflint of threadbare sentimentality, baseball genius, and bone-hard resolve. Finley owns the A's right down to their chromosomes. He is the Rasputin of the game, which its players know as O.B.—for organized baseball.

Charlie O. was an anonymous hard charger in the insurance game until tuberculosis belted him into bed for two years. He used the time to devise a health-care plan for physicians, which did for him what thirst did for Gussie Busch. This piece of cleverness has brought Finley some $50 million.

In 1960, after the fashion of many wealthy sports fanatics who never made the team, he *bought* one—the artless Kansas City Athletics, who were losing more money than the Democratic Party. This depressant cost him $4 million, and he had to outlast the other American League owners—who had generally inherited their clubs and, knowing trouble when they saw it, had outflanked him on three previous attempts. Finley has never forgotten these or any other slights, real or imagined, and for them the league knows well his vengeful and indiscreet wrath.

So does Kansas City, Missouri, where Finley fought tirelessly with the city fathers over policy, threatened to play in cowshit, put a zoo behind the outfield fence, embellished the game with clowns and dancing bears, and tried to move his team to Louisville behind the other owners' backs. Having outraged and alienated everyone in the city and the league, in 1968 he took his franchise to Oakland. Joe McGuff, sports editor of the *Kansas City Star*, called Oakland the luckiest city since Hiroshima.

Finley would lead O.B. from a 12-year attendance slump back into a popularity resurgence over football. He has, in fact, browbeaten the game into more authentic experimentation than any owner since Connie Mack. With O.B.'s military preference for ponderousness over change, the other American League owners mocked and rebuked him for introducing multicolored uniforms and shoes ("They said I made the club look like a softball team for a gay bar," he reminisces) and grew apoplectic over his indifference to his team's grooming (though an A's announcer once quit rather than obey Finley's direct order to call early Yankee longhair Joe Pepitone "Josephine" during a broadcast). Yet color and hair have become American League trends. Finley helped badger baseball into starting the world series on weekends and playing weekday series and all-star games at night, declaring conspicuously that these games should be accessible to the average working fan who picks up the game's tab all season long.

He hotly promoted the designated-hitter rule, which has fluffed up American League batting statistics somewhat, and zealously lobbies for three-ball walks and the unlimited use of pinch runners. He deliberately allows his players unheard-of freedoms of speech and behavior, encourages the bogeyman of controversy, gives tradition the finger, and has put more synthetic zip into the game than dextroamphetamine sulfate has.

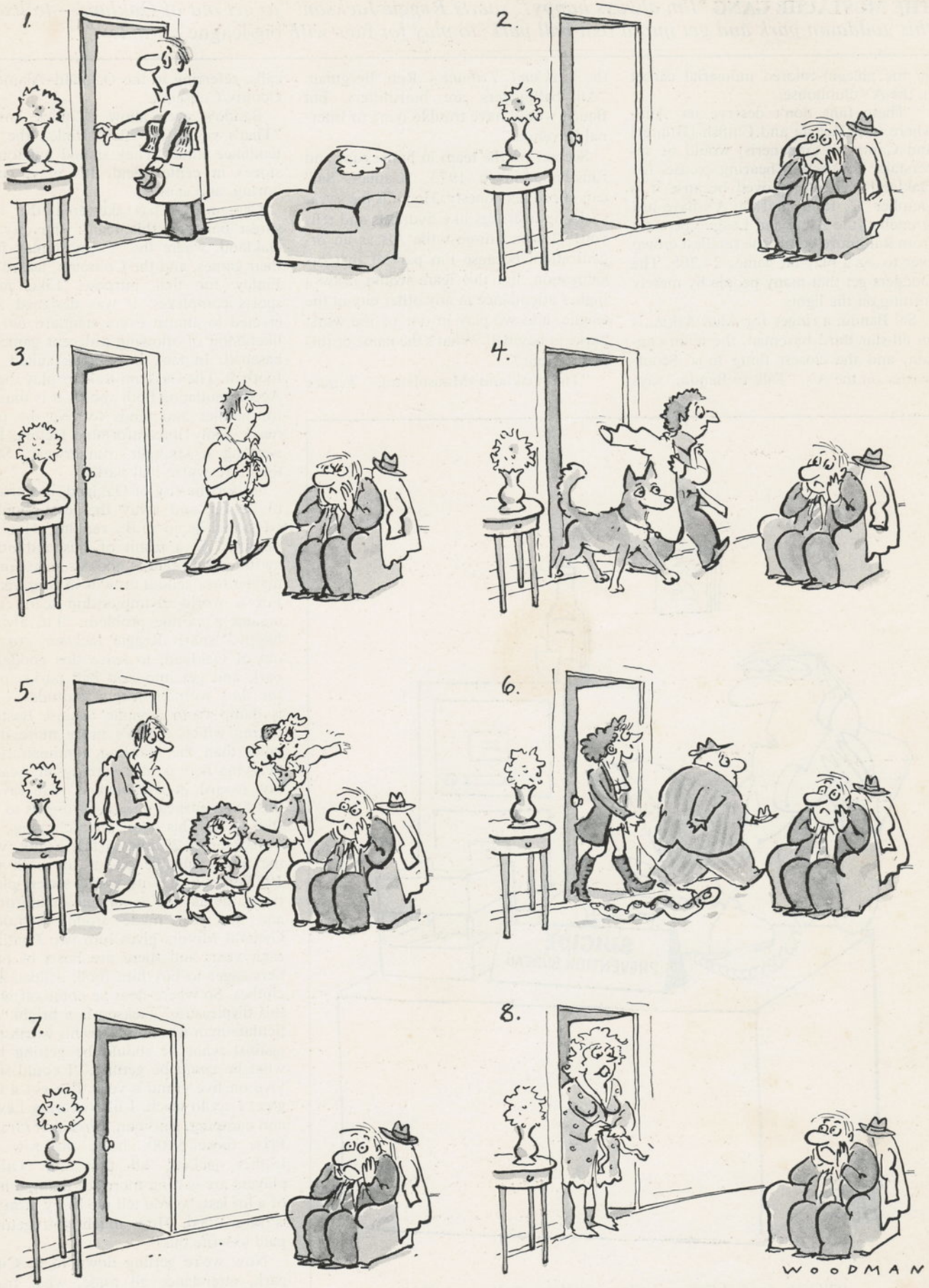
In the process, he has produced the near-collapse of a world championship ball club, detracted from the authentic pleasures of the game, and constructed one of the most cynical—if professional—collections of athletes alive.

•

Gene Tenace and Sal Bando are built like stoves—Italian coal miners. The only thing actually standing between them and black lung is this game and their peculiar skill at making a ball go over fences when hit with a stick. First baseman Tenace tied a pair of records and became the most valuable player in the 1972 series. Being approximately at his peak, he is normally loud, ebullient, and cocky. But after the 1973 play-offs he threw his uniform into his stall and spat

Inner limits

Network TV recorded its finest moment of 1974 shortly after 1974 began. It occurred on NBC's *Tomorrow* show of January second, during an interview with a very strait-laced, middle-aged, postoperative transexual nurse's aide named Roberta. When the discussion turned, naturally enough, to her new sex life and latest boyfriend, host Tom Snyder brilliantly/foolishly inquired of the portentously prim guest, "How far did he get with you?" Quipped Roberta: "He got his hands in my pants, but that's *all* he got." No point watching TV again until 1975.



"Before you say anything, dear, I just want you to know it was purely physical."

THE MUSTACHE GANG *"I'm always happy," snarls Reggie Jackson, "to get out of Oakland—to leave this goddamn park and get into a* real *ball park, to play for* fans *with* big-league *attitudes."*

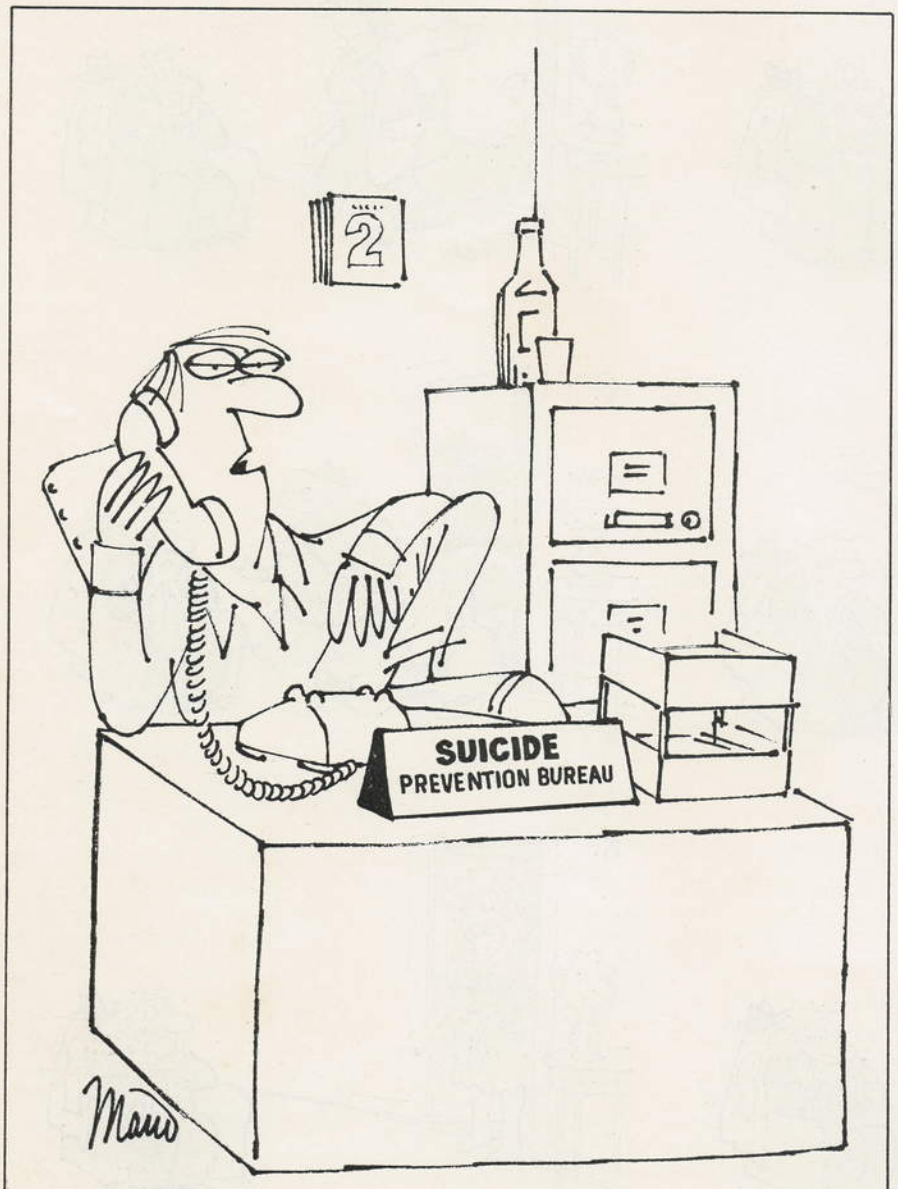
on the phlegm-colored industrial carpet in the A's clubhouse.

"These fans don't deserve us. Anywhere else, Reggie and Catfish [Hunter] and Campy [Campaneris] would be superstars. I'm tired of hearing excuses for Oakland." He is annoyed because it is October 12, 1973, and the A's have just wrenched the American League pennant from Baltimore before the smallest crowd ever to see a play-off game: 24,265. The Dodgers get that many people by merely turning on the lights.

Sal Bando, a ringer for Alan Arkin, is an all-star third baseman, the team captain, and the closest thing to a Scoutmaster on the A's. "Talk to Bando," says the *Oakland Tribune*'s Ron Bergman. "All ballplayers are bullshitters, but Bando would have trouble lying to Internal Revenue."

Second on the team in home runs and runs-batted-in in 1973, "Captain Sal" can afford his honesty. He pulls his sweat socks up over legs like hydrants and tells you: "I won't discuss the A's as an organization, because I'm part of that organization, but this team would draw a higher attendance in any other city in the league, and we play in one of the worst parks in baseball. What's the name of this place, Gene?"

"The Oakland Mausoleum," Tenace calls, referring to the Oakland–Alameda County Coliseum.



"Thanks for holding . . . hello . . . hello . . . hello . . . hello."

Bando's eyes allow a quick smile. "That's right. The field stinks, the attendance stinks. They should put tombstones in center field. It's gray, cold, boring, and slow."

Captain Sal has skewered the two sorest boils on this team: the city of Oakland, where the A's must play half their games, and the Coliseum, leased by Finley for that purpose. Like most sports complexes, it was designed and erected to almost every standard *but* its likelihood of allowing a decent game of baseball. In fact, it is better suited for football. The Oakland Raiders play there. Accommodating both sports, it is thus fit for neither and tends to give the true fan a dimly uncomfortable feeling, like wearing a stranger's underwear. Still, there are worse ball parks.

As for the city of Oakland, its curse is to be far and away the least-populated franchise in O.B., ranking 41st nationally. As a result of this and other awful circumstances, the A's have drawn maybe four sellout crowds in four years. For a world championship team, this creates a morale problem. "I'm always happy," snarls Reggie Jackson, "to get out of Oakland, to leave this goddamn park and get into *real* ball parks, play for *fans* with *big-league* attitudes." He is damp from a game against Boston, during which the A's made more mistakes than the Harding administration. "Playing here is like winning an Academy Award in a *cemetery*!" He savors this finely turned phrase, then goes to his stall to read his latest press clipping.

Jackson is 27 and in fine health, was the most valuable player for both the 1973 season and its world series, plays the game as well as anyone in uniform, and last year made around $75,000. General Motors gives him two Pontiacs each year, and there are hosts of hustlers eager to buy him food, drinks, and clothes. So where does he come off with this displeasure? Jackson is a bright, articulate man who measures his worth not against what he should be getting but what he *could* be getting. "I could survive on five grand a year. I've got a degree, I could teach. I like wearing Levi's and camping. But man, I *like* that Grand Prix, those $100 shoes, the row of leather jackets, all that shit. Other players are getting more for doing a hell of a lot less, so you tell me if my attitude is unjustified. How much you getting paid to write this?"

Now we're getting down to it. City, park, attendance all aside, what truly sends wrath snaking hotly through every A are the twin vexations that he is not making enough money, which is how

ballplayers measure their athletic prowess, and that he is not a star, which is the greatest joy a ballplayer can know with his pants on. Ballplayers need and love the masses. They are heroes. Heroin is dishwater next to adulation. And if O.B. is not heroism anymore, it manages to pass. Perhaps the most maddening thing about Finley is that he *withholds* star status by refusing to hype individual stars and by destroying the accouterments of stardom. You can't dream without a bubble pipe.

In the clubhouse before one of the last regular-season games, Dick Green sits reading a letter at his stall, which is decorated with publicity photos of half a dozen other A's—"Players who eat it after somebody else has fucked it," I am told by a pitcher. Green, as class an act on second base as God has conceived, comes out of the letter with a chatty smile. He is the Cheshire cat. "Oh, sure, we've easily got the lousiest flying and road conditions in the league. We fly commercial, we have to wait in the airports, in lines; we have to meet commercial schedules and put up with crowded planes. It's Mr. Finley's economy program. I guess that's what makes him such a brilliant businessman." Above his sincere grin, Dick Green's eyes are moons of sarcasm.

In 1973, A's attendance for the first time topped one million. Finley was so touched that he jammed his personal entourage onto the same play-off plane with the players, the result being that several players' wives and the injured Bill North were bumped and had to stay home.

Now Bill North sits a few feet away, pulling emerald stockings onto a pair of legs that stole 53 bases in 1973 and put several rival catchers on Maalox. Compact and muttonchopped, with his shirt off he is a black Jack LaLanne ad. "Just gimme my money on the first and 15th," he volunteers. "To me it's just a property hassle that I belong to these people nine months of the year. I see baseball as a restriction of my freedom. Sometimes it's a game and then it's fun, but money's the name of it. I got screwed with the Cubs and I expect to get screwed again. It's the nature of the game."

The A's certainly don't want for superstar material. Jackson owns more all-around potential than several entire teams; Bando is worse news for the other teams' pitching than arthritis; Catfish Hunter is baseball's only active perfect-game pitcher and its most consistent winner; Joe Rudi, Tenace, Fosse, Campaneris, and Blue are as familiar in all-star games as the NBC logo; and Bill North can beat you more ways than Las Vegas.

Such owners as Minnesota's Cal Griffith and Houston's Judge Roy Hofheinz would waltz on their mothers' graves for the gate-boosting wham of this meat, but

"There's a word my bloomin' boyfriend never even 'eard of!"

it is Finley's bent that since *he* created the team—and not the reverse—the laurels therefrom should be his. Accordingly, he has deftly and shamelessly intruded himself onto media ground zero whenever his team has become newsworthy, from his 1970 prohibition of pregame interviews with the red-hot Jackson to his paralyzing presence at the last two world series.

"He's a junkie for the spotlight," says one local sportswriter. "When they cheered him at the stadium during the 1972 series, he had an ejaculation that made the Richter scale." During the rancorous 1973 world series, Sal Bando sat and talked with soft bewilderment. "Our concentration has been destroyed by all this fighting and players ripping the owner. I don't know if he's attracted to the spotlight, but he sure gets in it."

It is a baseball announcer's obligation to occasionally speak well of the team owner. When one writer suggested during a play-off flight that the A's announcers perform this task with a superhuman dedication, Finley so disagreed that he made to have the man ejected from the plane, which was not on the ground at the time.

When Finley's hold on the limelight is threatened, he can react with swift and devastating strokes, as several A's have learned by presuming to wear the star. Jackson, for instance, with an unprecedented home-run binge in 1970. And Blue, whose pitching in 1971 made him the youngest ballplayer ever to win the MVP or the Cy Young award, and only the second man to win both. Such performances are worth their weight in Peruvian flake to Finley, who clears around $1.3 million a year from the team. But when the performers appear at contract time for their share of the windfall, they are quickly broken, spiritually and emotionally, down to the role of hired help. In his hand, negotiation is better than a gun. It has generally taken players who have gone into the cage against Finley from one to four years to return to form, and few of them emerge from the experience with their enthusiasm intact.

"I know him," Jackson says thoughtfully. "Vida Blue knows him. Catfish

Hunter knows him. I'll never be completely happy here. I don't talk to Finley." Vida is glad that somebody finally asked if the star gig is worth it. "I just wanna sneak on through so that when the dust settles, Vida's on top. If you don't trust nobody, you won't get hurt."

•

All ballplayers treat the game as a business, partly in self-defense. With ecstasy or anguish riding on every game, reinforced by thousands of manic voyeurs, they would be ward cases in a month if they hung their emotions on the line. But Finley seems to drain even the reflexive, spontaneous whoopee from the game.

Outfielder Billy Conigliaro is a reserve man who doesn't expect to be around much longer and so speaks with as much objectivity as lives in a uniform. "Finley won't spend money to improve the stadium or the field, and he cuts expenses that might help the attendance. There's no publicity department here. He closes up shop the minute the season ends; there's no community relations at all. No autograph sessions, no clinics for Little League teams, a bunch of amateurs in the front office, even a $50 fine for throwing a ball to kids in the stands. No wonder Oakland's a football town."

Finley is renowned as a monumental tightwad whose players probably would earn more anywhere else. Amid much late-season talk of trades involving pitchers Darold Knowles and Ken Holtzman, Reggie Jackson drank a beer and laughed. "This trade-report shit doesn't bother the nucleus of the A's. They're used to it—they know Finley. I don't hassle this *or* the small plane seats, bad flight schedules, and crappy hotel rooms. That's just minor shit. You know why we're so famous for winning in conflict situations that would destroy other teams? Because the only way we can react, respond to this, is by winning and making that man pay us more of his money."

Skill and popularity are virtually the only weapons a ballplayer can bring to bear against ownership, which, for its part, wields the ultimate clout of a cunning immunity from the Constitution enjoyed only by O.B. It is called the Reserve Clause. This ingenious variation on slavery binds a ballplayer totally and in perpetuity to his contract's owner. Unless he is a ten-year veteran with five years on one team, he can arbitrarily and without notice be sent to any city with a major league franchise or be demoted to the minors. If he dislikes these or any other plans his owner may have for him, he has one option: he can quit the game.

Quitting baseball, however, is not like bailing out of aluminum siding. In no other professions but ballet, sports, and monarchy do you begin apprenticing for your gig at the age of eight. Even O.B.'s rawest rookies have been at this discipline a good ten years. By age 27 it's literally become their life's work. Where are they going to go from second base?

Players *can* appeal management behavior to commissioner of baseball Bowie Kuhn. Mr. Kuhn's previous job was owners' representative. When the players sent him a proposal to raise their minimum wage to ten grand per season, commissioner Kuhn took 27 weeks to answer. Boiled down, his answer was "What?"

As with all businesses, job security is management's leverage. And as with all businesses, management gives the orders and labor follows them. If you happen to work for Finley, be you accountant, flack, or knuckleballer, you are a common laborer—unskilled, at that. Finley's Presbyterian features crinkle under eyebrows you could remove paint with. This is his wry smile. "My players are athletes, not businessmen. I don't tell them how to hit a ball. They shouldn't tell me how to run my club." Ballplayers, creatures of fragile but Homeric self-image, cannot abide such demeaning.

Finley regards the A's ultimately not as a team of men but a self-monument. "The club's an expression of the man," Jackson insists. "It's his personality and character that make this club flamboyant, colorful, and dominant." The A's are Finley's personal triumph over apathy, inertia, indifference, and adversity. But only on paper. Whatever his goals, the man's methods make better theater than baseball.

In 1960, Finley declared that bonuses should be abolished, and then paid some of the game's highest to build the A's. He has suffered his players to ride a mule train into the park; has fired two ballplayers in midseason; has fired, rehired, and refired a manager in the space of two hours; and once he canceled "fan appreciation" day in a pique over poor attendance.

Still, his approach to the game has been unrelenting and sometimes inspired. He is the only owner since Connie Mack to act as his team's general manager, chief scout, and press secretary. He is the most uncanny horse trader in recent baseball history. When he swapped team HR and RBI leader Mike Epstein and monstro catcher Dave Duncan for "weakies" Ray Fosse and Horacio Pina, people said Finley should not be allowed to sign things without a guardian. In 1973, Epstein didn't play and Duncan hit less than your hat size, while Fosse was bringing down base runners like a machine gun and the American League couldn't hit Pina with sustained rifle fire. The way Charlie got Bill North ranks somewhere between theft and Christmas.

Finley not only directs the team's affairs—which no other owner would or *could* attempt—he is in fact the only real manager of the club, directing even day-to-day policy. Much of Charlie Finley is expressed in the fact that Dick Williams, who managed the A's to both world championships, walked away from what should have been the sweetest job in baseball after the 1973 series. Dick Green is going home to his Northwest Van Lines franchise in North Dakota and cares not who hears him: "Williams is one of the few really talented managers in baseball. He never got a chance to manage on this club. I hope he goes to some team that'll let him."

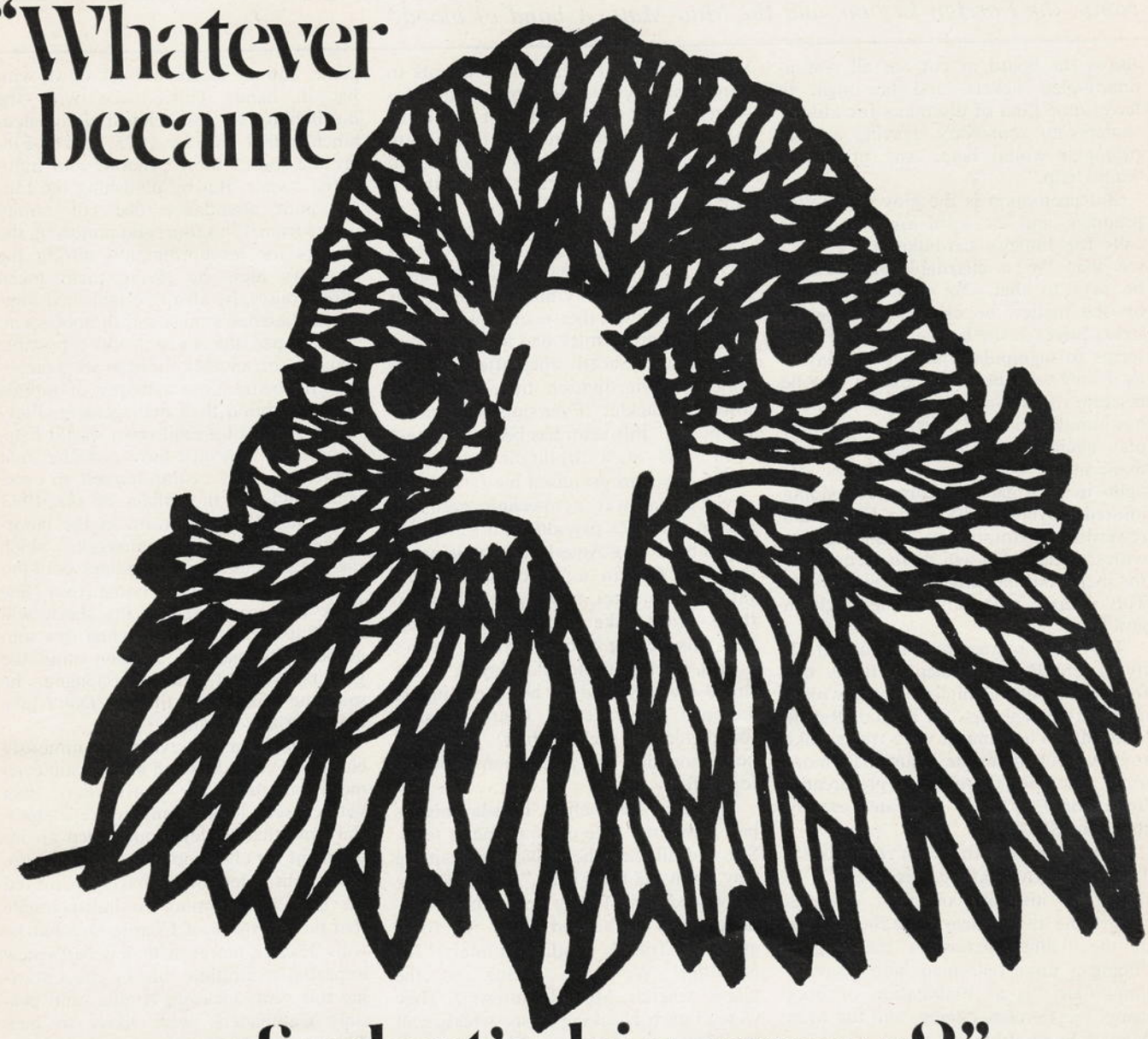
An A's manager is paid primarily to direct the blistering fire of the A's natural talent and, like every Finley employee, to tolerate the owner's endless eccentric instructions. "Most managers aren't worth a damn," says Charlie, who, having had 12 of them in as many years, should know. No detail is too minor for Finley, and no task so menial that he wouldn't rather fire its performer and do it himself. "I can turn a profit," he points out, "because I don't surround myself with nonessential employees."

An almost psychotic devotee of baseball, he spent a decade scouting, signing, buying, and trading for prime young talent. He paid copiously to develop it and then took it right down the barrel of the East Bay's awful emotional vacuum—known since vaudeville as a harder audience than the satanic council. Finley would bring that vacuum its first world championship, become its hero, and earn its immortalizing gratitude. Alas, he is plagued by his insurance man's brain.

Finley hustles his product with less fanfare than a pickpocket. The result is that while his attendance steadily grows, it is at a stubbornly glacial rate. He will spend ransoms buying the talent needed to make his business a success, but will not foot the bill for local newsmen on road trips, thus denying his team the greatest source of advertising known—the frothing exhortions of the sports page.

The A's Boosters sit down the left field line near the A's bull pen. Elaine, who misses about as many home games as the trainer, gives it to you straight: "I have to admire Finley. What other owner manages his own club? But if he's going to build attendance, he shouldn't have raised ticket prices half a buck

"Whatever became



# of what's-his-name?"

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?...
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

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across the board or cut out all season-family-plan tickets, and he ought to have some kind of discounts for kids or students or *somebody*. Having a local promoter would help. Any promotion would help."

But promotion is the ploy of inferior products, and the word *discount* brings calls for Finley's cardiologist. "I don't see that I'm a charitable institution," he says to that. To dispel all doubt on the matter, he charges the highest ticket prices in the league. And if Finley seems to manipulate human ballplayers as if they were baseball cards, it may be because the distinction escapes him. He has humiliated these athletes, made them play against medical advice, and fired them in fits of annoyance. Yet he delights in such gaudy gestures as sending injured players to the Mayo Clinic and rewarding extraordinary achievements with Cadillacs. He will do *to* them or do *for* them, but has little to do *with* them. This attitude especially rankles Jackson and Blue.

They take solace from the universality of Charlie's prejudice. "I'll say this for him," Billy Conigliaro says, with a short-termer's shrug. "In Boston, Reggie Smith and Yastrzemski were treated like royalty, but here the team has more unity because there's no preferential treatment. Everybody is treated exactly the same. Shitty."

"The only color that man recognizes," Jackson enjoys saying, "is green." In fact, the intensity of their feelings toward the owner have made the A's one of the tightest teams in the league. "Being a three-year man here," says a long-timer, "is a combination of boot camp, the Foreign Legion, and the Mau Mau. A bond of blood."

Indeed. In 1967 the players united to file for a hearing before then-commissioner William Eckert. What they wanted was simply to have Finley banished from O.B. Charlie's wrath at this insubordination was so vast that the A's had to appeal to the National Labor Relations Board for cover. And so it goes.

That the A's can vent their steam on Finley only at serious risk makes for some interesting ball; and, in fact, Finley seems to adore nothing more than to infuriate his team into tearing new assholes all through the division and then indulging himself in flashy reconciliations at world series time. This strategy is not the soundest ever devised, and the A's are often near critical mass. Going into the 1972 series, Blue Moon Odom bent a section of steel mesh in the clubhouse trying to get at Vida Blue; and on the plane back from Cincinnati, Epstein, Jackson, Finley, Duncan, and Williams were at each other's throats so hard that, says Bando, "our regular reporters didn't think a thing of it, but the writers from other cities were ready to jump off the plane. I guess we're used to things like that, but I can't believe that it helps the club."

It is a statistic to mull over that the A's played only passable ball during the 1973 season until early August, after which they did everything but shoot out the tires of the other teams' planes. On August eighth, Finley had a very serious heart attack. Shortly thereafter, the A's clinched their division title. Finley allowed a chuckle: "Ever since I got sick," he mused, "this team has been winning."

In spite of a debilitating convalescence, the man exercised his fancy with a vigor that was pyrotechnic even for him in the 1973 play-offs and series. He began by calling American League president Joe Cronin a "sanctimonious old fart" (to his face), and accelerated from there, firing Mike Andrews for two errors, disobeying two of Bowie Kuhn's orders, attempting to add players to the squad illegally, and all but precipitating an open player revolt. Getting sacked for missing a fucking ball? The clubhouse sounded like a testimonial dinner for Hitler.

Tenace: "Just before Tuesday night's ball game, my wife came to me in tears. She and all the other wives were sitting way up in the third deck." The A's were convinced that Finley took the wives' tickets and exchanged them for those given his friends. Catfish Hunter: "It's horseshit! We were asking on the plane, where's Mike [Andrews]? They weren't even checking to see whether all the players were aboard. They were too busy making sure Finley's friends and freeloaders were going to make the plane." Bando: "It's a very low-class thing to do." Jackson: "The players' attitude is near mutiny. I've never seen them more riled up over anything. I want to be traded!"

Finley's reaction to all of this was that the players were welcome to buy a ball club and run it as they chose. This one was *his*, and before things were over, his handling of it would move manager Williams to announce his departure, demoralize the A's almost into defeat, and lay psychological waste to three games of the October classic. It was as if Gillette were bringing you Pearl Harbor.

Since then, there have been developments. By threatening to take the anti-trust-law-wary O.B. establishment into Federal Court on the matter of a manager's traditional right to break his contract, Finley forced Williams to quit the game, and the league to back down with hat in hand. This, taken with the inevitability of his beloved designated-pinch-runner rule by 1975, makes Finley the sport's most dynamic and influential owner. But by punishing the fans for poor attendance (he cut family nights from 12 to four, and punishing the players for insubordination during the Andrews mess by giving them token $5000 raises, he also re-established himself as baseball's most selfish adolescent.

On paper, the A's look like a possible dynasty for another three to six years—the "if" being more a matter of morale and motivation than management. Playing in a rabid baseball town would help, and Finley may just have provided that miracle, too. By casting himself so overwhelmingly as the villain of the 1973 series, he placed his team in the labor-versus-management framework, which the grease culture of Oakland couldn't resist. The A's returned home from New York as heroes. Maybe the sheen will last. But even if it does, when this suggestion was made to Jackson amid the geysers of post-series champagne, he said one thing eight times: "*Don't* give that man any credit!"

And Jackson, the seventh unanimously elected MVP in baseball history and even more popular with sportswriters than with chasers, looks so much like a superstar now that Finley would need an indictment for child molesting to cool him. He laughs a lot today, having achieved the goal of becoming so indispensable that he can speak of Charlie O. what he will. There's more: with baseball's new impartial-arbitration rule in effect starting this year, Jackson, Hunter, and possibly Campaneris were likely to nick Charlie for six figures. (At this writing, contracts weren't completed.)

The big news, though, is the looming possibility that Finley will *sell* the A's to a local group—ostensibly on doctor's orders. (Another heart attack would likely kill him.) Local ownership might be Eden to the players and community, but the game would lose a ruthless innovator and the team wouldn't be the same without his tyrannical ingenuity. Also, the A's wear a world-championship price tag now.

Then again, there are rumors that Finley may intend to seek his dream anew, with an expansion club in New Orleans. And perhaps the league has developed sufficient taste for him to let him try. Predicting Kohoutek was easier than predicting Finley, but what you have just read is valid for some team, somewhere, as long as there is organized baseball and Charles O. Finley has a pulse. ■

"Don't lose your temper, dear. Gardeners are very hard to come by these days!"

THREE-STAR RESTAURANT *I didn't want to taste it, but was coerced into it when one of the people at the table told me to make believe I was eating pussy. It got me over the hump.*

(Continued from page 100) experimenter. I'm a conservative who likes Swiss and American cheese, and not the strong or runny cheeses. I really would feel more comfortable on a Sara Lee junket than on this one. I am being forced into pioneering. I tried my first clam. I'm being shamed into other departures from my conventional mode of living.

The first item on the menu was a duck-liver mousse that looked like raw liver or even a bit like dogshit. I didn't want to taste it, but was coerced into it when one of the people at the table told me to make believe I was eating pussy. That I could understand, and it got me over the hump. Tim said that just tasting the duck-liver mousse would satisfy his interest in that dish until well into the 1980s. Gael realized my limitations as a gourmet and tried to save my standing in the community by taking half my duck liver, so I wouldn't look like the flaming food weakling that I am.

A bone-crunching confrontation developed over the mousse. Jackie Lewis wouldn't touch it, and she lit a cigarette, apparently a no-no because it deadens your tasting apparatus. The press agent, Yanou, challenged Jackie to put out her cigarette and munch mousse. Jackie did. It seemed like the struggle when Kennedy and Khrushchev were eyeball to eyeball over the Cuban missile crisis. It made us all uncomfortable. I think in this case the press agent was right about the cigarettes—and wrong about forcing Jackie to eat something that she didn't want. But Yanou felt that the chef's feelings would be hurt.

The second item on the menu was bone marrow and some bread. I picked around the bread. Danny Kaye told us a story about the high cost of sour-dough bread. To get some starter dough, he had to fly from L. A. to San Francisco. One of the reasons he's on the trip, in addition to being the main focus for news, is that he's a Chinese-cuisine enthusiast. He went on to explain that when he got back to L. A. he made two loaves, and everything looked fine, except that his guests couldn't get their teeth into the bread when they started to eat it. To make his point, Kaye hit the table top with a loaf of bread and chipped the table. I told him that if I ever needed an end table I'd ask him to bake me some bread.

The main dish was salmon from the Loire River, and it was extraordinary. Without any pretense of being a gourmet, I still knew this was something I truly enjoyed. Like an ejaculation, this dish was extraordinarily pleasant. It didn't have to be the best or the number one, it just felt so nice.

The Inner Man

Dinner at Barrier's became a surrealistic and odd intermingling of my twilight world of sexuality with this *haute cuisine* world of soft lights and trendy fashions. Gael Greene has been taking copious notes. I'm curious to see how this particular evening will be reflected in her *New York* article.

At one o'clock in the morning we have reached dessert—a dish that is twirled around. All my sensitivities have been massaged by this great food, but I'm too full and tired even to jerk off. Being compulsive, I'm aware that I should be fucking somebody, but there are no massage studios and no willing partners. I think I'm going through the same process that an alcoholic does when he dries out.

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Day Three. Today is a slower day. We're going to be here until two P.M. and then fly to Cognac. I kept dreaming about fucking Susan, Jackie, Nora Ephron, Jane O'Reilly, and my wife Gena. I thought that maybe I should just whack off to calm down, but I'm too sleepy.

We are now having dinner at the Café de Paris in Biarritz. It's a two-star that is intent on getting three stars. According to Gael, in many cases the two-star restaurant is more apt to produce a good meal because it's so anxious to hit that new plateau, while sometimes the three-star restaurant just coasts on its past laurels.

I'm still a little down from the idea that with the flick of a wrist I can get any kind of superb food, but I can't get my rocks off. In both cases, food and sex, the drives are just as basic. Why we're so conditioned to believe that eating is acceptable while fucking has negative connotations I do not know. The dishes tonight are excellent, including the usual goose liver, *rouget en terrine, langoustine* wrapped in bacon, the local wines of the province, and raspberries in a cookie crust soaking in rose water. Pure pleasure.

The wine never ceases, the champagne never ceases, the food never ceases, the attention never ceases, and it all seems so excessive that I realize you can reach a saturation point with externals. The whole group seems to be getting crotchety. Maybe we all should plug into each other with a massive fuck-in? I walked back to the Hotel du Palais with Tim and we discussed women's lib. Tim's position is that women want to be equal, and of course mine is that women want to be dominated. Though I told him that I felt most of it was conditioning rather than genetics, he retorted that

my sexism is much like the racism of slave owners who argued that blacks wanted to be slaves. Our argument was never resolved, and we decided to accept our difference in opinion as a verification that we were each right. After that I called my wife Gena and told her how much I missed her and how faithful I am. I didn't tell her I'm trying not to be, but she knows me well enough to know that fidelity in my case is an admission of failure.

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Day Four. We had a fine lunch in a country restaurant, including tasty sausage in a pastry and a mousse-type dessert so thick it was more like a truffle. Jackie, Susan, and I went shopping and then had coffee at the Hotel Carlton in Cannes. I had visions of being in Miami Beach: money is all over the place, prices are high, and attire is garish. The women are just as ravishing as one would expect in a place where the money is. Money brings the commodities out: women and products. In many cases they're interchangeable.

We had a nice dinner at the Auberge du Moulins in Mougins, and that was the night I got drunk. I'm dictating this the morning after. I had a fine dinner that included spinach soup, and I had much too much wine to drink. I felt as if I had cotton in my eyes and was seeing out of my chest. After about the fifth glass I lapsed into a catatonic silence, when finally Danny Kaye said he wanted to tell me something. He pulled me to the side and said: "It's OK, Al, go to sleep now. Nobody will know." He seemed capable of human contact in spite of the razzmatazz aura that surrounds him as a show-business luminary.

On the private jet over, Danny Kaye had gone into the cockpit of the jet and done the usual pilot's announcement, this time saying that we were "now flying at an altitude of 12 feet . . . blah blah blah." It sure beats a ringside seat at Las Vegas.

Tim Ferris and I have been talking about how everybody has gotten acclimated to traveling via private jet, being greeted at the airport, not lifting a finger, not reaching for money. Now if we were told we had to carry our luggage 100 feet, we would all say, "Oh, my God, what do you think we are? We can't do that." It just shows that man's tolerance for comfort goes up. He starts taking it for granted, and any departures from it become unacceptable. So we see a group consensus, or a group depravity, which takes on a personality of its own. Five of us (we have to eliminate Danny Kaye—he's used to it, having had so much money and power for so long), the working journalists, have discovered a totally new consciousness.

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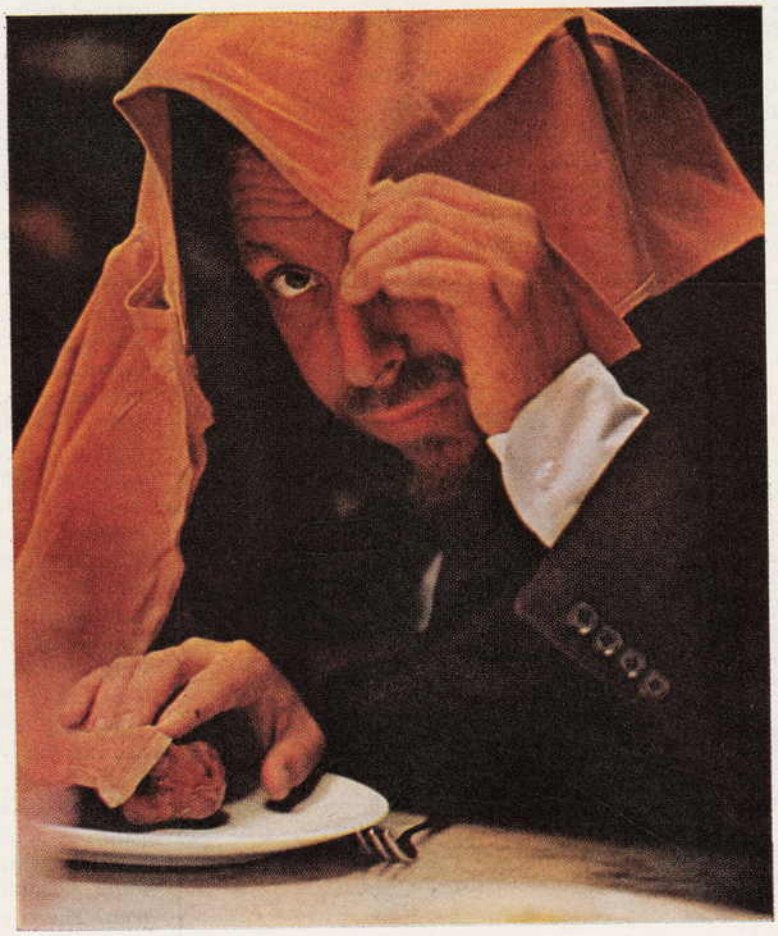
Day Five. In Cognac, groups A and B reunite, and we're curious to see if everybody is still talking. We're taking a tour of Hennessy's storage facilities. I just had a taste of a cognac that was much too strong, but the romance of its age eased the passage. The cognac from 1900 is better; the 1815 stuff burned my stomach painfully. The cellar at Hennessy is fascinating. Barrels are labeled 1877, 1903, and so on. You get the feeling you are looking at the stars, trying to relate to a solar system that's 10,000 light-years away. A marvelous connection between past and present.

The cognac taster, Maurice Fillioux, is explaining that a real winetaster does not swallow but spits out. However, if the cognac is more than 50 years old, it would be discourteous to waste it, so it's swallowed. Apparently, after the spitting, the actual tasting takes place. Many people who work at this company get contact highs from the vapors.

Susan and Jackie have been boasting that they have a great preventive for stomach upset. They have been taking Rolaids first thing each morning. The whole group now has been exposed to so much rich food that we get turned on by spaghetti and chemical white bread. These are foods we can at least understand.

One change in our bill of fare has taken place. Cognac is the proffered drink and champagne is receding in its shadow. There also has been a personnel change. Tim will be going to the other group. Apparently they need more virility in addition to Alex, who is a lovely man but can't function under the burden of all those feminists. Ferris will be one more male member. Tim asked for the change, since he hates Danny Kaye because of Kaye's incessant need for attention. To replace him they're bringing in Horace Sutton, who is with *Saturday Review World*.

The topic of conversation during all our meals is no longer food but sexual frustration. No one's getting laid. We're all frenzied. The end of the trip includes a Monte Carlo portion in which there is a possibility we will meet Princess Grace. But my horniness has me so shell-shocked that I've decided to curtail the trip Sunday night and head back to New York City for a press conference with the Ivory Snow girl, Marilyn Chambers. At least there I may get a chance to plunder some innocent pussy.



Al Goldstein: Does he or doesn't he eat the bird? Only his dry cleaner knows for sure.

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Day Six. Did you ever hide a small cooked bird in your jacket pocket? It may pose certain technical problems if the creature has been cooked with heavy gravy, but on this night at Troisgros in Roanne, France, it represented the only alternative. I looked at this scrawny *avis* that is supposed to be the epitome of epicurean delight, and all I wanted to do was puke. I did what any red-blooded, stout-hearted Brooklyn Jew would do. I hid the fucking thing in my pocket and felt the better for it.

The dish in question is called *ortolan en casserolette*. I'm at the restaurant that is, in retrospect, my favorite (in spite of

this particular vulture's meal)—a place called Troisgros. The skinny bird is so disgusting that, to eat it, you cover your head with a towel like an Arab. No one can see you as you go through the repugnant process of eating the bird—heart, guts, beak, feet, and all. Susan tells me that these flying meatballs are the equivalent of sparrows, about six inches long. The whole process is so reminiscent of some cannibalistic rite that I'm fighting back retching. I also realize now that the biggest danger posed by the trip is that if I die in France I will immediately be turned into *paté*, because nothing is ever put into the ground or thrown away here. Even the crudest garbage winds up in a sauce with some fancy name, to be consumed by the inhabitants of this strange land.

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Day Seven. The meal tonight is gargantuan, similar to *The Grande Bouffe*. One of the guys with us, who happens to be a very courtly and dedicated company representative named Bernard, has been upset by the clowning that has accompanied the meals. He feels that the food is not being treated with proper respect, and that Danny Kaye in particular is diluting the good will that the association footing the bill is hoping to provide. I personally would prefer that the food be eaten enjoyably and don't feel that one really has to worship at a table.

At one o'clock this morning, Jackie and Bernard plotted a protest: to go to a different restaurant the following night. At first I agreed with them, but now I've decided that it would be unwise to deviate from the restaurants on our itinerary, both out of selfishness and out of respect for Margaret. So I'm just going to follow the schedule, once more subordinating morality to my eating proclivities.

•

Day Eight. I feel as if I've been in a taxi wreck. I can't bend over, I see spots in front of my eyes. It's called whiplash—or, in this case, food backlash. I've never been so full, so glutted, so utterly uninterested in food. This is something I thought would never happen to me. I'm here at the very altar of epicureanism, and I feel like a eunuch at an orgy. It's definitely the greening of a gourmet, or the glutting of a slob. It's been a strange gathering of diverse bellies, but I must say I'm about ready to go down for the TKO. Even talking into the machine at this point, explaining about the restaurants, is enough to make me bring up what I've eaten. But I know I have to be a professional, and I know that the readers of OUI would do as much for their craft, so I'll try to go on. But if I vomit into my microphone, I hope it will be on all your consciences.

Today at Lyons we went to Paul Bocuse's restaurant. We had been seeing signs reading PAUL BOCUSE, 7 KILOMETERS . . . 5 KILOMETERS . . . 4 KILOMETERS. It's definitely not a discreet kind of attraction. I would love to see a sign saying BELLY TRANSPLANT. That's what I really need.

Just before we got there, I realized how amazing Jackie is. She never heard of Sherry-Lehmann, the wine merchants, and is definitely hooked on Coca-Cola. She wanted to stop and get a Coke at a sidewalk cafe, but I still have my interest in seeing Bocuse, if only for his fame.

One of the desserts sounded really bad: hot fudge dripped on prunes. Surprisingly, it was delicious. After eating all his offerings, I feel as if Paul Bocuse has knocked me up and that I'm in my ninth month. It was a showy meal, too. They cooked chicken in the fireplace—apparently superior chickens, the royalty of poultry. I don't think the chicken we ate had ever walked: it must have been carried about by other chickens. We also had crayfish that had been alive three hours earlier. To prove that they had come from living bodies, as we ate their dead mates live crayfish were put on the table, free to crawl around and witness the attrition of their species.

We finally leave and start driving back. Bernard is looking for short cuts so that we can get to the airport to fly to our next food mecca. I sit in the back seat of the limousine and realize that when one set of stimuli receptors is not satisfied, another takes over. In my case, sexual desire has atrophied, to be replaced by food and food nausea. As we drive to the airport, my pants are open so that I can breathe. This has definitely been the epitome of sensual saturation. I am an elephant in search of my burying ground. To make sure that we don't starve on the auto trip, we are accompanied by a picnic lunch.

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Day Nine. Dinner tonight was in a restaurant that seats 28 people. The food was esoteric and included the head of a pigeon. Gael Greene ate the brain and the beak. Another item was a fine pastry with lobster and sweetbreads. There was some discussion at the table as to what sweetbreads are. I believe they're brains and picked around them. Playing with my food makes me feel I'm six years old in an adult world that I can never aspire to enter. I have engulfed universes, swallowed galaxies. I'm not interested in philosophy or the fate of civilization. I only want to be stuffed into a box of Q-Tips and never see a piece of food again. This is the reverie of a junket junkie who has met his Waterloo in France.

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Day Ten. Things are looking up. The pain has gone away. We are driving to Epernay, which is about two hours from Paris. Accommodations at a private château. The trip is winding up tomorrow and I'll be flying back to New York. This diary speaks for itself. ▣

The American Revolution is Being Brought to You By...

In celebration of our country's Bicentennial, corporate America and the White House are planning to sell you the American Revolution. Plastic liberty bells. Red, white, and blue Fords. Sarah Lee 1776 Birthday cakes.

But if they really understood the Revolution, they wouldn't be planning to push it so hard.

Two hundred years ago, this country was ruled by a repressive and unresponsive government which taxed the people, but served only the interests of a wealthy few.

The American Revolution was, above all, the overthrow of an entrenched establishment. The first American patriots risked their lives to realize the revolutionary idea that government ought to originate from, and serve the people. Make no mistake, theirs was a radical concept.

200 years later, the government they fought to establish will be teaming up with the corporations to spend a lot of money to convince us that nothing very radical happened back then. The Bicentennial planners will try to reduce the Revolution to a marketable style that reinforces their interest in a pacified America.

Who are the Tories of today? We think its rather clear.

The Peoples Bicentennial Commission is a non-profit group of non-sectarian people. We want to put the American Revolution back to work, and we think the time to do that is now. We're helping to plan a peoples campaign for the Bicentennial. A grass roots movement that can focus all of our energies into a force for decisive change in the 1970's.

So who are the Tories of today?

The Bicentennial is our chance to raise the same questions that people like Molly Pitcher and Tom Paine raised 200 years ago. They joined together and made history. We can do the same, and make the most exciting of times happen again.

We're asking you to join us. We'll send you a kit that can help you organize a Peoples Bicentennial in your community. It costs $7.00. Included are program suggestions and study guides, posters, pamphlets, buttons and our bimonthly newspaper which keeps you in touch with people doing the same thing in other parts of the country. Write to the Peoples Bicentennial Commission, Washington, D.C. 20036, or call 202/833-9121.

The second American Revolution. It's a big task, but not as big as taking on George III.

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MELANCHOLY, BABY *"I'd get down—everyone does. But this came like something out of the blue. I think what helped the most was finding out there was a name for what was wrong with me."*

(Continued from page 60) thought it was overwork; you know, maybe a little vacation would help. So I took one, but then back at work it got worse. I couldn't concentrate. I'd start something and forget what it was right in the middle of doing it. I'd list all the projects that had to be done and then get overwhelmed by them—sort of 'I can't possibly do all that today'—and I'd panic and ask someone else what to do next. I couldn't even do the things I knew how to do!

"For example, we had one account, a bit actress, and she got busted for grass. Well, this is something that happens, and there are certain definite steps you take; every PR man knows them. When my boss came in to tell me about the girl, I just looked at him and asked who he wanted me to call first. The thing is, I knew what had to be done, but I didn't feel capable of handling it myself.

"Confidence is a big part of PR and mine was nil. If someone wasn't instantly enthusiastic about a client, I'd feel *personally* rejected and would start apologizing for taking his time. Naturally, I got fired. By that time, I didn't even care. All I wanted was to be left alone, not to have to see people.

"I stopped taking care of myself. I was wearing the same clothes for days at a time, going for weeks without a bath or a shave, never picking up the place, that kind of thing. Rissa, my girlfriend, was really concerned at first. She used to come around to cook and clean up. But even the thought of food made me sick—I lost 25 pounds in three months.

"Rissa was a very monogamous lady, and in my condition, sex was impossible, a giant turn-off. She had tried to take the initiative a couple of times, but I couldn't take her up on it. One night we were watching television—that's how we were spending all our evenings then—not talking, just watching the tube, when Rissa came over and put her head in my lap. She started breathing into my crotch. I sat there enjoying it, but my glands weren't really involved at all. After about 15 minutes, Rissa started taking off my shirt. She was breathing heavily, but I was so disinterested that it almost seemed kind of funny—like it had nothing to do with me, if you know what I mean. She tried to pull me onto the floor, but I told her I was just too tired and wanted to go to sleep, or something like that. Anyhow, she blew up. She spent the next ten minutes telling me what a bastard I was, then said she'd be back the next day to pick up her things and after that she never wanted to see me again." Jim shakes his head at the memory, a faintly sad smile on his face.

"Can't say that I blame her for it; she had no idea what was happening. On one level I was totally apathetic about her going, but on another it was just more proof that I was inferior. The future looked hopeless. I didn't even want to live anymore."

Jim decided to kill himself. One afternoon he stepped off a curb and walked in front of a truck. It almost worked, but four months in the hospital put his pelvis back in shape and antidepressants got his head together. He moved to Los Angeles, took a promotion job with a record company, and found a new girlfriend. Today, he's as up as he ever was and still can't figure out why the whole thing happened.

"You've got to understand that depression was an alien thing to me. I was always on, full of excitement. Sure, I'd get down—everyone does. But this came like something out of the blue, with no reason or warning. I think what helped me most was finding out that there was a name for what was wrong with me."

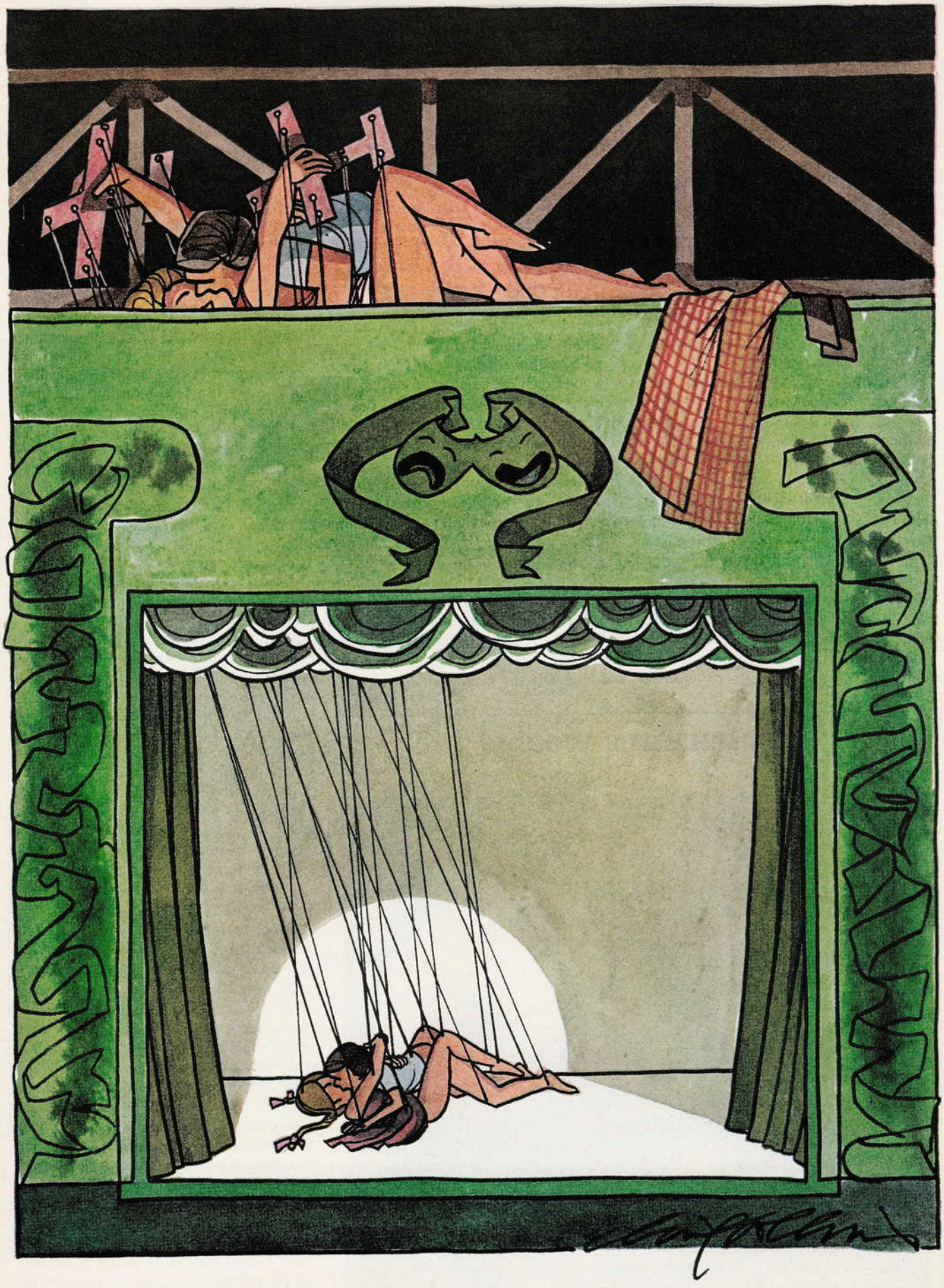
Rankin emerged in better shape than most. Take the case of Bob Schultz. Schultz was an executive in a company that manufactured business machines when anxiety and panic began to hit him. One day he simply refused to get out of bed. He said he was too frightened to get up, but couldn't explain what it was that frightened him. A few days later, he told his wife to take the children and move to another house; he said he was so evil that she and their two teenage boys would be contaminated by his presence.

At that point, his wife called for help. Doctors at a mental hospital diagnosed Schultz's affliction as an acute anxiety attack brought on by severe depression. He stayed in the hospital for six weeks, through the worst of his depressive cycle, then left to resume his life. But because his symptoms had been unusually severe and because he had gone to a mental hospital to get through them, Bob found he'd been stuck with a "crazy" label. He lost his job, his wife, and his executive lifestyle. "If I'd had something that gave me palsy or a tic, or even fainting spells, that would have been fine and so would my job and marriage. But because the symptoms affected my behavior, there's been very little sympathy. So here I am at age 43, trying to build my life again from scratch."

There is some help, however, in simply defining the problem. Boyd Cooper, physician and author of *Sex Without Tears*,

Berlin unleashes a better idea

West Berliners lined up with their pets outside Charlottenburg City Hall for the opening of the latest weapon in the war against street litter—a public outdoor toilet for dogs. The tastefully screened convenience, built for a TV program on the problem of animal litter in cities, was donated to the community by the program producers. The "grand opening" featured snacks for users and free beer for their owners.



says: "You could almost call it a misery-loves-company syndrome. Discovering that you're not alone, that what you have is common and curable, is the best thing that can happen in these cases. After all, most of the effects are mental and involve a near-total loss of self-esteem. That hurts. You could say that a severe case of depression is one of the most emotionally painful things a person can go through. Most doctors can tell you that patients often burst into tears of relief when their endogenous depression is explained to them. They'd been certain they were going crazy!"

That, of course, supposes that most doctors are familiar with endogenous depression. But it's a relatively new field, no more than 15 years old, and the PR has been kind of slow. That's why people drag themselves into psychiatrists' offices for months of weekly analysis that help only the national economy. And there are doctors who only half-listen to symptoms and automatically prescribe tranquilizers. Tranquilizers are nervous-system depressants; add them to a system already depressed by an organic imbalance, and the down doubles.

There is a remedy—not perfect by any means, but sufficient to control symptoms. Antidepressants are a fairly new drug group still being explored. They work directly on the central nervous system, goosing the body's chemical factory into renewed activity. Here again, a doctor has to keep up with the research or he won't know which drug to prescribe. There are three main classes of antidepressants, and each class has a different effect on the biogenic amines.

One group is stimulants, used to step up the body's production of various chemicals. These include such antidepressants as Desoxyn, Meratran, and Ritalin. Others have a sedative effect, slowing down production of certain biogenic amines. This is the tricyclic derivative group, used in depression with retarded mental and motor activity. Then there are the MAO inhibitors, the most commonly used group of these drugs. The MAOIs, as they're called in the trade, suppress production of monoamine oxidase, which plays an important part in the functioning of the brain.

It is believed that monoamine oxidase is the factor that stops a neural impulse by dissolving the substance that triggers the impulse. After a brain cell discharges its burst of electricity, the monoamine oxidase tells the brain cell to stop and not to fire again until it is called on. Overproduction of this chemical interferes with transmission of signals to the cerebral cortex. MAOIs inhibit production of other chemicals used by the brain. There are many MAOIs, but some of the more fashionable are Marplan, Nardil, Parnate, and Niamid.

In most cases, a doctor begins therapy by prescribing one class of antidepressant and then switches to another if there's no response. Without involved and expensive tests, there is no reliable way to identify the chemical imbalance that is causing the depression. But switching from one antidepressant class to another can lead to trouble, as Boyd Cooper points out:

"It takes at least two weeks for the effects of these drugs to leave the body, and an overlap between types can be fatal. The already overburdened nervous system can short-circuit, causing convulsions and systemic failure."

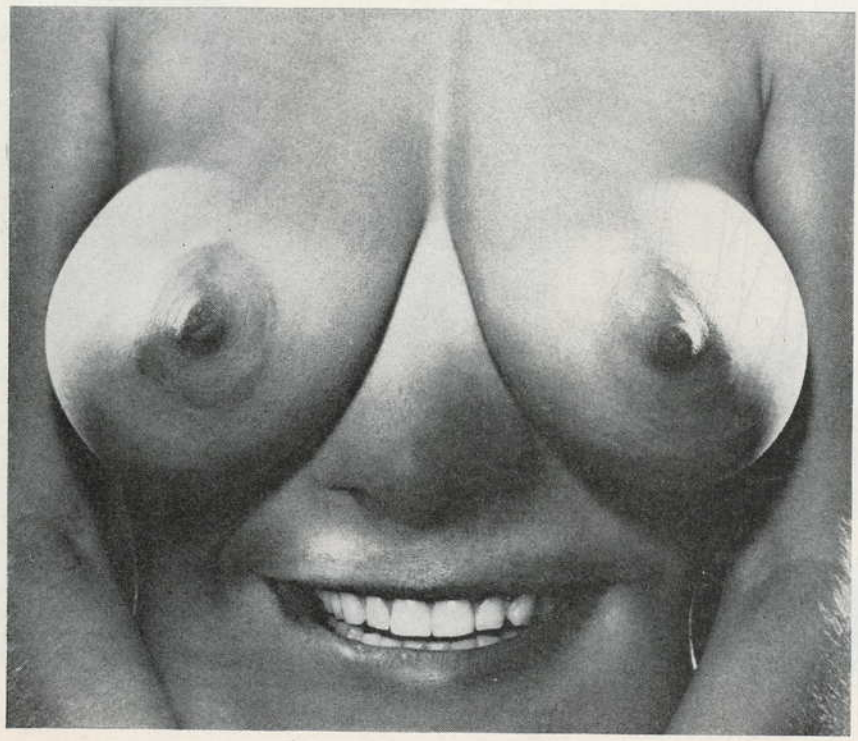
Antidepressants also have unpleasant side effects at first. You can spend the few weeks of the adjustment period in a sleep-dazed haze with no sense of time, but this will pass. What doesn't pass is the grass hazard: mixing grass with antidepressants can bring near-instant crash. (In some countries, cannabis extract is used to treat depression.)

Antidepressants have a cumulative effect that puts the nervous system back in order gradually, but researchers are still trying to pinpoint the exact reason why they work—just as they are looking for what triggers the chemical imbalance in the first place. There is a known connection between depression and stress, perhaps because stress causes some biogenic amines to be used at a greater rate than others.

Cooper thinks that stress may be the major factor: "Any kind of stress, from personal problems to physical illness, puts extra demands on the organism. When we talk about coping with stress, we usually mean on an emotional level. But people are beginning to realize that the body and mind aren't separate, and that an effect on one will always cause an effect on the other. That's one reason you often see married couples who *both* have endogenous depression—living with a depressed person is extremely stressful."

There are new schools of therapy that help the family and employer learn to handle the patient's depression. One of the best-known of these is the Depression Treatment Center at the University of Pennsylvania, headed by Aaron Beck, author of *Depression*. Beck says, "We

GESCHEIDT'S WORLD



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work with the family and the employer, using a pragmatic approach to getting patients mobilized. We see people on an out-patient basis only, so this method of treatment must utilize family help."

Therapy begins with an individual schedule of functions for each patient: assignments well within the coping range of the depressed person. The family is encouraged to be sympathetic and to give the patient a feeling of accomplishment when each part of the schedule is completed. The schedule broadens until performance returns to normal.

In the meantime, relatives involved in the therapy learn what the disease is, how to deal with the patient's symptoms, and how to cope with personal frustrations brought on by the changes in the patient's personality.

Recovery can depend on supportive encouragement from family and friends. Without support, or at least watchfulness, there's a high risk of suicide. The rate of suicide among the depressed is 36 times higher than it is in the general population. These are not bids for attention. Most depressives want relief from pain, so if they're going to do it, they do it efficiently. James Forrestal, Secretary of Defense, jumped out a window. Merriman Smith, United Press senior correspondent in Washington, put a bullet through his head. Sleeping pills did the job for Brian Epstein, former manager of the Beatles, and for the world's most famous sex symbol. No one knows how many of the depressed drive their cars head-on into oncoming traffic.

Those who don't try suicide think about it a lot. Dr. Norman Tabachnik, one of the heads of the Suicide Prevention Center in Los Angeles, deals with many of them. "We get up to 60 calls a day from people who want to be talked out of committing suicide," Tabachnik says. "At least 95 percent of them are suffering from depression."

And Tabachnik has more for us: "It's increasing. Half the people alive right now can expect to have a depressive cycle at some time or another."

Meanwhile, research continues. More help lines are opening and more people are finding out what endogenous depression is—that it is not a mental disease, that it has a name and a remedy.

Maybe someday you can call your boss and tell him you're down with a case of depression and need a couple of weeks off. And the office will send you a get-well card that says something like: "This whole place won't be in session till you're over your depression!" ▣

SUSAN *She smelled like a litter of puppies.*

(Continued from page 76) Gilbert chemistry set. Nothing moved. After a while I adjusted to the phenomenon; I had a feeling that I had arrived, but that there was still some place I had not been.

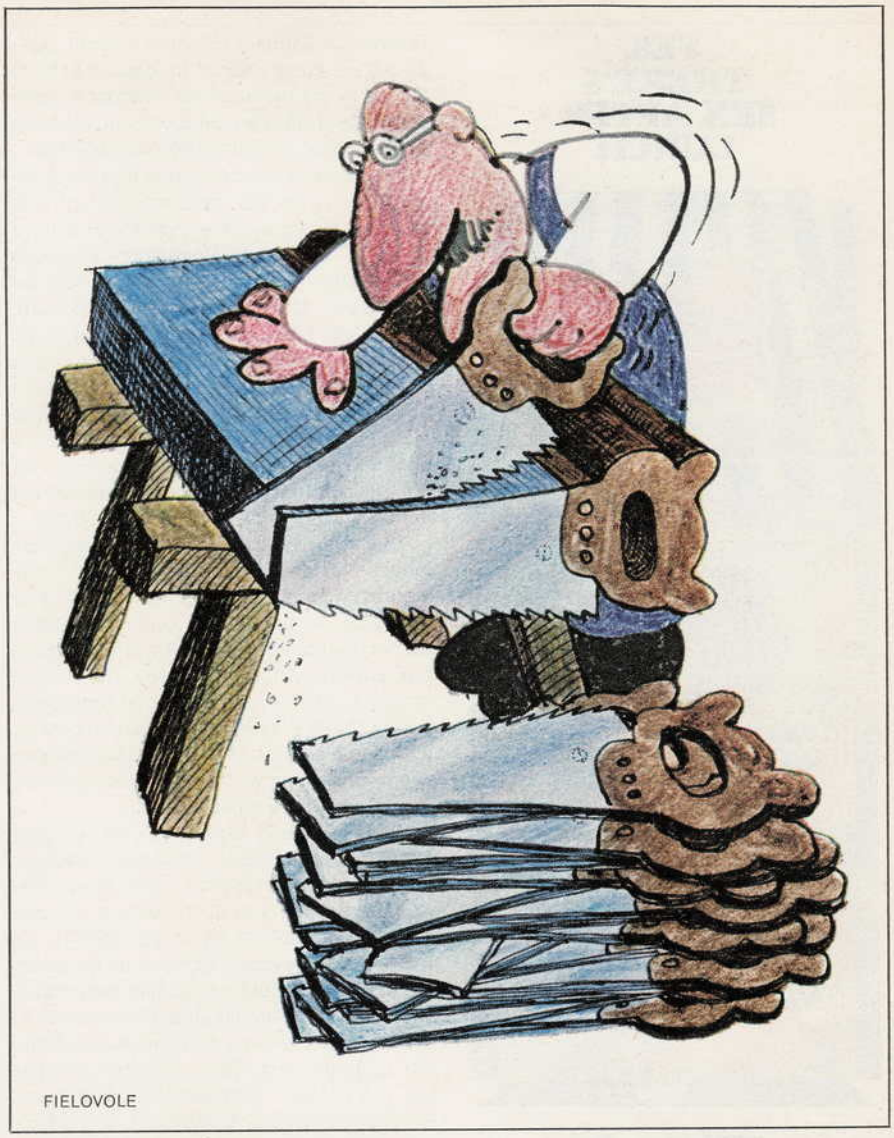
On a night in May, in the first year of my adolescent majority, I condescended to play hide-and-seek with Ann Jones, who was 12, and several of the nine- and ten-year-olds. Ann and I hid in the cellar of a neighbor's house. The cellar had a damp dirt floor and was full of displaced bureau drawers and garden tools. When I leaned over to glance outside, Ann hooked a belt loop of my pants and tugged.

"Oh, look," she said, "Fruit of the Loom." Her fingers flashed under my shirt and I shuddered. We moved into a dark corner as if by levitation. Our hands crept like inquiring cats into the warm narrow places in each other. In the gloom of the corner I began to understand the meaning of the word *cunt*. It was not something your teacher had that you could drive a truck through. It conducted an electrical impulse from your hand to your throat. I knew the word *cunt* was obscene, but the thing itself was more than that: it was obscene with a smile.

After a few minutes of groping, I remembered something I had heard a high-school boy shout from a moving car. What I had heard had suddenly focused a fantasy. Now, in the cellar, I felt that wild dream was going to come true. I repeated to Ann what I had heard: "Sit on my face." She giggled. Then she did it. I could hardly breathe. She smelled like a litter of puppies. In a kind of panic, I went off before I wanted to—in her fist. It was not what I had imagined it would be, but it was what I have come to expect from dreams come true: you drop the pot of gold on your foot.

•

The next summer, in August, Susan Sullivan returned for a one-day visit. She surprised me on the beach, where I was daydreaming about a boat. I wanted an outboard that I could take out to sea about six miles, a distance I judged to be out of the range of binoculars, a necessity for what I had in mind. Susan had decided to become a nurse. She felt too worldly to be a nun, although she was still a practicing Catholic. We had to feign interest in each other, for all we had in common was what we had done. When Susan finally walked off over the dunes, I rolled onto my stomach and watched her buttocks alternately dilating the seat of her bathing suit. She seemed to me to be a strange woman who had seen me naked when I was much younger. Just like my mother.



FIELOVOLE

I was a college freshman when I learned of Susan's accidental death. She died on a double date in a Volkswagen. Her head struck the windshield.

"You should go to the funeral," my mother said. "After all, you grew up with her."

The coffin was closed. Susan's high-school yearbook photograph stood on a table, surrounded by flowers. I thought she looked almost matronly: a first-grade teacher with little hope for marriage, a face you might see in a corner of a singles bar. I spoke to Susan's sister and brother. Her brother said, "She couldn't have had any kind of life even if she had lived. There was just too much brain damage. She would have been a vegetable." *What kind*, I wondered, *a turnip*? Susan probably was, as her sister said, better off dead, but I never have found it easy to make the best of mortality. No arrangement of ifs alters the cold fact.

Mrs. Sullivan clasped my hand. I said to her, stupidly, "There are a lot of memories."

"I'm glad there are," Mrs. Sullivan replied. I left her as soon as I could. I studied the coffin. I could not imagine Susan inside it. Funeral directors, I had heard, do not bother with underwear. What I might have said to Mrs. Sullivan ran through my mind: *You know, Mrs. Sullivan, when Susan and I were really young we used to spend hours together with our pants down. I loved to look at her bottom. The funny part of it is, I'm still an ass man.* Of course, you can only think things like that. Death memories have to be reasonably reverent. We are asked to forget that carrion was carnal, that the spirit that has fled once lusted. But even at the edge of a grave, a nice square ass will turn your head. And you will bury yourself in other people until at last they bury you in the sexless earth. ▣

YES, THERE'S SEX AFTER LUNCH

Where to find those very special hotels for lovers

Whether or not the French invented lovers' hotels (which they refer to variously as *meublées*, *hôtels particuliers*, and *maisons des rendez-vous*) is academic. It is sufficient to observe that, though the French are neither romantic nor sentimental, they do many romantic things in a pragmatic, clear-thinking way. And it is therefore unsurprising that France, and particularly Paris, specializes in small, atmospheric hotels that offer minimum check-in fuss and maximum discretion and that also include ceiling and sidewall mirrors; multicolor lights; music controlled by bedside switches; round-the-clock champagne, caviar, and *pâté*; direct entrance from garage to bedroom; and noiseless concierges.

Consider Paris' 17th *arrondissement*, where the afternoon traffic is truly formidable. There is Résidence Offemont (23 rue Henri-Rochefort, 227-64-84), which offers nearly 100 rooms at $7.50 (38F). There are fewer rooms but decidedly more *fin-de-siècle* foolishness at the nearby deluxe Résidence Cardinet (52 rue Cardinet, 924-80-91), where the accommodations at $8 to $9 (40 to 45F) include six multipanel movable screens that virtually surround the beds and afford a *Last Year at Marienbad* effect.

Perhaps the most romantic and flamboyant houses in the accommodating 17th *arrondissement* are the side-by-side frou-frous in rue Henri-Rochefort: Monceau House (No. 8, 924-50-46, $8 or 40F for two hours) and Villa Rochefort (No. 10, 924-05-86, $8 or 40F for a couple of hours and $9 to $10 or 45 to 50F for the night; excellent wall mirrors, especially in room number eight). Then there's Hotel Laugier (75 rue Laugier, 754-78-91), which offers entrance directly from the garage. All of the afore-noted 17th houses are within ten minutes' walking distance of each other.

The true narcissist will find joy at Résidence Mauroy (11 *bis* rue Godot-de-Mauroy, 9th; 073-88-33), notwithstanding its art-fake-o decor. The ceilings of some rooms (numbers six and nine among them) are mirrors. Though Mauroy rivals Versailles in mirror matters, it is far from chic; during the late evening and early morning, it runs to a surplus of ladies, some of whom seem not unknown to the management, which is a whole other subject.

Virtually every aspect of the elegant 16th *arrondissement* bespeaks money, power, and discretion. Consider the bronze-plaqued Pavillon Villejust (46 rue Paul-Valery, 727-68-08 or 727-62-14). Its handsome gray-stone façade has the stolid look of a bank, but its opulent bedrooms, with names to match their evocative murals, are more on the order of Jeanette MacDonald operetta sets. Take *chambre* number six, "La Venise." It evokes Venice, all right. Behind an ornate headboard a gigantic mural depicts a rakish Southern European gentleman wooing a very young lady in a gondola. The linen is exquisitely crisp percale (satin if you ask in advance and pay a small extra charge). The Villejust plumbing is extraordinary; bedside switches control quadraphonic stereo and multicolor lights; and the whole house is air-conditioned. Rooms run $6 to $8 (48 to 65F)—more for the whole night. Ordinary hotels charge four times that rate for short-timers.

To check out at Villejust one presses a bedside buzzer and a little old lady arrives knocking softly. She will have scouted the halls for spies and you will have to open the door for her because there are no handles on the outside.

These places are short on closets and long on wall hooks. The clothing you have on is all the apparel any civilized human being brings to a *hôtel particulier* (literally, "private hotel"). A small overnight bag or an attaché case is OK, but no other luggage; it is as suspicious here as no luggage is in a Sheraton.

Hôtel Particulier Villa Caroline (85 rue de la Pompe, 16th; 504-67-38; $10 to $12 or 50 to 60F and from $14 or 70F for all night) is done in defloration deco. The rooms feature flowered silk on walls, ceilings, and hangings; small canopied beds; exquisite little gardens; stuffed animals; and printed admonitions: NO MINORS. The exigencies of ever more arduous Gallic life have diminished the traditional *cinq-à-sept* ardor hour; it now runs from 2 to 4:30, particularly for harried executives who work near the Champs Elysées. Thus such houses as those at 3 and 5 rue de Ponthieu, 8th (359-32-21 and 359-70-36 respectively), and Champs Elysées Studios (97 rue La Böetie, 8th; 359-09-62) are crowded during the early afternoon. They have garages on or near the premises, elevators, and telephones in all rooms—conveniences that are not common amongst the more romantic houses of the 16th and 17th *arrondissements*.

There are, of course, fewer tensions in the afternoon for the transient than there are for the French. But there's always a possibility that a wife has tracked an errant spouse into one of these nests. On the other hand, she may be nested herself—at Les Panoramas (3 rue des Panoramas, 2nd; 236-12-74) with his accountant. Panoramas *is* convenient to the Bourse.

Flèches d'amour fly on the Left Bank, too, albeit in fewer *meublées* than on the Right. Les Hortensias (4 rue Jules Chaplain, 6th; 326-94-92), an exquisite *belle époque* villa, has a superb private garden ($7 or 35F for two idyllic hours, $12 or 60F for the night). More basic is the nearby Le Stanislas (5 rue du Montparnasse, 6th; 548-37-05).

•

Rome, capital city of Latin lovers, has made no such civilized arrangements for love in the afternoon, and there are precious few well-established short-time houses in that city. There are, of course, the many quickie joints in the vicinity of Vias del Tritone, del Corso, and Capo le Case, but accommodations are of the basest kind.

Romans in illicit love have to go *somewhere*, and thus the siesta flat came into its own after the 1958 Marlin Law officially closed Italy's stylish brothels. Many a former madam now makes ends meet by letting a bedroom or two in her flat during the afternoons, at prices from $6 to $9 (4000 to 6000 lire). Sometimes the rooms are advertised in leading Rome newspapers; otherwise the ex-madam will just leave her telephone number with the headwaiters of better restaurants, or write it on the wall of the toilet inside. Many of the most desirable siesta flats are to be found in the elegant Vigna Clara quarter of Rome.

In fact, a single traveler in Rome will have no trouble bringing a guest to a room in any hotel, provided the accommodation is a suite or has a sitting room. In certain motels on the outskirts of the city, the desk clerk may demand your guest's passport, but legible registration can usually be dispensed with, especially upon lubrication by $2.50 (1500 lire).

—ALLAN H. MANKOFF

IS THERE SEX AFTER LUNCH? *It is considered poor form to pile furniture against the door, and it is an open challenge.*

(Continued from page 50) lovers in the delicate early phases of *la grande passion*. Unlucky Pierre was once severely disabled by such an irruption. As the maid burst in, the lady beneath him shrieked and sent him tumbling to the floor, where he lay writhing in agony with a dislocated sacroiliac. It is considered poor form to pile furniture against the door, and it is an open challenge—almost always accepted—to the hordes of waiters, bellhops, porters, repairmen, and occasionally the hotel manager himself, who will seize upon that very moment to intrude with urgent messages and grim, time-consuming tasks. "They have a sixth sense about these matters," says Unlucky Pierre. "I was once making the beast with two backs with the exquisite young wife of a portly assistant minister of defense when no less than four of these vermin simultaneously intruded into the bedchamber. I shriveled up like a wet glove, and the lady has not spoken to me since."

The best solution is the *pied-à-terre* (literally, "a foot on the ground"), a small, secluded hideaway, preferably with its own separate entrance away from the prying eyes of the ubiquitous janitor and the other tenants. One of the reasons Continental Europe is always in the grip of a severe housing shortage is that anyone who can afford it maintains at least two residences—his home and the little nest where romance can flourish.

•

Love in the afternoon can have its practical uses, too. Lady Isabella Browning (not her real name), a middle-aged but still very attractive English aristocrat who has been living in Rome for many years, discarding younger lovers with the insouciance of a rhinoceros shedding ticks, used it to secure herself an elevator. She and the other tenants of her building had been waiting for months for a permit from the city government to install a lift in the *palazzo* in Old Rome where Lady Isabella had purchased a penthouse, eight very steep flights up. Tired of telephoning and firing missives into a bureaucratic void, Lady Isabella spent most of one recent morning making herself look absolutely ravishing, then set out to hunt down the appropriate authorities.

After wandering for several hours through the dusty Kafkaesque corridors of various Roman ministries, celebrated throughout the world for the spectacular incompetence and laziness of their personnel, she was ushered at last into a large dim room where two dozen middle-aged gnomes scratched about, shifting cobweb-encrusted parchments from one pigeonhole to another and reading pornographic comic books. "*Buon giorno*," Lady Isabella announced herself, "I am Lady Isabella Browning, I live on Via della Croce, and I have been waiting 11 months for my elevator. The strain of the stairs is causing the growth of unsightly muscle lumps on my calves, for which I shall hold the city of Rome fully responsible." The gnomes merely stood there and gasped. "Now," Lady Isabella continued, "if I have my elevator permit within three days, I shall reward whichever one of you delivers it to me, personally, at any time not too soon after lunch, with a pleasurable hour or two in my company. I don't care which of you it is. I suggest you draw lots." And with that, Lady Isabella spun slowly in place a couple of times, then swept grandly out of the room.

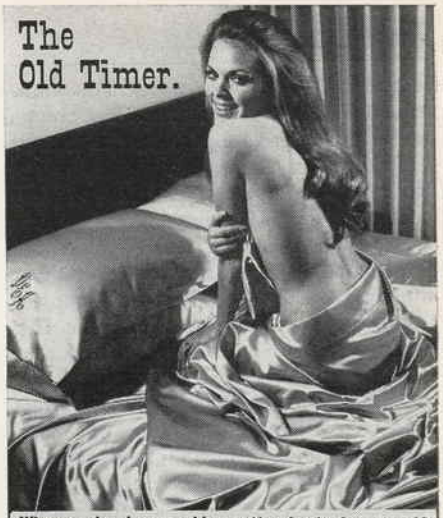
Three days later, shortly after lunch, Lady Isabella's doorbell rang. When she opened it, a small, plump, bald man in a wrinkled black suit gazed fearfully up at her and thrust a brown envelope into her hand. "You're the one?" Lady Isabella asked. The man merely nodded. "I screwed him till his ears fell off," Lady Isabella said later. "He was a dear little thing and so grateful. The elevator works perfectly."

•

Love in the afternoon and other civilized amenities of Continental life may never catch on in the States. We're just not metaphysically attuned to such sophisticated and leisurely self-disciplines.

As I write, the lights are beginning to fade all over Europe. The watchword today is "austerity." But don't worry—they can turn out the lights, drain the gas tanks, and freeze all the heaters; it isn't going to make the slightest bit of difference to Continental ways of love. The last time I saw my friend the Roman lover, he was pedaling on his newly purchased racing bike to a rendezvous at his *pied* with his latest conquest, the 35-year-old wife of an ancient Demo-Christian senator. "I must hurry," he called out, waving cheerily. "She must be home at four to meet her children from school. Breasts like ripe melons, the flanks of a plump partridge, thighs of succulent tenderness cradling a sweet-smelling fig for an appetizer. Every afternoon is a banquet, *carissimo*, a veritable feast of consumption. *Ciao, bello!*" And he vanished, pedaling furiously, around a corner.

After a meal like that, who needs Gelusil? ▣



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Revue

(Continued from page 34) You know, 750,000,000,000 SOLD. Brooks has created an 1874 Howard Johnson's: ONE FLAVOR.

Having set them, Woody Allen and Robert Downey don't violate their own conventions. (Downey wrote-directed *Greaser's Palace*, a visually superb and important study of how the West was filmed.) Mel Brooks rapes his conventions: has to, otherwise this comic Hindenburg would deflate. With a quarter hour to go, Brooks's camera cranes up over the typical Dodge City main street. And we see not purple sage but beautiful downtown Burbank beyond the Warner Bros. lot. Risky: as you smash conventions, you also blur the subject matter of your parody. For that reason *Blazing Saddles* has to top itself every ten minutes: insanity in geometric progression. The bad cowboy band contains a platoon of Nazis, plus six men with motorcycle handlebars on their saddles. The climactic fight scene crashes through a wall, out of the West and into another set where 40 top-hatted fags are dancing down a Fred Astairecase. Only two or three writers could get away with an op-art collage like that. Brooks's completion average is around 90 percent, but when he misses (as in the stupid Governor Lepetomane scenes) get a 20-pound Air Wick and breathe through your mouth.

There are nifty performances. Gene Wilder appears to have survived Willy Wonka. As the villain (again), Harvey Korman, one of those familiar and nameless film faces, is so professionally smooth his SAG identity number seems printed on the screen whenever he speaks. And Madeline Kahn. How shall I sing of Madeline Kahn? The only comedienne who can lisp with her sinuses. She does a saloon Marlene Dietrich that leaves me metaphorless. Brooks has a weakness: namely, ministers and old ladies who say "Up your ass, nigger." Otherwise, *Blazing Saddles* is the second-best comedy of 1974. If *Sleeper* appeared in 1973, the best.

Some thoughts on porn. What makes an X-film superstarlet? Try again. Marilyn Chambers, Linda Lovelace, Tina Russell don't have overkill bodies. The howitzer bosom went out of style with the D.A. haircomb. Understandable: back then, secondary sexual characteristics had to be broadcast through three layers of clothing. It's the small-car syndrome now: mileage, not accessories. Anyhow, extravagant measurements are uncool, crass; remembered from some sleazy runway, lipstick up to the nostrils. Tina Russell, for instance—with her mid-forehead mole, as though porn were a caste—is downright meager, short in the rump. The new starlets are clean, of course; they'd run $200 a night on the open market, unless your pimp falls under Phase Three regulations. Their best talent is enthusiasm: an ability to generate that fuzzy, distracted look the human face gets when thinking up an orgasm. They may not be great actresses, but the presumption is that they perform somewhat more convincingly than your wife does.

Porn comes in two grades: dead serious and dead farcical (or both at once). Dead-serious films carry a fossil imprint of the antediluvian stag product—you know, the sort that invariably opened in a bogus doctor's office. "The film you're about to see may shock you——." Though cinematically more sophisticated (perfect flesh tones) and a hundredfold more explicit, the crusading note still obtains. Some frigid broad (or flaccid stud) discovers happiness through sybaritism. Yes, it feels nice and it doesn't matter if George likes to be flogged while hanging from the transom by his heels. *Deep Throat*, *The Resurrection of Eve*, *Fringe Benefits*, etc., etc., are conversion stories, featuring the convert's special zeal. Doctors still abound. A "liberation is health" format from the Fifties—though irrelevant now—remains embedded like some cranky superstition, salt tossed over the shoulder perhaps.

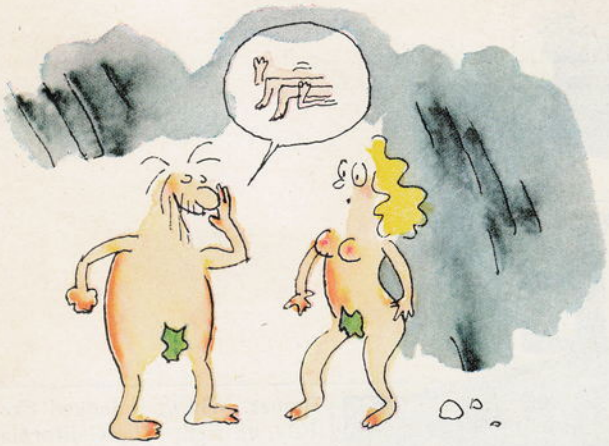
Farce porn films star the inevitable jerky professor or detective: fat, with false mustache and some inept dialect, usually Ur-German. He blows saliva on seeing a nipple. There are gimmicks and at least three Rube Goldberg contraptions. In *Bordello*, for instance, one wench incinerates her bush with a candle: the Moses complex, I suppose. Farce porn films are more encyclopedic than arousing. They, too, show vestigial traces of the old girlie mags, where a dwarfish man wearing shorts with pith helmet peeped at Betty Grable in a one-piece through the wrong end of his telescope. Their historical provenance is the suggestive postcard brilliantly analyzed by George Orwell. A hundred puns on "come," on "stand at attention." Serviceable devices in an era of innuendo, but fatuous when the act alluded to is being shown simultaneously in close-up on a wide screen.

Sexual fantasy is money fantasy. *Lust in Appalachia* doesn't operate at the box office. Your obligatory orgy scene is filmed either on a yacht ("yacht courtesy of Watercraft Corp.") or in the producer's Sutton Place duplex. Even *Lialeh*, the black porn film, has *nouveau riche* pretensions. Liberated sex is an aspect of our Protestant work ethic: the elect prosper, they also get laid. This has a partitioning effect. The films, set in an exotic tax bracket, well beyond even middle-class budgets, function as do Chivas Regal or Steuben Glass. Linda Lovelace is chic, expensive. Evelyn "Treasure Chest" West was more available, at least in imagination. Despite the high groin count, kung fu films are more realistic than *High Rise* or *Not Just Another Woman*. It's this purblind view of life, not the athletic flesh, that makes porn films immoral, stupid, and essentially chickenhearted.

There's also a nasty technical problem: it jeopardizes the entire porn establishment. Whenever a girl goes down on a guy, her hair falls over the action. If Al Goldstein is really so shrewd, why hasn't he reinvented the bobby pin by now?

—D. KEITH MANO

So *Oh! Calcutta!* finally closed and what was there to see? The problem of the decade resolved by Earl Wilson, Jr., son of the gossip columnist and creator of *Let My People Come*, a musical that sings, "I trust my body when it speaks to me," and, as demonstrated here, dances in the nude. Bodies of the audience, arise!



NiTKA

WE

About this page

This page represents a new section in OUI. It is set in 9/10 Times Roman type and printed on 43-pound gloss-coated letterpress stock, using the rotary letterpress facilities at the W. F. Hall Printing Company in midtown Chicago. So much for the page. The new section will consist of items about OUI itself, its staff, its contributors, its artists, its models, its IBM Model D Typewriters with the Carbon Ribbon Cartridge®—the good times and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the giddiness of success and the bitterness of failure. Here you might read about what an author had to go through to get a story or what we had to go through to get the author; we might talk about our editor, our receptionist—or about you, the reader. What you read here might make you laugh, it might make you weep, but it will never, ever make you a grilled cheese sandwich on rye.

An interview with our editor

In keeping with our vow to present the *whole story* of OUI in this new section, we went to our editor, Nat Lehrman, for some quotes reflecting on the Big Picture—on what OUI Is All About. Lehrman is a man of long journalistic experience, having logged more than ten years as an editor of *Playboy* before moving upstairs to the OUI helm, and he often speaks with simple eloquence on the complex subject of magazine philosophy.

WE: Nat?

LEHRMAN: Oh, hi. C'mon in.

WE: We wondered if we could get some good quotes from you describing the personality and philosophy behind OUI.

LEHRMAN: Gee, I'm sorry, I can't right now. I've got to edit this Sartre interview down to 800 words.

WE: OK, sure. Maybe later.

LEHRMAN: Yeah, catch me next week sometime.

Another shipment of photos rolls into Chicago, headed for OUI.

******BULLETIN******

There is not one word in this June issue of OUI about the energy crisis, Watergate, the price of soybeans, or how Sally Field is breaking up John Davidson's marriage. So enjoy, enjoy.

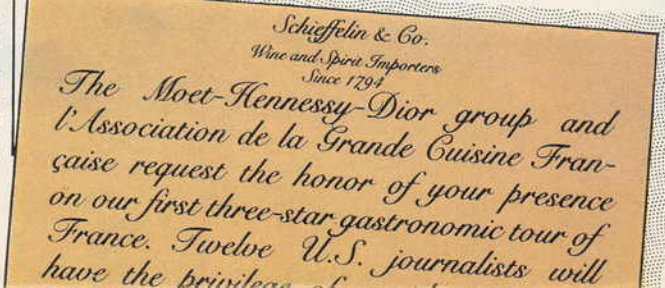
Edy makes a new friend

This month's fashion shooting—the combined product of Los Angeles, movie star Edy Williams, male model Richard Dow, OUI Fashion Editor Tina Bossidy, and the very elegant Chris Von Wangenheim, photographer *extraordinaire*—raised the much-asked question: how do you get two people who've never met to snuggle intimately before a camera? The process went something like this:

Richard had just been shown a picture of Edy, lolling naked on a giant bed, when she roared up the curving drive of the Beverly Hills Hotel in a red Corvette to pick him up for a get-acquainted dinner. Whew. It looked like Edy, all right. The California plates read: SEXY EDY. Her divine frame was wrapped in pink Levi's, a matching pink low-cut top tied tightly under her breasts, and a gigantic rhinestone flashing at the neck. And a little fur jacket for glamor.

"Ooooh," she breathed at Richard, in that slow Southern California drawl of hers, "you're *beautiful*." She grabbed him by the hand, pulled him into her Corvette, and off they zoomed. The dinner went well.

This fancy-schmancy engraved invitation was sent to Mr. Al Goldstein (of all people)—editor of *Screw* and proud possessor of the smuttiest mind on the Eastern Seaboard. What's even more ridiculous, Goldstein *accepted* the invite. He went on the gastronomical tour and his cholesterol count shot from 150 to 270, thanks (he says) to "all those truffles and bullshit." Now he is billing us for "combat pay." Turn to page 84 for the rest of the story, and see for yourself that Big Al *can* write about eating something that is not illegal in more than 40 states.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Goodbye, June—hello, July

And a fine hello it will be, too, because in our July issue we've got some articles and pictorials that will make you stand up and shout "SIS-BOOM-BAH, STICK IT IN YOUR EAR, OUI MAGAZINE AIN'T GOT NO PEER." First, we have this absolutely stunning five-page pictorial shot down in Puerto Vallarta, in which a beautiful young couple sit down to eat ice cream, they start to fool around, she loses her bra, he loses his pants, she loses her pants, and they get ice cream all over *everything*. Jesus! Then there's an interview with someone answering to the name of Salvador Dali; a profile of motorcycle daredevil Evel Knievel, showing there's more to Evel's ego than meets the "I"; and a fashion spread shot in England that will have you humming *Rule Britannia* for the rest of the month. And that's not to mention the usual zany headlines, rollicking subheads, riotous captions, hysterical semicolons, and, generally, more pure linear entertainment than you will find in a year's worth of *U. S. News & World Report*. On your newsstand June fourth. Start counting the days. One. . . .

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